

INTERVIEW: THE CLASH ON RACISM, DOPE AND SMASHING THE STATE

High Times

August '79

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Aug. '79 No. 48 THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

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Opinion



Margo St. James

Legitimized Prostitution Prevents Rape

After comparing the statistics on rape in western Europe before and after the decriminalization of prostitution, I have come to the conclusion that punishing the prostitute promotes the rape of all women. When prostitution is a crime, the message conveyed is that women who are sexual are "bad" and therefore legitimate victims of sexual assault. Sex becomes a weapon to be used by men, and even nuns become victims.

Men in this country are being encouraged in a myriad of ways to have multiple sexual partners, while women are still under pressure to remain monogamous, or at least to seem so. Prostitution currently provides an outlet for some men, while stigmatizing women as criminals.

As the crackdown against prostitutes has increased in this country, so have violent images of women being raped, tortured and otherwise brutalized in pornography and even in films, television and advertising. At the same time, there has been over the past three years a three-fold increase in the rate at which prostitutes are raped by men posing as cops or customers.

These men have ceased to see their behavior as antisocial or abnormal. After all, vice cops are paid to betray women, day after day. Over 50,000 women were arrested in this country in 1977 for soliciting or engaging in an act of prostitution.

While our society condemns women who are sexually active with more than one partner, it condones rape. Only 2 percent of reported rapes—which comprise only 10 to 20 percent of actual rapes—end in a conviction. It is easy to convict a rapist when the victim was either a virgin living with her father or a monogamous woman living with her husband, where the rapist broke into the victim's apartment to rape her. The further we get from that picture, the more likely it is that the victim will be disbelieved and the rapist will go free.

Legitimizing the prostitute would subject the rapist to public scorn and would force the community to be more protective of the prostitute.

Sexual harassment on the job is another part of the picture. So long as no one spoke of it—and women have been kept isolated and afraid to speak out—men have been able to intimidate women at work with the "whore" label. So stigmatized, the victims have been afraid to complain lest it cost them their jobs and/or reputations.

Recognizing sexual service as work would give the employee a real leg to stand on when the boss wanted extracurricular activities. She could legitimately demand more money, at least, and make clear that the man in question was soliciting an act of prostitution.

The greatest amount of rape seems to occur in countries that attempt to suppress both prostitution and homosexuality, particularly when there are no controls on advertising and pornography, a situation that currently exists in most of the United States. The problem is compounded by the lack of comprehensive sex education in the schools. Sex remains forbidden, tantalizing, mysterious and bad, and it becomes a weapon of choice.

It is time that men attested to the benefits of having commercial sex in an up-front, rather than an exploitive, way, so that women could get on about their business without being subject to abuse. The benefits have always been kept a dark secret, so much so that whenever women have become more independent, men have become more harsh in their treatment of whores. This was true in the 19th century, during the first wave of feminism, and it is true now. Arrests for prostitution have tripled in the last five years.

It is also time for prostitutes to take a sharp look at those customers who actively keep women from achieving equality in this society. Spain's adultery laws, which punished women with five years in jail, were done away with last year as a result of hookers and housewives forming a coalition. The prostitutes threatened to kiss and tell, to name the high officials who patronized them, unless the laws were dumped. Portuguese women used the same strategy to keep abortion and prostitution laws off the books. The code of ethics that protects the customer and allows the prostitute to be jailed is self-defeating.

Prostitutes and housewives, customers and husbands, must come together to end the abusive laws and practices of this society.

Margo St. James

—Margo St. James
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Who's Crying Now?

In Deanne Stillman's article "The Crybabies of '60 Minutes'" [*High Times*, "Media," March '79], she refers to the "slaves" in Africa who mine diamonds. As a gemologist interested in all phases of the industry I have studied the African mines and think it should be pointed out that these workers are not slaves. They are free natives who come to the mines and contract to work from three to six months. They receive fair wages, room and board, and are under security because of the value of their product. It seems that Stillman is guilty of the same ploy as Safer, et al: making a big sob story out of nothing.

—Name withheld, York, Pa.

Meat or Potatoes

In your "Health" item titled "Vegetarian Mothers Risk Infants' Health" [*High Times*, March '79], you mention that vegetarians lack vitamin B₁₂. I can see carnivores laughing over that one and saying that vegetarians will wither away. Herewith, some facts on vegetarianism to clear the record. The human digestive system is vegetarian, not carnivorous. Dogs, wolves, cats, hyenas, rats, etc., have a short intestine so that the cancer-causing properties of meats don't have time to react. Giraffes, cows, gorillas and humans have the long intestine to extract the essence from vegetation and fruits. In fact, veggie animals don't fight amongst themselves; only carnivorous ones do.

According to many researchers and doctors, protein consumption to an excess causes too much nitrogen buildup. Cells are comprised of nitrogen. Too much protein increases cell destruction, thus the need for external nitrogen to replace the destroyed cells. To utilize and eliminate the excess of possible cancer-causing nitrogen, excess B₁₂ must be available. The best sources of B₁₂ are intestinal flora, fermented wheat juice and bee pollen, not eggs, meat and milk. Even vegetarians, if they eat too much nuts, granola, cereals and cooked food, can have clogged intestines and low B₁₂. A

meat eater will have the same intestinal state but takes vitamins. The standard veggie will most likely not take vitamins and will develop a deficiency quicker than the vitamin-guzzling carnivore.

Doctors Ann Wigmore, Pavlo Airola and Victoras Kolvinakas say a person shouldn't have more than 30 grams of protein a day, instead of the 75-100 grams that standard doctors recommend. Many people in their deco-pituitary rituals have just kept pace with their self-destructive ways by consuming high-protein, high-fat, high-carbohydrate foods and making intellectual and emotional excuses for their dietary habits.

—Mike Lutgen, Kings Beach, Ca.

A Joy Forever

"Pshaw!" That's what I say to all those Humboldt County snobs up north who think that dope grown anywhere else isn't worth a how-dee-do. This here southern



California gold is a second-generation standout that tastes as good as it looks.

—Name withheld, Santa Barbara, Ca.

Brain Drain

I just read Martin Porter's "Night of the Human Tomatoes" [*High Times*, March '79] and ate it up (no pun intended). Porter exposed an aspect of our society that people need to become aware of and fight against. Thanks for letting me know, anyway. It made me seethe with disgust to learn how doctors are getting away with messing up people's minds by destroying their intellects and creating vegetables just to make them "less harmful to society." One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest left me with the same hostility toward the brain mashers. I'd rather be a chronic schizophrenic with a chance to someday recover than be a peaceful, mindless human hamburger.

—Jeanne Guerin, address withheld

I was lobotomized in 1947, and I know too well the hellish existence that is led by "people" such as me. Epileptic syndromes, grand mal, were one inheritance of this pointless operation. Where in God's name are President Carter's so-called human rights? There is no constitutional ruling calling for unauthorized brain surgery, yet the doctors of the brain stalk the horizon unchecked.

—A.D. Banks, address withheld

Sure Beats Pathmark

Hello *High Times*! I thought of you while on vacation in Peru last winter. This picture of a typical Indian selling coca leaves was taken in Tingo Maria. Indians chew coca leaves like tobacco



to provide stimulation and decrease the appetite. Now that's what I call a supermarket! —R.P., address withheld

Pot vs. Pod (Cont.)

In regard to the article by old reliable "R." entitled "What Do You Call This Stuff?" [*High Times*, "Dope," March '79] — I really think he's got something there. Grass, weed, smoke, herb, dope, pot and various other synonyms just do not bear the clout or subliminal elegance of the word pod. I agree with "R." that pot has sort of a harshness to it, conjuring up images of toilet bowls and kitchen utensils. But I suggest we take this issue one step further and totally personalize the pod-smoking experience. This can be done by simply endowing each new ounce you buy with its own name, much like you would name a pet or a baby. For instance: I call up a date on Friday night, "Hey, honey, why not come over and I'll roll up some Fred!" or perhaps, "Hey, gimme a hit of that Ralph!"

—A. Podshmoker, East Meadow, N.Y.

Sorry old boy, "Mary Jane" beat you to the punch ages ago.—Ed.

I also like the word pod and noticed that William Burroughs used it in his classic book *Naked Lunch*: "A square wants to come on hip ... talks about 'pod' and how he smoked it now and then and keeps

some around to offer the fast Hollywood types . . ."

—Mike R. Lincoln Park, Mich.

I can see "R." 's terminology plight, but go catch *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* with Leonard Nimoy and Donald Sutherland while you're test-tasting some good tops and think about pod after a while. I myself have been having some trouble finding a single word that describes wanting or craving weed. As in, I want food, therefore I am "hungry." Good luck.

—M.L.T., Anaheim, Ca.

How about "having a pod-on"? And dealers can be called "podners." And this whole subject lends a new interpretation to the scene in 2001 when the astronaut implores Hal to "open the pod doors."

—Ed.

'Shroom to Let

These are jars of *Stropharia cubensis*, the most potent and easily cultivated of the psilocybin mushrooms. I have decided not



to use dubious street LSD again for reasons anyone acquainted with Teonanacatl ("flesh of the gods") can readily vouch for

—Name and address withheld

Stoned Cycling

In regard to "Dope and the Running High" (*High Times*, "Sports," March '79), everything the article said applies to bicycling as well. Last summer I started cycling again after a four-year layoff. At first I had trouble completing an easy 20-mile ride due to leg cramps. Finally, one day I decided to get high and give it a try. Two hours later I was 40 miles out and still pedaling strong! I didn't realize how long I had been pedaling, so I didn't get tired. By keeping a few joints handy I averaged over 300 miles a week, all summer long. This summer, travel by bike; it's the only way to fly!

—Mitchell Small, address withheld

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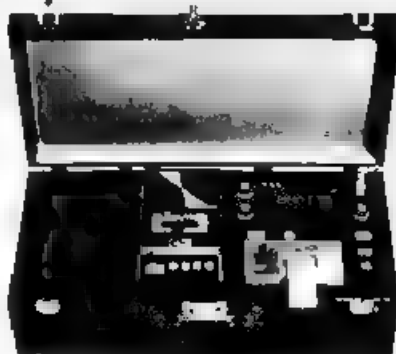
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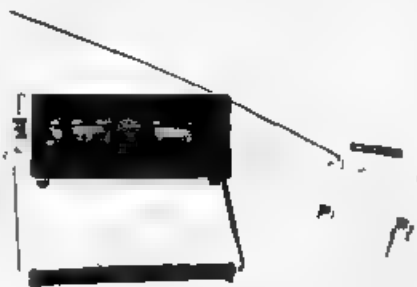
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Born-Again Dope Dies Young

Q: Recently my wife found several ounces of top-notch Colombian that she'd stashed away two years ago and forgotten about. It's still great, but dry and resinous. I bought some of those commercial humidifiers to put some juice back in, but a friend said we might as well throw our pot into the compost. What'd he mean?

—T. Luckner, Tucson, Ariz.

A: He meant that so-called moisturizing of your marijuana will hasten the decomposition process, and if you do it too many times, it will return to the earth whence it came. As anyone who has thrown an orange peel or apple slice into their dry pot to give it a fresh, fluffy texture can testify, when it dries out again the result is a dusty, rancorous smoke (if the weed hasn't already mildewed) that is often worse than what you had when you started. This occurs because the osmotic process breaks down the no longer flexible intercellular fibers. In a natural state, your pot would have long ago disintegrated. Most carefully cured pot will retain its potency for ten years or longer if stored in a dry environment; but if you also want your rediscovered smoke to be spongy, your best bet is to moisturize only the amount you plan to be using within the next couple of days.

Stay High and Multiply

Q: I'd like to know what High Times has to say about the recent study at the Masters-Johnson Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, which proves that grass smoking seriously impairs women's fertility, disrupts their normal menstrual cycles, and causes them to have defective periods. How can you advocate the use of pot after this study?

—Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Angolin, New York, N.Y.

A: Easy: we say smoke all the dope you want. Actually, the only thing the study

proved was that professional antigraass "research scientists" can no longer depend on getting away with lousy, methodologically lame pot studies purposely geared toward getting the results they want—mainly, seeing their names in the papers under wild marijuana-scare headlines. In the "study" of which you speak, 26 women grass smokers gave the docs regular blood samples for two months; their hormone levels were compared with blood samples of nonsmoking women over the same period. Statistics showed no significant differences in the hormone levels, though the smoking women did have, on the average, slightly shorter monthly cycles and more cycles in which no egg was released.

When Dr. Joan Bauman read these less than startling results to a neuroscientific convention in St. Louis, she attempted to manipulate the statistics into a "significant" indication that pot rearranges several female hormone levels, causing infertility; and she actually did use the word "defective" to describe the smoking women's periods.

Of course the media was all ears, anxious to mount another national reefer-madness scandal; but an immediate outcry from responsible physicians around the country nipped it in the bud. Twenty-six St. Louis women simply cannot be held representative of millions of dope-smoking women; furthermore, the researchers had made no effort to determine what other drugs the women might be doing, what their lifestyles and diets were like, whether they drank booze, or even how much grass they smoked on the average. Dr. Niels H. Lauerson, a Cornell University gynecologist, concurred with several other doctors of international repute: "Information derived from too small a sample doesn't mean anything. It's not an honest statistical evaluation."

It's significant that none of these doctors could be described as pro pot—the fact is that the shoddiness of most grass research has become a mild scandal in responsible scientific circles, and for good reason. The senior author of the study in question, for example, was Dr. Robert Kolodny, who in 1975 "discovered" that testosterone levels were reduced in a group of 20 male smokers; he manipulated the meaningless statistics thus derived into a national pot scare about grass killing men's potency. Ironically, in this new meaningless study, the smoking women had a higher average level of testosterone than the nonsmokers did—though Dr. Bauman did not, for obvious reasons, make a big deal out of that particular statistic.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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Driving the Dead Rise

by A. Craig Copetas

A mistake at 90 miles per hour is finite time for you quipped Don Aronow, 51, the designer of the 24 Degree Dead Rise Off-Shore Racing Hull.

Often imitated but never equaled Aronow's high-performance speedboats—capable of exceeding 90 miles per hour in six-foot seas—are not only coveted by racers; they are the assault

Aronow's Cigarette and Signature Dead Rise have become the PT boats of the marijuana navy, combining speed, mobility and, if necessary, firepower.



Master of the doomsday Dead Rise. Don Aronow cranks his Cigarette past 95 mph.



"None of our boats has ever been caught in a high-speed chase

craft of the multi-billion-dollar marijuana industry

"We are indeed flattered, but have torn emotions about marijuana importers using our boats," he said. "The authorities have come around asking questions, but we don't know anything

"I'll tell you this, though. None of our boats has ever been caught in a high-speed chase."

Aronow's office is lined with trophies. Before retiring from racing in 1970, he won over two dozen world-class races. In world championships in 1967 and 1969, his classic Cigarette boat destroyed the competition, winning

9 of the 11 races it entered

Aronow's inspiration was the original Dead Rise, which belonged to a Prohibition rumrunner in New York City. Nicknamed the "Cigarette," it would stalk offshore and wait for a competitor to off-load some booze, then strike with deadly speed and disappear. It took the Coast Guard over three years to capture the first Cigarette.

Nearly 50 years later, Aronow's Cigarette and the more advanced Signature Dead Rise have become the PT boats of the marijuana navy, combining speed, mobility and, if necessary, firepower. Explained one water scout: "On

the inland waterways of Florida, so the story goes, the Signature Dead Rise was made for one purpose alone: smuggling."

To keep up, the Coast Guard, Secret Service, CIA and even Ringo Starr all maintain Dead Rise fleets. "There are thousands of Cigarettes out there," said a smiling Aronow.

Burning 50 gallons of gas an hour at 70 miles per hour, the Dead Rise is not for everyone. Prices start at \$20,000 and can exceed \$250,000, making the Dead Rise not only the pride of smugglers but the plaything of millionaires. Richard Nixon owns six of them. Ayatollah Khomeini owns five, and the Sheikh Saud al Mulla of Dubai owns two. Other satisfied customers include Robert Vesco, dolphin expert John Lilly and Ambassador George Bush.

Most Dead Rises take off with two pilots. One drives the two 350-plus-horsepower engines while the other operates the trim planes, which control how high, how low and at what angle the hull will travel. There is absolutely no room for error. The Signature Dead Rise is a combination of brute speed, awesome power and such delicate balance that even a sneeze during a turn can send driver and passenger into the water with bone-crushing force. Nonetheless, I decided to take a ride.

The speedometer read 75 miles per hour as the driver climbed out of his leather-lined cockpit and told me to take command. As I settled into the pit, the water scout grabbed my waist and attached two hitches to my belt with a long, heavy cord.

"That's in case you flip it," he said calmly. He clipped the other end of the cord to the ignition system. "If you fall out, the cord will pull the ignition and we'll stop." It is impossible to sit down in a Dead Rise—the pressure would suck you away like a chicken in a tornado—so you stand, locked to the leather-encased wheel by the force of the wind.

Once behind the wheel, I told the water scout, now in control of the trim planes, to slow it down. Instead, our speed leaped. The sea salt began condensing on my face, gouging small holes in my cracking lips. Needles of water pelted my body from every side. I felt as if I had been exploded out of a howitzer into a full gale hurricane. My only thought was to maintain as straight a line as the five-foot seas would allow.

Then I caught sight of the freighter "All right, lean to the left and turn this sucker away from that freighter!" screamed my copilot above the blast-furnace roar of the engines.

As I began the turn, my body slammed up against the side of the pit. I could feel the boat beginning to tilt.

"Work the wheel! Work the wheel!" yelled the copilot, laughing at whatever terror he could make out through my salt-caked eyelashes. "Just work the wheel and we'll come out of this okay!"

He was right. Dead Rise pilots must become one with the wheel, giving and taking as the sea demands. I steered the Dead Rise out around the freighter and took a compass setting for Bimini, some 60 miles east.

Thirty miles off the coast, the sea began to churn into six-foot waves that chopped our bodies as the Dead Rise bounced from swell to swell. Smacking the top of a cresting wave, we blasted off four feet into the air, coming down hard and fast, only to be propelled into the air by another mound of churning water. Our bodies were battered and the bruises began to show.

On a long run, the bow of a Dead Rise will be packed with Goodyear rubber bladders filled with extra fuel, giving some boats a range of 700 miles or more. "Those bladders give us a lot more freedom out there," said the water scout, as we headed back into Florida's Intracoastal Waterway, the marijuana highway of America. "There is no way that anyone is going to get a hold of us with that kind of fuel capacity."

We had been out for over three hours when we made the turn into the Intracoastal at 60 miles per hour. The copilot pointed to the wreckage that decorated the coral reefs guarding the entrance. "Couple of kids in a Dead Rise tried to get in here a bit too fast last week. They had to scrape one of them off the coral with a putty knife." ■

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Jerking Off

by Scott Cohen

If we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, then drop your drawers and jerk off. If, in the middle of the night or in a noisy restaurant, you feel a hand, your hand, brush along your thigh in the direction of the genitals, don't be ashamed, smile and close your eyes. If

Who said jerking off isn't as good as the real thing? Not me. I jerked off to a neighbor who lived in a one-room apartment; through my infrared binoculars I could see her whenever she was home. Every afternoon at four o'clock she got dressed and left by five, got home by 2 A.M. and got undressed. Sometimes she danced in front of the mirror, naked, and played with herself. Sometimes she brought home a lover. I knew every pore of her body. I knew her most intimate secrets. After years of watching her I finally got up the nerve and at five o'clock raced downstairs and introduced myself just as she was getting into a cab. She invited me up to her place later that night (she was a waitress), we got undressed, we fucked, and, you know, it wasn't as good as jerking off.

As you move your fingers along your keyboard, review the highlights of your all-time greatest fucks, which always seem greater in retrospect. What's while you jerk, smoke a joint, snort coke. It doesn't matter if you're in Trader Vic's. If you've



Jerking off is easy, convenient, and you don't have to look your best. Afterward, you don't have to roll over to be alone.

you're driving, keep one hand on the wheel. If you can't be with the one you love—jerk off. Don't have any money—jerk off. Can't get no satisfaction—jerk off. Don't want to be a beast of burden—jerk off. Out of gas, cigarettes, toilet paper—jerk off. Can't dance—do the jerk. Feel like a jerk—jerk off.

Jerking off is easy, convenient, and you don't have to look your best. You don't have to slip yourself a Quaalude first. The size of your cock or tits doesn't matter. So what if you don't look as good as you once did. Make as much noise as you want. You don't have to tell yourself, "I love you." Don't feel guilty if you're the only one who has an orgasm. Come as fast as you want. Afterward, you don't have to roll over to be alone.

never jerked off, try it. Everyone in Tomorrowland does it.

Feel your switchboard light up when your fingers press your button. Everybody has a button. Feel your nipples stiffen. Feel the antennelike hairs of your body quiver in anticipation. In truth, you are participating in an age-old ritual. Cave dwellers did it while looking up at the stars. Crusaders did it on the long march home. Washington did it at Valley Forge.

So if someone next to you jumps or is pushed in front of an oncoming train, or if the person on line in front of you at the bank hands the teller a stickup note, or if you are the sole survivor in a plane wreck and the police and reporters ask you what happened, tell the truth—you were jerking off. ☐

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Invasion of the Boob-Tube Snatchers

by Harry Wasserman

Ever since high-school student Philo T. Farnsworth invented TV in 1921, and RCA ripped him off for his idea, the corporations who run the three networks have been keeping TV time away from people who can't afford a prime-time coast-to-coast variety hour with the June Taylor Dancers, Doc Severinson's orchestra and guests who stay at the Hyatt Regency. Any Joe Schmo with \$400 can put out an underground newspaper, but how can he afford to get his ideas transmitted on TV?

Public access is the answer. Cable TV was originally invented for communities in valleys surrounded by high mountains that obscured TV reception from outlying districts. Underground coaxial cables connected a TV studio's antenna to homes of people desiring television reception. Soon the previously media-neglected folks discovered they could get late-night movies from distant cities. When in 1972 the FCC required each cable station to provide its own community local programming, public access was born. For merely the price of the videotape itself, community residents could televise town-hall meetings, alternative-news shows or wacky entertainment revues. The rise of public-access cable TV hailed the return of soapbox political agitators and the reincarnation of vaudeville.

"While people today simply watch television as a surrogate for the lives they have ceased to live," writes French leftist-philosopher Daniel Cohn-Bendit (Danny the Red, who led the May '68 student riots in France), "in the new society they will use it as a means of widening their experience, of mastering the environment and of keeping in touch with the real lives of other people. If television programs were to be put on for their social value and not solely because they induce the maximum hypnosis in the greatest numbers, they would enable us to extend the real democracy to the entire population."

There are now over 4,000 cable stations in the U.S., serving at least 20 million viewers. Public-access programming includes:

- Smoke-in coverage and a sorcery show in Madison, Wisconsin.

"The rise of cable TV is like pot getting legal — when it becomes commercial, who'll control it?"



Top to bottom: On location with "Midnight Blue"; "News in Briefs" on "High Witness"; candypanes snatched on "Underground Tonight Show."

- An assassination-conspiracy show in Orlando, Florida.
- Ten-year-old kids talking about dope in Washington, D.C.
- "The Che-Lumumba-Jackson Collective Black Community News" in Reading, Pennsylvania.
- Fucking couples and a college-library nude-in in Santa Cruz, California.

The largest number of cable viewers is in New York City, the Constantinople of cable experimentation. The infamous "Midnight Blue," a porn show produced by Al (Screw) Goldstein and directed by and starring Alex Bennett, was dragged off TV for six weeks in May '76 for alleged obscenity, and Bennett sued Manhattan Cable for \$250,000 for libel. "Midnight Blue" 's explicit porno up to that point included nude sexual coupling, a market survey of electric dildos, and news coverage of a cathouse for dogs. Under new stipulations by Manhattan Cable, says Goldstein, Bennett "has to produce an erotic show without showing intercourse. It's like trying to get you hungry without showing you the dish that has been prepared. Screw is hot, raunchy, dirty, ris-

qué, abrasive and abusive—"Midnight Blue" is softer. It is more loving, sweet, not as explicit, not hard-core. I see it as soft 'X.'" Shows since the ruling have included interviews with porn stars like cocksmit Harry Reema and piss queen Annie Sprinkle.

Another New York public-access show that experienced trouble with censorship was "The Underground Tonight Show," produced by and starring former High Times PR man Mike Luckman and directed by Bruce Martin. In a '74 segment, called "the most sexually explicit show in television's history" by the New York Post, erotic artist Betty Dodson and four other women masturbated to orgasm with a little help from their vibrators. Manhattan Cable transmitted the show, but its uptown counterpart, Teleprompter, refused to air the episode. The next week's segment on male masturbation with author John Lobell was rejected by both public-access systems.

Luckman and Martin persisted, but so did their censors. In '76, Manhattan Cable refused to air porn star Mark Stevens sucking porn starlet Sandy Foxx's tits. A videotape showing how to rip off Ma Bell by use of black boxes, blue boxes and the credit-card code was ruled unfit for broadcasting by Manhattan Cable that same year. In '77, in what Luckman calls "an arousing moment of live censorship," the studio manager yanked the show off the air before porn stars Sharon Mitchell and Peter Andrews could finish eating off each other's candypanes. Soon after, an episode demonstrating how to rip off Manhattan Cable by hooking up your own free cable prompted Manhattan Cable to prevent the show from appearing live anymore. "The Underground Tonight Show" did get by with airing porn star Marilyn Chambers in the buff (although Marilyn refused to smoke a joint on the air).

"We challenged political as well as sexual taboos," says Luckman, who claims to be the first cable host to smoke pot on the air. He has also often called attention to the fact that, far from being an independent alternative, Manhattan Cable is owned by Time-Life, Inc., and Teleprompter is owned by Hughes Tool. In response to mounting censorship from Manhattan Cable, Luckman and crew staged a sit-in at Manhattan Cable headquarters in '77. They tried to occupy the transmission room, but the elevators were closed off because the executives had been tipped off in advance and the transmission room was locked, so they occupied the reception area until confronted by Manhattan Cable vice-president Charlotte Schiff-Jones and the Tactical Squad cops she had called. Because of the disruption, Manhattan Cable has since installed surveillance video cameras in its reception area.

Luckman had an available extra hour booked one week that he couldn't fill, so he

Midnight Blue

Michael Chance

Ralph Lewin

gave it over to the Yippies, who were so excited by the opportunity to get on TV cheaply that the show spun off to an entire series, "High Witness." I hosted the show with Gabrielle Schang; it was directed by Craig Silver. Coca Crystal was program coordinator; and guests included Paul Kressner, Tuli Kupferberg, Wavy Gravy, Dave Dellinger, Rolling Stones harpist Sugar Blue, punk band Blondie, assassinologist/garbologist A.J. Weberman, pianist Aron Kay and Yippie spokesperson Dana Beal. Highlights of the show included a nude flutist, the Unknown Dealer with slabs of hash and pounds of Colombian, Craig in his jockey shorts doing "News in Briefs," a bootleg Bob Dylan videotape, Ken Kelley interviewing Abbie Hoffman, Gabrielle's scoop report of the Weather Underground breaking up, and Aron Kay interviewing Walter Cronkite about the JFK assassination. Dope highlights included *High Times* contributing editor Mike Chance's pot-market survey; a cocaine quiz show called "Where's My Line?"; and the dope opera "Mary Wanna, Mary Wanna," a Mary Hartman parody that first appeared in the pages of *High Times*, starring Gabrielle as Mary, and Ilah Davis, the nymphet star of Paul Schrader's recent movie *Hardcore*, as Mary's daughter.

You can put on a good show for less than \$100 a week," says Gabrielle. "Like the underground press, public access is a do-it-yourself kit. But cable can be even more experimental than the underground press ever was. I'd like to see an alternative TV network, an Alternative Press Syndicate for cable. It's like pot getting legal—when it becomes commercial, who'll control it?" Her future projects include "Femme Fatale," "an alternative '60 Minutes,'" and "a history of women in broadcasting—it'll be a real short documentary."

Craig Silver now directs "Studio 10 Extravaganza," starring *High Times* associate editor Charlie Frick as Doc Rock and me as Spy Smasher. Broadcast live from the Yippie smokeasy Studio 10 on Bleecker Street off the Bowery in New York City, the show features rock bands such as Joy Ryder/Avis Davis, whom critics have called "the next Blondie." Larry "Ratso" Sloman was interviewed on one show about his best-selling book *Reefer Madness*, a social history of marijuana in America.

Coca Crystal now produces and stars in "If I Can't Dance, You Can Keep Your Revolution" with fellow veteran of the East Village Other and *High Times* culture hero Vincent Titus, who dances a soft-shoe and reads his poetry. Coca's costar on the show is Pamela Lloyd, former executive editor of *High Times*, who does a segment called "Sinsemilla Street," which Pam claims is "the only televised consumer dope report in the world," including dope prices, growing advice, number of joints in

a good ounce of pot (\$8.4, if you're curious) and a dope-media watch. Each week Pam picks another "Dope of the Week," which has included Pakistani hash, California sinsemilla and Chelsea window pot. Phone surveys of the local dope audience decided.

- More viewers had lady dealers than male dealers.

- More New Yorkers preferred pipe to joint.

- Only 62.5 percent of the viewers knew which country their dope came from.

- Keith Richard wouldn't have gotten off so easily if he were a poor black.

Socialism means going out every night" is the message behind "Glenn O'Brien's TV Party," the only Manhattan cable show to emanate from the Warhol-Eno-SoHo avant-garde art-rock scene. "Glenn O'Brien's TV Party" is a party on TV starring, guess who, Glenn O'Brien, Interview rock columnist and *High Times* runamuck, and directed by new-wave film maker Amos (Blank Generation) Poe. The show's highlight was the night China invaded Vietnam, featuring Clash lead guitarist Mick Jones, a retired dominatrix recapping her painful career, and Glenn singing "Eve of Destruction" backed by the TV Party Band, including organist Walter Steding and guitarist Chris Stein of Blondie. Other guests have included Robert Fripp, Peter Dinklage, Talking Heads lead singer David Byrne, Debbie (Blondie) Harry, and the Patti Smith Group's Richard Sohl and Jay Dee Daugherty. Glenn smokes pot with his guests, and he often advises viewers, "Stay away from brown acid."

The best thing about doing live cable TV is the phone call-ins, where the audience can actually "talk back to the TV set," as Luckman puts it, thus liberating the electronic media one step beyond. At its best it's a healthy exchange of political ideas. At its worst it's a playground for obscene phone callers.

The most interesting and bizarre use of the call-in shtick is in "Tape Delay," starring Tom Leykis and directed by Bruce Martin. Viewers watch a call-in show taped from a secret location the week before, then call in to be broadcast themselves the next week. It's a time-warped technique, eliminating the need for a studio with a live feed. Leykis and Martin also do a live show, "Bread and Circuses," on Manhattan Cable. Each week Leykis has a special call-in gimmick, like "What's your deepest sexual secret?" or "What's your favorite ethnic joke?"

The weirdest shows on Manhattan Cable have included "Commander Video," a hilarious science-fiction satire; "Tex Fenster, Superstar," starring a washed-up Hollywood has-been who sings along with old Peggy Lee records; and "The Sylvia Schuchman Show," starring a shopping-bag lady. □

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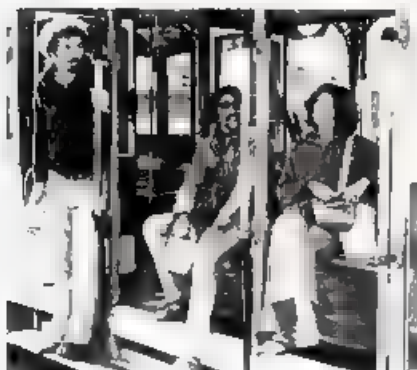
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Massachusetts Governor **Edward King** canceled a recent speaking engagement at U. Mass. at Amherst because he was afraid he would be hit with a pie. King is unpopular with students because of his pronuke stance and efforts to boost the legal drinking age to 21. Security reports warned that the custard might fly. King later remarked, "It was needless to go up there. It's a long day and we couldn't afford to get pie all over our clothes."



Jim Morrison: Is the music over?

Would you believe **Jim Morrison** running for lieutenant governor of Louisiana? The former **William Casselberry, Jr.** believes that when Doors lead singer Morrison died, his spirit entered Casselberry's body, whereupon Casselberry legally changed his name to Jim Morrison. Pollsters say the reincarnated rock star doesn't have a ghost of a chance to win.



John Lennon: paperback writer



Girls of the golden West shake their booty at Mabuhay

San Francisco's North Beach punk mecca **Mabuhay Gardens** has the dubious distinction of hosting a weekly **Outrageous Beauty Contest**. The gonzo review, spotlighting trends and attitudes of the West Coast new wave, features a cast of exhibitionists and weirdos directed by **Frank**, a paraplegic who sometimes appears as the victim in one of the S&M skits.



Superjock Bruce Jenner and disco superstars the Village People jam to "Work That Body."

Wheaties poster boy and part-time Olympics decathlon champ **Bruce Jenner** has signed with film lensman **Robert (Thank God It's Friday) Kane** to star in *The Music Never Ends*, a movie with a gay theme. Jenner, cashing in on his jock Robert Redford image, will play a coach who "gets involved with" some of his students. The students will be played by international disco superstars the **Village People**.



Norman Mailer meets punk rockers Shrapnel backstage at punk pit CBGB.

Back in the USA, the **Ramones** and **Shrapnel** played a benefit gig at Bowery punkatorium CBGB that raised \$2,500 to buy bullet-proof vests for New York cops. Down the road, the Yippie antidisco Studio 10 hosted an antibenefit to buy bullet-proof vests for civilians, headlined by **Stiletto's Fad** featuring **Elda**, **Snooky** and **Tish**, with special guests **Lenny Kaye**, **Cheetah Chrome** and **Johnny Thunders**. ☐

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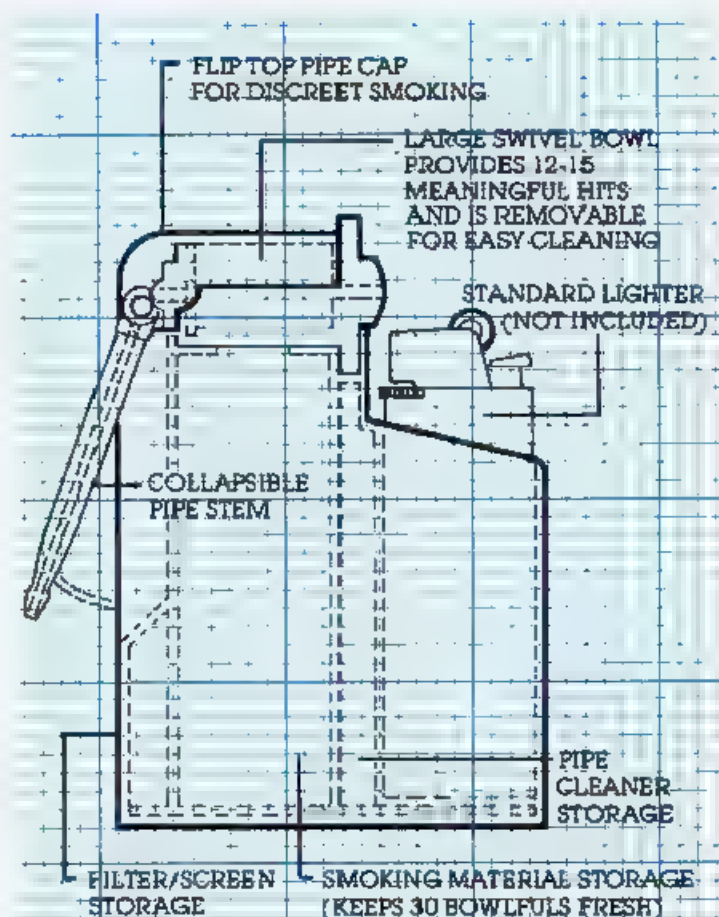
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HIGHWITNESS

Aug. '79 No. 48

Thefts Plague Homegrowers

California Sheriff Vows to Prosecute Potnappers

People who grow small patches of grass for purely personal consumption are notoriously subject to having their dope ripped off by grassnappers, who rely on the antimarijuana laws to cover their thefts.

However, there's new hope in the increasingly critical situation—recently the sheriff of Marin County, G. Albert Howenstein, publicly assured homegrowers that they could safely report stash ripoffs to his department, which will then prosecute the suspected thieves under trespassing ordinances. Persons involved in "major horticultural endeavors"—i.e., mass cultivation for profit—would probably run into trouble reporting ripoffs; but growers of eight or so backyard plants needn't fear a bust for admitting to grass growing. "Small activities of this nature do not ordinarily come to our attention," reasons Sheriff Howenstein, so his police have no real reason to bust a small grower who reports a private stash theft.

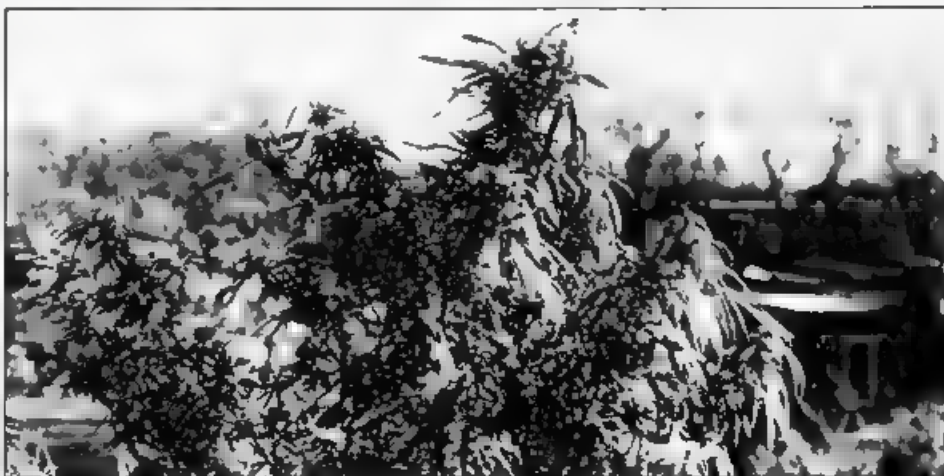
Private cultivation of grass has many advantages: the stuff is free, the supply is steady, one can exercise full quality control over what one smokes, and one avoids having to deal with suppliers. Still, most homegrowers are necessarily committing a felony and are exposed to ripoffs of their stashes—and anything else around them that may be of value—with very little recourse to the law.

On the other hand, victims of plant thefts should be careful to remove any traces of grass stems or other dope overlooked by the grassnappers before police investigators show up to inspect the theft site. "We can't ignore a crime in front of our eyes," warns Sheriff Howenstein. After that, though, the police will follow up any available clues as to the identity of an alleged trespasser and track that person down, and if the trespasser happens to be in possession of dope, he or she will most likely be charged with that, as well as possible trespassing or vandalism.

Sheriff Howenstein's main motivation in extending police protection to petty grass growers is to cut down on "the potential for violence" in grassnapping, which has already gotten out of hand in other parts of the state. The majority of potnappings are carried out by young hoods, who frequently

vandalize their victim's property in the process or even rough up them or their children out of sheer sadism. Other potnappers work as organized gangs, methodically ripping off whole neighborhoods in the course of a few days, in order to gather profitable

quantities of dope for street peddling. Scared and pissed, lacking police protection, small growers in some spots are actually organizing for self-defense. The consequent possibilities for widespread violence are proliferating.



The economy-rejuvenating powers of manicured sinsemilla seem to be finally curing some cops of their 50-year case of reefer madness. With car showrooms and stereo stores being emptied weekly by wealthy growers, the Man is reverting to his natural state of fiercely protecting valuable property. We love ya, ya capitalist lackies—now get out of here, we mean it!

Mendocino Grower Strikes Back

Organized potnappers in Mendocino County got a cautionary message last fall when one of them was shot in the ass by a pissed-off Ukiah cultivator. The man had heard his dogs barking out by his pot patch in the middle of the night and charged out with his .22 rifle to discover three would-be potnappers crouching among his 120 just-budding plants. One of them was armed with a shotgun but was promptly disarmed by the grower, whereupon all three ran for the woods. The grower brought down one potnapper with a shot through the left buttock. "I'm a good shot," he said later, "and knew it would only wound him."

The injured potnapper, 16 years old, was given first aid by the grower and walked off into the night. Shortly later, county sheriffs showed up with one of the other grass thieves in tow and busted the grower for assault with a firearm and illegal cultiva-

tion. The two escaped potnappers were themselves subsequently charged with attempted grand theft. None of the three potnappers was from Mendocino County.

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Behind Georgia's Biggest Bust

Narcs Spend Year, Get Rich Setting Up 26-Ton Bust

WOODBINE, GEORGIA—The 85-foot Florida shrimp boat *Miss Vicki* nosed around the northern tip of Cumberland Island here, riding the 1 A.M. high tide into St. Andrews Sound with 26 tons of Colombian grass bales. It was coming in a full day ahead of schedule, having been bashed around in 30-foot swells most of the way from La Guajira. The ship was showing no lights, but the navigator—a Georgia Bureau of Investigations (GBI) undercover narc—used shrimp code over shortwave to arrange a rendezvous with the 23-foot *Mako Teaser II*, which piloted the *Miss Vicki* up Shellbine Creek to an isolated dock belonging to the Brunswick Paper Company.

On the dock was a ten-wheel truck, a four-wheel-drive camper and a pickup. While one *Vicki* swab stood guard with an AR-15 automatic rifle, others set up a conveyor belt to move the bales to the truck. When the operation was underway the "navigator," Harry Coursey of Richmond Hills, slipped into the dark and tried to fire off a signal flare. It malfunctioned, so he wandered around in the dark until he bumped into 3 of the 20 heavily armed GBI narcs who were staking out the Brunswick dock. "Who are you with?" he asked, looking straight down the barrel of a 30.06. "Who are you with?" the narcs snapped back, grabbing him.

Coursey quietly identified himself. "Please go up there and arrest them people," he urged. "I'm tired. Just go get 'em." Flares went up, spotlights glared, loudspeakers barked orders, and the *Vicki* crew gave up without incident. GBI cops spent the next morning checking out license plates in parking lots near Dulles International Airport; they picked up the alleged "kingpin" of the *Vicki* move, a Florida car salesman, in a motel, with his secretary and a Michigan connection.

Coursey and his assistant narc later revealed some illuminating details of their undercover project, for which they split \$500,000 in government cash. Coursey, 37, met the 30-year-old car dealer over a year

before. "I simply represented myself as a person associated with pulpwood and lumber companies, with several off-load sites on the coast," he explains. "They were interested in Georgia because Florida is hot. Lots of activity there at the time."

Using the name "Harry Walker," Coursey got the car dealer to buy the *Miss Vicki* in Tarpon Springs, Florida. Coursey enlisted an experienced pilot and had the boat outfitted with a radio with a 3,000-mile range. He installed an identical radio unit in a duplex on the Crooked River near St. Mary's and brought in another GBI agent, Mike Mason, to work ostensibly as a driver.

The *Vicki*'s first voyage to Colombia ended queerly: the ship arrived at the dock in La Guajira, where untold tons of dope were stacked for export, just as the Colombian Army descended on it in "Operation Fulminante." The boat, with Coursey aboard, retreated under heavy fire.

Strange things were happening back in the States, too. The *Vicki*'s radio was being monitored, not only by agent Mason in the Crooked River duplex, but also by the Atlanta FCC, at the personal request of Senator Sam Nunn. Also, shortly after the *Vicki*'s return, Mason—who used his own name throughout the setup—was required to testify in court in a previous case, and was identified in the local papers as "Michael G. Mason, GBI agent," 27, of Atlanta. "We held our breath," says Coursey, "but nothing happened."

Despite the Colombian Army raid, within a month *Miss Vicki* was back at the same Guajiran dock, loading 26 tons. After the three-week trip, the ship nosed into St. Andrews Sound—with 20 cops lurking in the palm trees, Mason overseeing the loading crew, a spotter plane overhead and two cop vessels and a Coast Guard cutter tailing the ship. Mason says he'll probably retire on the blood money, but Coursey is awaiting a new assignment: "It's like walking a tightrope. Getting to the other side is the object, but the thrill is when you're out on that rope and it's swinging."

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Drug Biggies Joust with Greedy Feds

The American Medical Association (AMA) may have finally found a nemesis more loathsome than socialized medicine and Medicare: the federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Under section 108(e) of the HEW-backed Drug Regulation Reform Act now before Congress, the federal government could conceivably gain the power of supervising every prescription a doctor writes. HEW director Joseph Califano would, under 108(e), regulate "the distribution and dispensing of any drug product" in any ways he "determines are necessary to reduce significant known or suspected risks to the patient."

Supposedly this provision would only apply to certain types of new "break-through" drugs, to control their widespread dispensation by doctors until as much research as possible can be done on them. But doctors and pharmacists worry that Califano (who inherited extensive drug-supervision powers with the resignation of ex-dope czar Peter Bourne last summer), could use this law to grasp the power of controlling every prescription made out to every patient who wants or needs drugs. Accordingly, the AMA has been working

unusually closely with the American Pharmaceutical Association (APhA) and the Pharmaceuticals Manufacturing Association (PMA) to oppose 108(e) before the Senate Health Subcommittee, chaired by Senator Edward Kennedy.

In a rare display of solidarity, the AMA and the two big legal-dope syndicates rather petulantly put it to the subcommittee that the HEW could conceivably interpret 108(e) as giving them regulatory control over virtually every drug in existence. Califano could decide which doctors could prescribe which drugs, which patients could take them, which pharmacies could dispense them and which hospitals and clinics could use them in which therapy and research programs. Moreover, under the new law Califano could designate the recommended dosage of any drug to any particular patient, designate the particular drugstore where the drug's prescription could be filled, the amount of the drug permitted, and the price of it.

Basically, this bill, complained AMA legislative expert Dr. William Felch to Congress, "proposes to initiate the transfer of vital medical decision making from the

treating physician to the federal Drug Administration in Washington." Senator Kennedy expressed surprise at Dr. Felch's "complete misinterpretation" of the government's intentions and declared, "We're hopefully enhancing the range of alternatives the physician might choose."

APhA executive director William Apple next suggested to Kennedy that if the HEW was so inclined, under the new law it would have the power to withhold controversial pain-killers such as methadone from dying cancer patients; to which Kennedy replied, "Well, we've got problems then."

The nitty-gritty level was reached by PMA head C. Joseph Steller, who laid it out in a single line: "It may be idle to decry the obvious control over doctors which this provision suggests, because the HEW has been increasingly candid in recent years in acknowledging that it intends to further control these professions."

As Dr. Felch and the two legal-dope pushers were leaving the hearing room, 108(e)'s author, HEW general counsel Peter Labazzi, was heard to remark that the three witnesses were substantially correct in their interpretations.

Biologists Lash Back at DNA Lab Controls

MILAN, ITALY—When he affixed his signature to the famous 1976 "Berg letter," warning of possible lethal global consequences from recombinant-DNA research, "it was the silliest thing I ever did in my life," says Dr. J.D. Watson, an eminent molecular biologist. The letter, written by Professor Paul Berg and signed by 11 prominent scientists, triggered an international uproar over the putative possibility of mutant lethal viruses contaminating DNA-lab personnel and then sweeping unchecked through the global population.

The DNA controversy prompted many governments and scientists to call for strict, uniform controls on DNA research. Now, however, many scientists are having second thoughts. Dr. John Tooze, speaking after Dr. Watson at a meeting of the World Health Organization (WHO) here, suggested that Professor Berg might have done well to actually consult with experts in the isolation and handling of microorganisms before releasing his letter to the press.

Another WHO microbiology expert, Professor Wacław Szybalski of the McArdle Lab for Cancer Research at the University of Wisconsin, characterized the entire DNA panic as an excrescence of American "liberal guilt" over the Vietnam War and Hiroshima. In his words, it merely illustrated an "eagerness to demonstrate the social responsibility of biologists in contrast to

the failure of atomic physicists to issue a similar warning." Professor Szybalski urged that in view of recombinant DNA's very promising possibilities in the develop-


ment of a cancer cure, and the "virtual absence of risk" involved in its research, it would be absurd to subject all DNA labs to a stringent global system of controls.

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Celebs Kick Painlessly with Electro-Endorphin Detox Therapy

by Joe Shea

When Margaret Patterson and John Hughes met, they may have ushered in a new era in medicine. Patterson, the English surgeon who has taken Eric Clapton and Keith Richards off heavy heroin habits, convinced Hughes, the first to discover endorphins (the body's natural opiates), that her Pharmakon neuroelectric stimulator may trigger endorphin release. That would explain why her treatment at the FREE clinic in London takes heavy users off everything from Ritalin to alcohol, with none of the aches and pains of withdrawal, and eventually eliminates all craving for their drugs.

Patterson, a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and Member of the British Empire, wrote a book called *Addictions Can Be Cured* in 1975 to explain her treatment. The book, now out of print, says that she first encountered the technique shortly after James Reston was treated for tennis elbow with acupuncture in Peking prior to the first Nixon visit. H.L. Wen, a brain surgeon colleague at the Tung Wah group of hospitals in Hong Kong, was experimenting with electro-acupuncture anesthesia when some of his patients reported after surgery that they were opium addicts and now felt no craving for it. After a hundred more addicts were treated by Wen and Patterson (sans the surgery) the hospital and Hong Kong police began complaining that they were making waves. The notion that every junkie in town might kick forever was a distinct threat to the entire



A pocket-size brain stimulator cured Eric Clapton of his smack habit in ten days.

Hong Kong economy. Wen returned to private practice, but Patterson went back to England and started refining the electro-acupuncture device first used by the main-

land Chinese.

Five years later, after quite a lot of tinkering, she came up with the Pharmakon, a battery-powered, pocket-sized stimulator worn on the belt and attached to a comfortable headset that keeps two blunt electrodes in contact with the concha of the ear. The addict feels only a slight tingling sensation as one- or two-millionths of an ampere of electric current are pulsed into the brain at frequencies that vary with each individual and each drug. In Patterson's clinic, clients wear the headset day and night (it's designed so that they can sleep with it on) as they move about or attend therapy sessions designed to give them new ways to cope with daily hassles.

Although Patterson first encountered enormous resistance from psychoanalytically oriented methadone clinics (and pharmaceutical houses), RSO entertainment honcho Robert Stigwood came to her aid with a two-year grant for research after she cured Eric Clapton. Clapton, who had been hooked on smack for over ten years, kicked in ten days. Now the J. Arthur Rank Trust, the Sir Halley Stewart Trust and the Joseph Rowntree Trust have funded more endorphin research in tandem with John Hughes and have provided a free 15-patient clinic with three doctors and an adequate staff in an old, historic mansion outside London. The first major follow-up survey was recently published in the *United Nations Bulletin on Narcotics* and revealed that 100 percent of Patterson's inpatients, and 47 percent of her outpatients, all heavy users with long-standing habits, were free of addiction. She points out that even a few days of inpatient treatment are better than a strictly outpatient regimen, and states unequivocally, "I can take anyone off any drug dependency with a minimum of discomfort within a period of approximately ten days."

Narcs Terrorize Last Chance

LAST CHANCE, CALIFORNIA—Five beefy deputies from the Santa Cruz County Sheriff's Department thundered into this little mountain town in jeeps one morning, when most of the men were off at work, and terrorized the women and children for hours on a "grass raid" that turned up a total of 11 plants.

Led by Deputy Joseph Henard, and armed to the teeth, the cops went stomping through more than 20 households, bashing open doors, crushing vegetable gardens and viciously interrogating women and kids. Pointing out that the cops had no warrants, women who tried to keep them out of their houses were told that a refusal to let them in constituted grounds for search. No one was busted for the plants that turned up, but the cops repeatedly swore they would be back shortly to bust everyone in town.

"We have families up here that are now living in daily fear," says a resident of Last Chance, 15 miles up in the hills north of Davenport. "Who knows when they'll be back to make good on their guarantee?"

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L.A. Cops Warn:

"Guns, Chains Useless against PCP Maniacs"



Police officers recently met in San Jose, California, to discuss self-protection against PCP users, who, they say, are instilled with superhuman strength and supernatural endurance when stoned. Los Angeles cops recalled a group of dusters who had been handcuffed together but managed to break the steel bracelets by merely stretching their arms. Another narco told of a stark-naked phencyclidine freak who attacked a group of LAPD officers and took 17 bullets before being subdued. A federal narc solemnly lectured the unsettled police about PCP maniacs who have had "their arms or shoulders shot off with shotguns while attacking officers, and it never stopped them at all!"

The dope tales, unmatched for creative imagery since the horror stories about cocaine-crazed blacks in the '20s, were apparently totally accepted by the assembled cops.

• A concerned citizen phoned Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, police to report an evident break-in at an unoccupied house by two suspicious-looking people. When the cops themselves broke in, they found a man and woman—hired to paint the place by its new owners—making love in the empty bedroom. Being unmarried, they were busted for lewd and lascivious conduct.

• Chicago police impatiently told Timothy Novak, 23, to stop wasting their time when he called on the emergency line to ask if he was wanted for any crimes that had lately occurred on a certain Southside block. Shortly afterward, though, a 56-year-old man called, claiming to have been mugged and robbed at the very site Novak had described. Brilliant detective work subsequently resulted in the arrest of Novak at his sister's home and his identification by the alleged victim.

• "Give everybody a drink," Gary Cornell told the bartender at Bill's Corner Bar in Wyandotte, Michigan, at 1:30 A.M., backing up his order with a .22 rifle. "This is not a holdup or a stickup," he explained. "I've got problems."

For the next eight hours, as flak-suited riot cops crouched outside, Cornell held Bill's ten customers hostage, copiously ordering booze for all and spilling his guts

about his troubles with a local hospital, beatings by the Wyandotte police, his wife's leaving him, and so on and so forth.

By and by, one hostage passed out and several others slipped away unnoticed. The remaining five stayed on without complaint. Eventually Cornell's brother Ronald showed up, took the rifle and gave it to the cops, who took Cornell back to the same hospital he'd been bitching about.

• All six children of evangelist Eugene Jerome Dupois of Tampa, Florida, are named Eugene Jerome Dupois—including the three girls. At home, they are referred to by numbers: "I just have to yell 'one-two-three-four-five-six' and they all come running," assures the cross-wielding horn-again biker. He sees nothing peculiar in everyone around him having his name. "I love me," affirms Dupois, Sr.

• Smoke pouring out of a man's house in Ashtabula, Ohio, brought police. They found the occupant sitting in his underwear inhaling deeply in front of an oven full of burning marijuana. He was taken to Ashtabula General Hospital, where cops say he became "uncontrollable."

• Dr. Martin Daly of the University of California at Riverside is stumped. By every principle of scientific evolution, asexual reproduction—where one organism gives birth to a replica of itself—is infinitely more efficient than sexual reproduction, which involves mating, gestation, birth and a host of even messier and more awkward factors. In sex, two organisms have to mingle their germ plasma, which in animals necessarily requires that they get together and waste time fucking. Then one or both individuals

generally the female—has to harbor the developing offspring till birth, or even later. The more evolved the organisms, the clumsier and more dangerous the procedure becomes, female mammals especially are severely handicapped by pregnancy and nursing, and the transfer of infectious diseases is greatly facilitated by the act of intercourse itself. Most puzzling of all, writes Dr. Daly in the *American Naturalist*, of all animals only humans appear to greatly enjoy fucking, and we are thus the only species of sexual life on this planet that gets any appreciable "good" out of it.

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CAPE MAY NEW JERSEY—This state was shocked to learn that for years it has been a major entry port for the country's cannabis. The 22 tons of hash on the ill-fated *Olaus* was still moored to a Jersey wharf ("Highwitness News," July '79) when the Cape May Coast Guard came across a 70-foot fisher in Delaware Bay that was lading 25 tons of Colombian fume. Those aboard included six Colombians and an Ecuadorian, under a Yankee skipper and two Yank mates. Their busts evidently led to the wipeout of a long-standing Jersey-shore grass syndicate when days later ten more people were popped around the state.

The ship, the *Kristen Jane*, was first sighted by the USCG cutter *Port Franklin* making its way across Delaware Bay, heading inboard through the outboard shipping lanes. Closer inspection showed that its nameplates had been tacked on flimsily, and her other markings had a hasty, jury-rigged look about them. So the Coasties boarded and, when the skipper could produce no registry papers, asked to look at the main-beam registration number below, at which point, the indictment reads, the skipper tried to bribe the whole boarding party.

"There wasn't anything else onboard," exulted DEA narc Mike Horn, who boarded the boat at the Cape May C.G. station. "I couldn't believe it. I've never seen so much marijuana."



When the midnight alarm went out that over 30 miles of Mississippi coastline were being invaded by weird square soggy objects from the sea, fearless Coast Guard and Customs stalwarts scrambled on green alert, apprehending 465 bales of highly subversive vegetable matter. The sinister alien "dope" was helicoptered away to where it would never again pose a threat to the lungs of God-fearing Americans.

• Portland, Jamaica, cops stumbled onto 2,500 pounds of manicured ganja on the local Ken Jones airstrip, sitting next to a jury-rigged signal system consisting of two electric lamps and parallel flash lines of wet petrol. Clues led to the busts of two Kingston men for conspiracy to export.

• Savannah Customs and DEA narcs raided a dock near Rose Dhu, Georgia, and scotched the off-loading of 15 tons of fume from a 70-foot shrimp, the *Terry Ann*.

They only managed one bust, of a Miami Cubano, thanks to a 40-foot tractor trailer that blocked most of the wooded road from the dock to the highway; the six or seven men aboard the *Terry Ann* scrambled into a Cigarette boat and tore off into the dawn fog.

• Six people have been busted so far in connection with the biggest crank lab ever raided in California, a remodeled house trailer with six glass cookers capable of producing 270 pounds of pure methamphetamine every week. State and Riverside County narcs hit the lab after a year-long investigation, during which they estimate 9.5 million tabs of methamphetamine may have gone out of Barstow, where the lab was located, and nearby Lake Matthews and Lytle Creek, where they turned up two multiton pill presses.

• A Toronto-to-Pembroke dope circuit was wiped out when RCMP narcs busted three people boarding a light airplane at Burronville Airport outside Toronto. Aboard was 9,600 hits of acid, along with some hash and MDA.

• Phoenix, Arizona, DEA narcs busted a local dope lab and got four men, along with 13,000 boot ludes, six pounds of powdered methaqualone, and a pile of precursor chemicals.

• A crippled twin-engine Convair 240 was ditched on an overgrown runway at Val-karia Airport near Titusville, Florida, pecked with 10,000 pounds of lonesome grass. Brevard County cops who inspected the plane said it was completely out of gas and leaking oil from one engine. No busts, and no clues from the stripped-out interior.

• The USCG cutter *Dependable* scored 35,000 pounds of Santa Marta gold aboard a 67-foot shrimp south of Panama City, Florida, boosting its take for the last eight months to over 600,000 pounds. *Dependable* swabs boarded the U.S.-registered *Miss Phyllis*, which was riding low in the water and smelling very pungent, and found bales of fume stuffed in the hold, the engine room and the crew quarters. The four Yanks aboard were fed to the DEA for prosecution.

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Westchester Man Nailed for Supplying New York with Half-Ton of Blow

New York's Upper East Side pub-and-cafe-society snort set suffered the pangs of paltry stashes for nearly a month last spring, when a 31-year-old coke mover from Westchester was nailed for allegedly shipping in over 1,000 pounds of blow in 1978 alone. DEA, Westchester County and Mount Vernon town cops dropped the net on the man's whole international apparatus, which he ran through a "construction company" in Ketonah. Also busted were two Manhattan thugs whom the main dealer had allegedly enlisted to kill two Florida Colombians in order for him to waltz on a forthcoming 200-pound shipment through Orlando. The thugs had already boarded a charter boat with two shotguns, chains, locks and other equipment for the purpose of killing the two Colombians when the were lassoed, say cops. Weeks after the Westchester bust, a man in Buffalo was indicted for muling the Westchester coke north to Canada—only days after his attorney was blown away.

A seven-year veteran of the Mount Vernon police force is expected to be named a coconspirator in the case; the patrolman supposedly was hired by the main mover to bug the local DEA office. Other defendants include the man's 64-year-old mother (charged with driving a huge stash of snort all the way up from Florida) and his sister, both currently on the lam in Spain.

• "One officer nearly got hit in the head by a bag of cocaine," tak-taked a Broward County, Florida, cop after ten intrepid officers surrounded a Fort Lauderdale house at midnight and bullhorned the people inside. Two women and three men were busted for possession of five pounds of toot with intention to distribute. The five had been under investigation for over a month, ever since the Broward state's attorney narcs

got wind of them through another coke case.

• Four Colombians were arrested by Interpol in Quito, Ecuador, when they were found to be carrying 16 kilos of cocaine in luggage with a double bottom. Questioned by the police, they admitted that the coke was from Bolivia and that they were in Ecuador on their way to Medellin, Colombia.

• A 24-year-old legal secretary, arrested along with seven other people in a Connecticut cocaine bust, is alleged to have used a probate judge's law-office telephone to transact the toot deals. Under Connecticut law, which forbids taps on the phones of lawyers, physicians and priests, police were prevented from gathering evidence from a tap on the judge's line. Nevertheless, cops set up an undercover purchase of 11 ounces of snort and then raided the Bridgeport apartment of the secretary and her husband. The couple and five others in the apartment were arrested, and cops nailed another five ounces of coke.

• Cops with a search warrant blew the safe in the swanky office of a 43-year-old Beverly Hills businessman and turned up eight pounds of blow, 74 percent pure.

• Officers of the Chicago Gang Crimes North unit clapped the cuffs on a 28-year-old health-club director after raiding his Palms Hills suburban pad. There they allegedly found 2.25 pounds of snow, 5,000 ludes and a pistol. They said he was one of the prime suppliers of Quaaludes and coke along Rush Street on the Near North Side.

• DEA agents snooping through a freighter in Miami discovered ten pounds of toot packed away in a crate of bananas. According to a local DEA flack, the narcs staked out the crate and busted the first person who came by, an Ecuadorian man.

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• 15,000 lbs of gold intercepted by Customs in lobster boat approaching Bahia Honda Key, Florida.

• 7,500 lbs of grass and two men nailed after a twin-engine drop-off in Polk County, Florida; sheriff's depe got the collar

• 5,500 lbs of la pura Guajira dorado, popped amid DEA submachine-gun fire during off-loading at Vicksburg, Mississippi, airport; 8 busted, along with twin DC-3, 3 vans, 1 camper.

• 5,000 lbs of fume nipped off three small boats on the Paris Road slip in New Orleans, Louisiana, by feds and local cops; 5 busts.

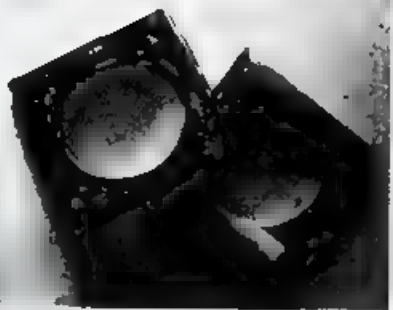
• 2,700 lbs of grass, 2 lbs of smack and thousands of ludes inside a 1977 Ford pickup abandoned near Kissimmee, Florida, no busts.

• 1,920 Thai sticks and 134 grams of hash nailed by local cops in Edmonton, Alberta; young couple busted at home.

• 700 lbs grass, on boat off Nassau, the Bahamas; 11 Colombians busted by local cops.

• 52 bales of drenched weed salvaged in Apalachee Bay near Panama City, Florida; USCG cutter Point Lobos swabs got lucky.

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Reefer Reform

Revived "Species Defense" Convulses Humboldt Courts

The long-dormant marijuana "species defense" has raised its head again in the Superior Court of Humboldt County, California, prompting a major legal uproar in America's top pot-producing state. Humboldt County, population 100,000, was one of California's traditionally depressed timber and mining areas until just a few years ago, when local growers began drawing in millions every harvest season from wholesaling exquisite Humboldt sinsemilla, tended commune fashion in isolated mountain valleys. The result—besides a flash flood of money into local commercial enterprises and a sharp rise in property values—has been a series of historic mass-cultivation busts coming before the three-judge county superior court in Eureka.

The species defense—which holds that if California law bans only the specific cannabis species *sativa*, then other cannabis species and hybrids are effectively legal—was first launched in the Humboldt court last fall. Public defender Zack Zwerdling, representing two young men who had been nailed making a movie documentary of the growing of 180 sinsemilla plants, challenged the county prosecutor to prove that the stuff was strictly *sativa*, with no taint of *indica* to it. The prosecutor, Bernie di Paoli, protested to Superior Judge Thomas Montgomery that the whole species-defense line had been ruled invalid in California's Supreme Court in 1976. Montgomery allowed that he would reserve judgment on the admissibility of the species defense; and Zwerdling put up Eureka attorney Robert Cogan as an expert witness, testifying that recent botanical researches had definitely established the existence of several other grass species besides *sativa*.

Just after Zwerdling's case was rested—and before Judge Montgomery had ruled on the admissibility of the species defense—attorney Cogan himself opened a mass-cultivation case before Humboldt Superior Court Judge Charles Thomas. Judge Thomas freely allowed Cogan to mount a species defense—over di Paoli's objections—and Cogan put up three highly prestigious academic authorities on dope. Dr. Richard Evans Schultes of Harvard explained how *sativa* and *indica* had been identified and distinguished from each other by taxonomists at different points in history; and Drs. Loren Anderson of Tallahassee and William Emboden of U.C. Northridge detailed the innumerable differences in appearance, psychoactivity, organic structure and chromosome count among the five different species of cannabis so far identified by botanists.

District Attorney di Paoli still maintained that the 1976 California Supreme Court decision in *U.S. v. Van Alstyne* invalidated the species defense by affirming that cannabis *indica*, *ruderalis* and so on are only "subspecies" of *sativa*. However, the judges in the Van Alstyne case had seriously hedged that decision by declaring that the species issue was really far from settled and by urging that the state law should be promptly reworded so as to ban

all conceivable species of cannabis. A 1977 bill to do so, submitted in Sacramento by Attorney General Evelle Younger, subsequently flopped, and now Cogan's experts were holding that in the interim, botanical scientists had unquestionably determined that grass has several distinct species.

So Humboldt assistant district attorney Michael Mock mounted two experts of his own, Dr. Ernest Small of Canada and Dr. Arthur Cronquist of New York City. Both testified that no, *sativa* really is the only officially certified species of dope in the world, and Dr. Cronquist rather emotionally characterized all botanists who would say otherwise as "prostitutes" to their science. The prosecution then rested, confident of acquittal.

At this point attorney Cogan called for a dismissal of charges against his client, and to everyone's astonishment Judge Thomas granted it on the spot. The existence of different cannabis species had been "by a preponderance established" for him, he said; Cogan's witnesses had been lucid and persuasive, whereas of Dr. Cronquist, Thomas remarked sharply, "His hostility negatively affected his credibility." Since Dr. Emboden had established that Humboldt sinsemilla appears to be a *sativa-indica* hybrid, Judge Thomas decreed that Cogan's man was free to walk, under California law.

This decision appalled Cogan as deeply as it did the D.A. Cogan had spent a bundle getting all that expert testimony into the trial transcript, intending to take it to a superior court in the likely event of a conviction. That way he might have gotten the species defense affirmed on the state level. In fact he had repeatedly offered, throughout the trial, to waive his client's right of not being tried twice for the same crime, if, in the event of a dismissal, the D.A. would agree to appeal it himself.

In letting Cogan's client walk, Judge Thomas emphatically told Mock in open court that this very important case should indeed be appealed on the state level. "It was my understanding," the judge later told *High Times*, "with both the defense and the district attorney's office, that the purpose of putting all this expert testimony on the record—at considerable expense to the county—was to establish a full text on this issue, to be reviewed eventually by the higher courts."

After the final gavel, though, Mock went straight to a press conference where he and di Paoli declared they had no intention of appealing Thomas's decision. Moreover, di Paoli told *High Times*, "Unless Judge Thomas changes his mind about the species defense, this office will disqualify him from ruling on any marijuana case in the future."

This action can be taken in Humboldt County, where either the prosecution or the defense in any given case can bounce the first judge assigned to it with a peremptory challenge. Neither of the other two Humboldt Superior Court judges is likely ever to approve a species defense: Judge Lawrence Truitt is running for reelection; and almost

Billy Graham:

Nixon's Fall Due to Dope and Demons

President Richard Nixon was fucked-up on downs and Satan when Watergate happened, says Reverend Billy Graham, and that explains it all. Commenting on his erst-



Rev. Graham: a clear-cut case of presidential possession.

while chief disciple's decline and fall in 1972, the reverend told *Esquire* fortnightly, "I think it was sleeping pills—sleeping pills and demons. I think there was definitely demon power involved. He took all those sleeping pills, and all through history drugs and demons have worked together." Reverend Graham himself has never confessed to taking drugs, though he does firmly believe in demons. "My conclusion is that it was just all those sleeping pills," he went on. "They just let a demon power come in and play over him."

• Montreal Expos pitcher Bill Lee risked the wrath of baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn by openly declaring that not only does he smoke grass, but it makes him feel just great, and he's convinced it's good for him. "The active ingredient in marijuana is THC," points out Lee, "which reduces your hostility, lowers your sexual drive, and puts you more in harmony with nature." While sportswriters tried to assimilate all

this into their various preconceptions of sports, dope and sex, Lee went on to observe that weed is much less harmful than alcohol, tobacco or caffeine, and infinitely less addictive. "I'm not addicted to anything. If I was, tell me this: how come I could run five miles a day and run faster than any Red Sox player my age and with greater endurance?" In his tenure with the Boston Red Sox, Lee acquired "Spaceman" as a nickname.

Commissioner Kuhn's office did subsequently send a "security staff" agent up to Montreal to interrogate the loquacious left-hander in private. Details of the session were not recorded, but when Lee came out, he said, "I've never smoked the stuff. I've used it on my buckwheat pancakes and other health foods."

• Judy Carne, the sock-it-to-me woman, pulled a royal Laugh-Out when coke charges against her were dropped in Santa Monica. Her ex-husband Robert Bergmann is still on the hook from the same bust, though.

• Screen queen Linda Blair, 20, was still dodging dope trouble as *High Times* went to press, after the Jacksonville grand jury officially indicted her for delivery of and conspiracy to distribute cocaine. The Florida federal court wants to extradite the "Born Innocent" headliner to face charges with at least 29 people in five states. The complicated case has already resulted in one mob-style rubout: someone who looked like the brother of a material witness was murdered on an Austin golf course.

Blair's own involvement in the snort circle, according to the federal indictment, is allegedly restricted to her muling of 1.5 grams of snort to Lynn Scarborough, 21, daughter of Florida state senator Dan Scarborough. Though the grand-jury proceedings are secret, it's known that Scarborough was starting an 18-month coke stretch when she testified at Blair's hearing; and the indictments came down just days later.

simultaneously with Thomas's acquittal, Judge Montgomery had finally declared that he considered the species defense to be invalid in law, and was convicting Zwerdling's clients. (Judge Thomas is retiring shortly from the bench and thus had nothing to lose by making a realistic decision based on scientific facts.) So from now on, anyone busted for grass in Humboldt is virtually certain to face a judge who won't admit expert testimony on different species of grass; and Cogan's brilliant and costly transcript is barely worth the paper it's printed on.

Defender Zwerdling, though, informs *High Times* that his own clients are appealing their convictions to the First District Court in San Francisco, so at least Cogan's own species testimony has a chance of being read there. They may even be permitted to submit the transcript of Cogan's case to the district court by a process called "augmenting the evidence." But D.A.

Mock tells *High Times* this is all pretty iffy. Zwerdling's clients, being broke, will have to depend on a San Francisco public defender, who might well try to have the case dismissed on some minor technicality, having no relation at all to the species defense.

Humboldt growers, of course, are incensed by the whole legal rigamarole. They feel certain that if a superior court were to rule tomorrow on the species question, as explicated by Drs. Schultes, Anderson and Emboden, the California *sativa* law would be wholly invalidated. In consequence—since it's highly unlikely the California state legislature would pass a new anti-grass law in response—only federal narcs would thereafter be empowered to bust for grass anywhere in California. "This county would be the most valuable real estate this side of La Guajira," grumbles a local farmer, "if it wasn't for all them gawd damn law-yers!"

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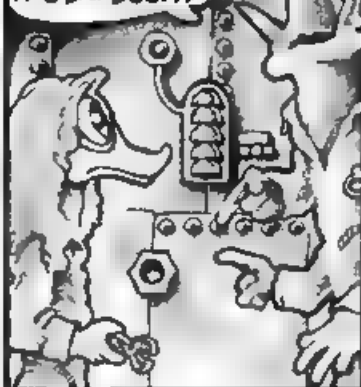
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AND THE KIDS TO AN UNDER-
GROUND CITY... COULD BE A
WHILE BEFORE TRAVEL TO MARS
IS RE-ESTABLISHED!



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AFGHANISTAN

Local kabul hash	real skuffucker	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	instant nirvana	oz	40-70
Shirac hash	stupefying	oz	23
Mazar-i-sharif	black primo	kilo	100-175
Opium	market tight	oz	58
		kilo	50-80
		oz	5-10
		kilo	150-250
		6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	forget it	oz	10-20
Domestic sinsemilla	getting there	lb	50-125
Nepalese fingers	some slabs, A-1	oz	70-100
Indian hash oil	brown, so-so	lb	800-1200
Domestic hash	truly shit	oz	250-400
Colombian pot	almost nonexistent	lb	3000-4500
Kenyah shake	not bad	gm	20-45
Malay sticks	super smoke	oz	420-820
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	oz	50-100
Mandrax	rare but there	lb	300-500
LSD	lots of blots	oz	60-100
		one	700-1000
		one	80-120
		one	900-1200
		one	12-18
		one	100-200
		one	50-75
		one	23-50
		one	100-200
		one	2-5
		one	180-320

CANADA

Commercial Gold and red	plenty	oz	50-65
Hawaiian buds	scarce	lb	60-75
California sinsemilla	Vancouver mostly	oz	80-80
Thai sticks	West mostly	lb	750-900
Cocaine	all ersatz sinse	oz	180-250
LSD	fair to middling	oz	2000-3000
MDA	blotter and tiles	oz	175-250
	all PCP	oz	2000-3000
		oz	15-20
		oz	1500-2500
		oz	90-150
		oz	2000-2500
		one	3-5
		one	200-450
		one	3-5

COLOMBIA

Santa Maria	megatons, slow	oz	5-10
Commercial	delivery	lb	50-80
Colombian hash	more megatons	oz	2-4
Hash oil	yawn	lb	50-80
Mushrooms	z-z-z-z-z	oz	10-30
Cocaine	burgeoning market	lb	100-250
	bull market, a top year	oz	150-200
		oz	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	150-300
		lb	2000-4000

DENMARK

Moroccan hash	tourist smoke	gm	2.50
Lebanese hash	popular	kilo	1000-1250
Afghan hash	decreasing supply	gm	2
Paki hash	connoisseur's delight	kilo	1000
Nepalese	(limited, top stash)	gm	5
Domestic grass	very bad	kilo	3200-4000
Colombian grass	hard to find	gm	3
Cocaine	for numskulls only	kilo	2000
Mandrax	200 mg	gm	5
		one	2000
		one	free
		oz	50-80
		oz	500-750
		gm	85-125
		oz	1800-2200
		one	5

MEXICO

Torreon violet	trickling in	oz	8-12
		lb	30-75

Oaxacan tops	foot-long beauties	oz	2-5
Mexican sinsemilla	surprisingly weak	lb	50-80
Acapulco gold	speedy intense, the best	oz	2-5
Emerald hash	erotic, tasty	lb	30-60
Guerrero gold	seedy but great	oz	10-20
Pueblo gold	tops, when and if	lb	50-100
Cocaine	no buy, go south	oz	20-50
Opium	slow going lately	lb	300-500
		oz	3-6
		lb	20-50
		lb	30-60
		gm	30-50
		oz	400-700
		oz	75-150
		lb	500-700

PERU

Brown buds	jungle grass	oz	4-5
Gold buds	mountain weed	lb	55-75
Lachuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	oz	10
Coca leaves	dry, cheap in bundles for smoking	lb	70-80
Coca paste	for smoking	kilo	35
Cocaine	90 percent pure, world's best	gm	1.50-2
Quaaludes	local products, poor	kilo	1100
		gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
		one	20

SPAIN

African pot	steady but weak	oz	35
Spanish griffe	a pleasant surprise	lb	400
Moroccan hash	staple diet	oz	15-20
Lebanese hash	straight from Cyprus	kilo	400-500
Moroccan hash oil	dark and potent	oz	40-50
LSD	English blotter	oz	900-1200
Cocaine	good to excellent, tops USA	oz	50-80
Quaaludes	different kinds, in quantity	kilo	1500-1700
		liter	1200-1500
		hit	3-5
		100	200-300
		gm	60-120
		oz	1500-2000
		100	200-400

USA

Contiguous Top-grade Mexican	here today, gone mañana	oz	35-60
Quality Jamaican	soon come, bro'	lb	450-650
Commercial Colombian	stable for three years	oz	30-40
Connoisseur Colombian	hard to get	oz	425-500
Seedless Colombian	half-hearted sinse	lb	25-40
Colombian shake	rattle and roll	oz	375-450
Burmese buds	stony as hell	oz	45-60
Indian hash	smooth and trippy	lb	450-600
Colombian seeds	speckled beauties	oz	50-60
Pseudo sticks	go home	lb	500-600
California red hair	out of season	oz	20
California sinsemilla	inflated price, thin market testing	lb	200-275
Jamaican sinsemilla	eratic	oz	100-150
Moroccan hash	hello, old friend	oz	1500-1800
Lebanese hash		oz	125-160
		lb	1000-1300
		lb	25
		oz	75-125
		oz	750-1250
		oz	125-200
		oz	1200-1750
		oz	125-200
		oz	1200-2000
		oz	50-75
		oz	500-800
		oz	75-100
		oz	675-900
		oz	85-120
		oz	1000-1400

Black Afghan hash	expensive, good	oz	150-200
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	oz	1500-1800
Paki hash	peaseable	oz	100-150
Thai sticks	or so they say	oz	1000-1250
Hawaiian	biggest crop ever	oz	75-100
California Indicus seeds	legal	lb	600-1200
California Indicus seed inga	six to eight weeks grown	oz	15-25
Hash oil	Afghan to honey	oz	150-175
PCP	the pits	oz	1000-1750
LSD	enjoying	one	1
Palloxybin mushrooms	renaissance	gm	25-50
Peyote	frozen, dried, fresh	oz	400-800
Quaaludes	watch for boots	gm	60-75
Cocaine	various as usual	hit	2-4
MDA	on/off supply	100	100-200
Crystal meth	ace, i real McCoy	oz	25-45
		gm	100-250
		oz	10-25
		lb	100-200
		one	3-5
		100	250-350
		gm	60-125
		oz	1000-2000
		gm	35-60
		oz	40-75
		oz	750-1500

ALASKA

Commercial Colombian	strong supply	oz	50-60
Connoisseur Colombo	resurgence, price stamped	lb	450-525
Domestic weed	good A.M. smoke	oz	60-75
Mexican weed	more than usual of late	oz	525-750
Hawaiian Puna buds	hot damn	oz	25-40
Hawaiian shake	best buy when around	lb	100-250
Lebanese hash	standard issue	oz	30-50
Hash oil	a honey for the money	oz	400-550
Quaaludes	roller-coaster market	oz	175-250
Cocaine	quality varies wildly	oz	1750-2000
White cross	trucking per usual	gm	35-50
		oz	275-475
		gm	10-20
		oz	130-175
		gm	35-85
		one	4-15
		gm	85-125
		oz	1800-2300
		one	.50
		100	20-35

HAWAII

Puna buds	juicyfruit, unreal stone	oz	110-180
Kona gold	inflation leader, but great	lb	100-140
Mauna Loa	sugarcoated buds	oz	100-1500
Maui wowie	big fat buds, choice	oz	100-150
Oahu shake	intense buzz	oz	1000-1800
Leaf sticks	big leaves, tourist special	oz	20-40
Mountain seeds	big as peas	one	5-10
Cocaine	taste for every nose	gm	75-125
Amphetamines	crosses, beauty	oz	1500-2000
LSD	microdots	one	2
Mushrooms	always in season	one	2-4
		free	

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. ☐

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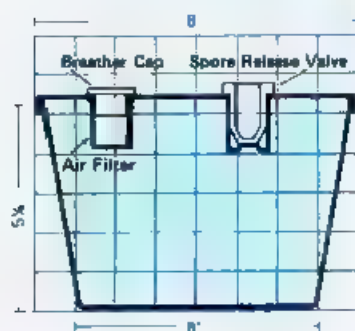
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THE CLASH

Rebel rockers storm the barricades

by Charlie Frick and Harry Wasserman



Art by Steve Sprouse, photo by Kate Simon

The Clash are more like a guerrilla army than a rock band. They incite their volatile audience to take up guns, storm the barricades, and overthrow the status quo. The Clash embody the drive, rebellious spirit, and intense, uncompromising, shove-it-down-your-throat delivery of the ill-fated Sex Pistols, but with clearer political motivation—legalization of marijuana, redistribution of the wealth, an end to racism.

The Clash—lead singer-guitarists Joe Strummer and Mick Jones, bassist Paul Simonon and drummer Nicky "Topper" Headon—are radicals, but they're not poseurs. They got their politics the hard way, growing up in cramped, working-class, high-rise housing developments in

clammy-cold London, surrounded by bomb craters left over from World War II. Amid racial strife and rubble, these rebels opted for a rabble-rousing rock band rather than a bleak future of living on the dole for \$25 a week like most of their generation.

The closer they got to the front lines of rock 'n' roll, the more the Clash fought against oppression. They fought with their early audiences, who struck back at the Clash's politically inflammatory lyrics by throwing bags of vomit at the band. They fought with the legit rock press, giving them a reputation of being unmanageable, unpredictable and unflinching in their ideals. They fought with the police, incurring several busts

—one for cocaine possession, one for sleeping on the beds in a German hotel with their boots on, and one on weapons charges for shooting pigeons which resulted in the song "Guns on the Roof."

They fought with their record company. Their first album, called simply *The Clash*, was a smash hit in England, with such roaring machine-gun blasts as "London's Burning," "Police and Thieves" and "White Riot."

Also on the album is "I'm So Bored with the USA," a scathing indictment of U.S. cultural imperialism in an era of post-Watergate corruption which debuted on the Anarchy Tour of '77.

Yankees a-dictatin' are always on the TV



The Clash play a round of supermarket sweep.



Clash's Mick Jones leaps into action.

The killers in America work seven days
a week

Never mind the stars 'n' stripes
Let's play the Watergate tapes
I'll salute the new age
An' I hope nobody escapes
I'm so bored with the U/SIA!
I'm so bored with the U/SIA!
But what can I do?

The recording of the Clash's first album was so raw, and the lyrics so heavy, that CBS, the record company that released the album in England and picked up the band's American option, declined to release the album in the States. Instead, CBS sent their top gunslinger, rock producer Sandy "Don't Fear the Reaper" Pearlman (Blue Oyster Cult, the Dictators) to work with the Clash in a secluded West Coast recording studio until a rough gem of an album, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, was released in England and America to rave reviews. *Rope* includes the rousing tribute to terrorists "Tommy Gun" and two dynamite dope tunes, "Julie's in the Drug Squad" and "Drug-Stealing Time."

"Julie's in the Drug Squad" chronicles the career of the woman who infiltrated the London drug subculture and was responsible for "Operation Julie," the largest LSD bust in British history:

An' then there came the night of the
greatest ever raid
They arrested every drug that had ever
been made
They took 82 laws
Through 82 doors
An' they didn't halt the pull till the cells
were all full
'Cos Julie's been working for the drug
squad
An' it's ten years for you
Nineteen for you
An' you can get out in 25
That is if you're still alive.

They fought with their manager, Bernard Rhodes, who was offed just in time for their whirlwind eight-city first tour

of the USA, hitting all the rock 'n' roll capitals from Frisco to New York. On tour they fought with the American press and Epic publicists, quickly becoming known as the new bad boys of rock 'n' roll in '79. Their outrageous stateside exploits left a trail of broken

**"When you smoke a joint,
the meaning of life is all
there, and you write it on
a piece of toilet paper and
wipe your ass with it."**

hearts, busted eardrums, and pissed-off record-company babysitters in Valium and martini-choked stupors.

After the unexpected success of the American *Give 'Em Enough Rope* album and tour, Epic Records decided to give in and release a new expanded version of the band's first album. *The Clash*, released symbolically on the Fourth of July in conjunction with a new major USA tour, contains all of the material on the U.K. release plus an EP and a handful of tunes never before available to Stateside punks, including "Groovy Tune," "Gates of the West," and a remake of the Bobby Fuller Four's all-time-classic outlaw song "I Fought the Law and the Law Won."

Suzy Blond, Epic Records' publicity czarina, called us shortly after the beginning of the Clash's summer USA tour and said, "They're being very tough on the press; they're makin' me cry. But if anyone can handle them, I know you can." We expected hoods who pick their teeth with switchblades, but we found the Clash to be dope-smoking, fast-talking, righteously indignant fork-haired yuppies. We talked with the Clash's dual front men, composer-singer-guitarists Joe Strummer and Mick Jones back stage, in their hotel room, and walking the streets of New York's Lower East Side.

High Times: Wanna smoke a joint of dynamite Colombo?

Jones: Gimme a little toke of that and let's see where we go. [Inhaler deeply.] C'mon in, Joe, smoke some of this, we're going to get high. That's what it's all about.

Strummer: When we roll spliffs we cut 'em in half with tobacco.

High Times: Does everybody in England do that?

Jones: Everybody. Because it's so scarce so rare.

High Times: How much does an ounce of gross cost over there?

Jones: Forty-five quid. Ninety dollars. That's if you can get it. It's great if you've got that money and you can get it. You're a king. It's like the ultimate luxury goods.

Strummer: You can get crappy hash for \$50, but there's no hope of getting stoned on it.

Jones: When I last left England, there was no food there, there were petrol queues, ambulance men were on strike. Dope would be a luxury. A rock concert is a luxury because people are concerned with survival. I've been to a lot of places—I've seen worse poverty in Jamaica, for instance—but in England at the moment it's like people aren't normal anymore. It's like they can't realize it's all crumbling around them. It's not like here, where you can go out and smoke a joint or something. It's really pathetic, holding on to a smidge of hash, waitin' to smoke it in your room on your own—one blow of the joint, and, "It's really far out, you know."

Strummer: The Yipster Times says the Drug Enforcement Administration is trying to make pot like cocaine, trying to freak out everybody with massive crackdowns and paraquat scares, so they could get pot to be a rich man's drug and thus remove its threat. They're really scared of dope—otherwise they'd have made it legal, right?

Jones: So the first thing we say is: Yes,

we stand for legalization of marijuana
High Times: Were you ever inspired to write songs when you were stoned?
Strummer: Tell him about the yellow clouds, Mick.

Jones: The yellow clouds is when you take a joint to relax yourself and all of a sudden the yellow clouds appear and everything is great, but it ain't happenin' as far as bein' creative is concerned. And very often it's like that big joke: when you've discovered it all becomes clear, the meaning of life is all there, and you go to the toilet and you write it on a piece of toilet paper and you wipe your ass with it.

High Times: Mick, weren't you busted for coke last year?

Jones: Yeah, I got busted; they said they got some coke on me, but I don't usually take coke, but they might find some in my pocket or something. I was on the front page of the New Musical Express saying all this political shit, and the next night they came to the concert, and the next morning they busted us in the hotel. So they read the papers, and they keep everybody in line.

High Times: You're like a symbol of antiauthority to them.

Jones: Well, somebody's got to say something about it. We're just trying to raise some consciousness. I used to be really into coke, but now I think it's a shit. 'Cause it places you outside, so you can't stand anyone. If you take it regularly, it changes you. Since I stopped taking it I'm not having to deal with a reason for life. When it was up my nose it became apparent that I didn't have any fucking reason for existence. I may smoke a joint or have a drink, but I won't do anything else now. And I've been adhering to this since the last time I was in America when everybody offered it to me.

High Times: Do you think that because there's so much cocaine in the music business it has an effect on motivating the trends?

Jones: Yeah, I mean, now the executives think it's a joke. Right? But the only reason is, they snort so much cocaine that they realize what a joke it is. We knew it was a joke anyway. Now the music executives can practice associating themselves with us, and perhaps we can do something together. We can actually use these companies. But this may be wishful thinking again.

High Times: What's your song "Julie's in the Drug Squad" about?

Jones: That's the Operation Julie case, in which this narc who called herself Julie was pretending to be a kind of stoned hippie person in this Welsh commune where they were making all the acid for England. They were making all the acid for England, which is not a lot. Everybody was freaked out when the bust hit the newspapers, because a lot



Joe Strummer takes a Jamaican-style spliff

**"The Clash share
with the reggae bands
the sense of oppression.
You deserve not
to be oppressed."**

of people in England didn't even know what acid is. No one takes acid anymore, except maybe one or two Rastas.
High Times: Did you ever take any acid?

Jones: I was taking acid when I was a youngster—16 or something. I was beginning to pick up the guitar. I remember I thought it was something which completely opened me up. I stopped when I had a bad trip. I've never had it since, and that was years ago. I would never suggest it to someone, but really and truly I think everyone should try it at least once.

High Times: If pot and hash are scarce, coke is too expensive, and nobody does acid, what do they do in England to get really ripped?

Jones: Everyone drinks. It's worse in other European countries, but the whole thing is everybody goes to the bar to get pissed.

High Times: Is it mostly beer, or are they drinking the hard stuff?

Jones: They drink beer, and they drink Scotch whiskey. It's a whole booze culture. And that's what it's all about. My parents drink. My dad lives in England, and he drinks every night. He's an alcoholic. It's a nation of alcoholics. The government couldn't repress the people there to make them completely straight. It would be impossible. People have got to deal with their lives as best they can, and people's lives are such miseries.

It's like self-righteous living. You deserve not to be fucking oppressed. How dare they fucking do that to us? Who are they—they're only other people, right? And they know more than you or

me? We're just other people and they can't do that to us. In England we're dealing with oppression every day. But that's the kind of talk that gets me shot.
High Times: What do you think about heroin?

Strummer: I read in the Yipster Times that "the CIA smuggled heroin back in the dead bodies of Vietnam vets for the Mafia." That sentence should be carved in marble and set on top of Capitol Hill.

Jones: That guy Aron Kay, the pieman, he came backstage at our last show and gave us a bunch of issues of the Yipster Times. And when we played Vancouver we met a lot of guys from the local underground paper there, Open Road, libertarian guys. I'm a bit nervous of it all, you understand, because we get approached by a lot of politically motivated groups, and we really can't commit ourselves to anything. But everybody knows where we stand as far as we're anti certain things—we're anti right-wing fascism.

High Times: You guys played a Rock against Racism festival that drew 80,000.

Strummer: We did, but a lot of people made a big deal about it. I suppose it is a big deal.

Jones: It was. It made a lot of difference in getting rid of the Nazis. It helped get rid of them, in terms of immediate votes. We actually made a change, you know. They came for the free music, but the festival changed the way they thought. The National Front didn't get any votes, and they got kicked out of all the boroughs during the general election. And it made an immediate change. It was called the Anti-Nazi Carnival. But on the other hand you can't have an organization where you're just anti something.

Strummer: We feel it's pretty weird—"Let's have an organization, let's be anti chairs, let's call ourselves the Anti-Chair League."

Jones: As far as we're concerned it's always been the same. Any gig we do is a Rock against Racism gig, because we play black music, we're as interested in making sure that the black culture survives as that the white culture does. We play their music and hope that they'll play ours. We have a common bond with these people.

High Times: Didn't the Rock against Racism movement start in England when Eric Clapton came out in support of right-wing politician Enoch Powell, who wants to send England's blacks back to Africa?

Jones: Eric Clapton is just like an old idiot. Who cares? He's got the opinions of a bricklayer, and he plays guitar like it, as well! Don't care how laid-back he is, it's bricklaying politics. Drinking beer up against the bar with the lads.

Leave him out of it. He made an idiot out of himself, that's the thing. I don't find that kind of thing admirable in an artist.
High Times: So you think a rock concert can raise people's consciousness?

Jones: You make them think more than just a rock concert. At its worst, a rock concert can get you through life. If you're a worker, it'll get you through the next day's work. But I think it can do more than just get you through. I think it can get you to leave that. Get you to say "fuck it." It's the power of the finger [flips the bird]. The MC5 were doing it, John Sinclair was doing it... they were out there every night rockin', and people were diggin' the rock of it, but they were pickin' up on the other message.

High Times: Are there a lot of Nazis in England?

Jones: It's small, Column 88, but they're most fanatical. They put bombs in immigrants' houses. You know, there's a movie showing at theaters in England called *Hitler: A Career*; it was a big hit in Germany, and now it's playing in England with English subtitles. All the Nazis in England go to see it, and they cheer the concentration-camp scene. The theater is packed full of Nazi guys and they're really, seriously rooting for the Nazis. But don't print "packed full." Say "there's a mob of people."

Strummer: When they show Goebbels, they'll go, "Yaaaaaayyy," clap clap clap, and give him a round of applause. Insane!

High Times: What's the racial situation like in England?

Strummer: Well, the British Movement, which is really the Nazi party, they're all Paki bashers. But in England it's really kind of like nobody loves a Paki. You could even talk to a punk, with his Rock against Racism badge on, and he might go bash a Paki. That's the truth, because the Pakis are great, really great, supermarket owners. They've really got it cornered in London, all over England. Every grocery shop is a Paki shop; it's bound to be. And I used to, we all used to, steal off them. It was very much us against them because they were the guys in the store and we were the guys who were hungry. Up the cheese up the sleeves.

Jones: ...and out the door and over the fence!

Strummer: It's got a root. It's 'cause they had the stores and we didn't have the money.

Jones: It's like the British Empire in reverse!

Strummer: It's a pretty good joke, actually. This is what we base our antiracist thing on; it makes life richer. Cosmopolitan life in London is so rich: reggae music, Indian food, Chinese take-away.

Jones: And everybody should live to-



Mick Jones plays guitar with an iron fist

"At its worst, a rock concert can get you through the next day's work. But it can also get workers to say 'fuck it.'"

gether without bothering anybody else's shit, you know.

Strummer: That's our vision.

Jones: But the bricklayer attitude is that the food stinks. They're so narrow-minded. The food stinks, they're a different color. You have to encourage people, and then they see what the food's like, and then you see them in an Indian restaurant the next week.

High Times: How do the Jamaican Rastafarians in England get along with the whites?

Strummer: The Rasta youth, in their late teens and early 20s, are all British born; the ones from Birmingham are as black as coal, and they come up to you and say, "Allo, kid, 'ow you doin'!" They're real bummies, right? The Rasta kids have become like what the hippies were, because their parents are holding down steady jobs. But these guys, they don't want to know about no jobs, right? They've totally broken away from their parents. And they hate the white man. But we get along all right with them.

Jones: We're like exceptions. Punks are exceptions, because the Rastas realize that we're rejected by society.

Strummer: The Rasta kids are really on their own. 'Cause they ain't even with their own kind, their families. They're really on their own—that's exceptionally heavy.

Jones: They get into fights with the police, because the police harass them. The Clash share with the reggae bands the sense of oppression, you know? Because I lived in Brixton, a black area of London, until I was a teenager. I grew up with the black music, and their way

of looking at things was the same as mine. Only, people told me that there was a difference between me and black kids. Parents told me. Yeah, I was poor and they were poor, but I was being told that they were worse than me. But I got along great with the Rastas when I was in school, and I thought their music was great. And there ain't no difference—I can play that.

But the poverty I lived in was nothing compared to what I saw when we were in Jamaica. I've never seen poverty like that before. There were people living in corrugated iron shacks, and the situation when we were there—November 1977—was that there was no peace in the ghetto. The police would patrol the streets by flashlight from helicopters. After we left, there was a Pearce Concert with Peter Tosh and everything was going cool for a while; but last week I heard the police shot one of the ghetto leaders there, who was a peacemaker. So I imagine there's going to be some awful shit goin' down 'cause there's already been threats of retaliation.

High Times: Your cover of Junior Murvin's reggae hit "Police and Thieves" seemed to relate the situation in Jamaica to the situation in England.

Jones: Lee Perry, also known as "Scratch the Upsetter," originally co-wrote and produced "Police and Thieves" for Junior Murvin, and when he heard our version he added a picture of the Clash to his "wall of fame" at the Black Ark Studios in Jamaica. Ours are the only white faces on his wall. Later he came to London—in '77—and produced the song "Complete Control" for our first album. He smoked a lot of spliffs with his dreadlocked Rasta engineers in the control room. He was looking through the console, through the glass, and he was seeing the cymbals, and there were red and green lights on the cymbals, and he was saying, "Yeah, red, green and gold!" He was seeing all these kinds of things into what was actually there—there were lights shining on the cymbals, and he saw it as the colors of the Jamaican flag.

Strummer: Scratch told Mick he played guitar "with an iron fist."

Jones: Yeah, he did. Scratch is a Rasta, and the Rastafarian religion is great, because it actually induces a certain way of thought, a religious and righteous way.

Strummer: What about the way the Rastas treat their women? If they were smoking a chillum, they wouldn't pass it to a woman. And that's the way they treat them all the way down the line.

Jones: Any repression is just like hypocrisy. You can't talk about freedom if you're practicing repression.

Strummer: A lot of people think this Rasta stuff is just a load of bollocks, and

Kate Simon

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I'm one of them, because of that basic insane flaw, I got to thinking that all religions are just kind of weird coincidences. Like the Christian religion was stamped out by Rome, and all of a sudden, hey, everybody wakes up and everybody's a Christian!

High Times: What were the audiences like back home in England?

Jones: They were hostile. There were punk clubs where the punks could go and fight among themselves, and when they went outside they could fight punks plus hostile people.

High Times: Is there still a lot of fighting in the clubs?

Jones: No more than anywhere else. There's always going to be something to fight about.

High Times: How about on the Anarchy Tour with the Pistols? Was there a lot of violence?

Strummer: No, not really, it was all sensationalized. If anything happened, it got blown way out of proportion.

Jones: All of the battles in England have to do with style. It's a question of style, and everybody's got their own fucking style. The whole thing in London is a style thing. I tried to explain this once when I was trying to get into an art college. And that's why I got turned down at the Chelsea School of Art, because I tried to explain that it was a question of style and not a question of what you painted. It was a question of what you said, not what you saw. I got turned down because it's important.

Actually, when you find the economic situation not so hot, then people don't bother about style so much. When it's leisure time, they get into fighting among themselves; but when there's no leisure time... You got to understand the culture. Most of the skinheads were punks last year.

Strummer: Most of the skinheads are working-class types, and that's where the British Movement got its strength. That's the only relation. You can't just say because he's a skinhead that he's a Nazi.

Jones: A few of the skinheads are Nazis, but there was like thousands of skinhead guys. Skinhead is like punk; it's like a big thing like punk, but they haven't got the groups. They follow the punk groups. You know how it is in England—you have the mods, the rockers, the skinheads...

High Times: Here in America you have the freaks, greasers, jocks, straights...

Jones: We fight over haircuts. Last summer there were such battles between the punks and the teddy boys because of their haircuts and different styles.

Strummer: The teddy boys were the bad boys on the block until punk rock came along, and the punk rockers came out looking more outlandish and more evil.

And the punks wouldn't take shit from no one. I see teddy boys goin', "They look like they come from another planet." Teddy boys are tellin' me, and they should go fuckin' look in the mirror. They're in Edwardian dress, pompadours, velvet cuffs.

High Times: What kind of music are they into?

Strummer: Rockabilly.

Jones: No, no, they call it rock 'n' roll, but it's rockabilly.

Strummer: Then there's the rockabilly rebels. The rockabilly rebels and the teds will fight each other if there's no one else to fight.

Jones: I remember when I only knew punks; we were in the Hundred Club together, and there were just punks, and when there were no battles to fight the punks would fight each other. It was the most violent place to be. All of a sudden all the people would come piling through with chains and knives and stuff. It was like part of the concert. And then all of a sudden it was like you had to have an antiformer. So that summer everyone was out fighting the teddy boys in the street. And the police...

Strummer: The police were saying we started it, and we were saying they started it, and...

Jones: The teds thought that we were trying to take the piss out of rock 'n' roll, but we're just as much rock 'n' roll as they are!

Strummer: Because we were wearing their clothes, you know? We were ripping the drapes, sticking pins in the drapes, and they thought this was sacrilege.

Jones: They're reactionary, you know. Some aren't, but now they come to concerts and pick fights. Maybe it's just wishful thinking, but the kids should get together and fight the real enemy. Why are we so stupid, fightin' each other, when the real enemy is laughing his head off because we're killing each other?

Strummer: Yeah, the cops will stand there laughing while the kids kill each other. They're beatin' each other's heads in, you know?

High Times: The myth is that all the kids in England are unemployed. Is that true?

Jones: You come out of school and there's nothing to do. You're out of college and they suggest that you join the army. What is that shit!? You go into the army in England, you get your head shot off in Ireland in fucking ten minutes.

High Times: Same thing here. They used to take you right after high school and send you off to 'Nam. Send your ass right over there.

Jones: It's the same thing as Vietnam. You go to Ireland, you get your head shot off. It's the most horrific thing that

you can imagine between human beings.

Strummer: The draft's not comin' back here, is it, man?

High Times: They're talking about it.

Strummer: Jesus, if that happens, you just gotta burn the whole place down from coast to coast. If they bring the draft back...

Jones: Then it's got to change. The change will come now.

High Times: When you stand up for certain things, the kids that come to see you play and listen to your music look to you as musical heroes, feeling like, okay, if they can do it or feel a certain way, then we can do it too.

Jones: Well, that's the way it's supposed to be. Theoretically, that's what it's all about, that people will be inspired to do it for themselves, right? Not inspired to imitate but to actually break out. There are those that actually do. When we went to Belfast, for instance, the first time we didn't get to play, and there were kids lying in front of armored cars, and all you'd see was threatening us that there would never be another concert in Ulster. We came back and the kids began to get a scene together there, you know, Protestants and Catholics together.

When we came there it kind of brought the people together. Another thing was that the first time, we met kids who were trying to form groups, and they were half Protestant and half Catholic. We went back the next time and said, "Where are they?" And the guys are being shot because they're practicing in a Protestant area. A guy got shot going between the borders.

High Times: A musician?

Jones: Yeah, like kids. Not musicians, kids trying to form groups. They can't relate to the first time we came there and kind of helped them fight their battles. When we go places we kind of contribute to the culture of the place.

High Times: On your recent tour of Europe you had some trouble with the locals not exactly reacting favorably to your kind of culture or your kind of politics.

Jones: They really don't like us in Germany. They like us on a teeny-bopper level, but when we played they were vomiting into bags and throwing them at us.

Strummer: Yeah, it was the pits. The worst place you can name. Germany's like the worst. The most unfriendly place. We had a lot of trouble with the hotel people there. They're really kind of straight.

Jones: We got to the hotel, and we were so tired that we just fell on the beds and snored—we were out cold. The thing is that they came in and saw us with our boots on the bed; they said that we hadn't paid the bill or something, and

we were dragged off to prison.

Strummer: They thought it was a really big deal that we were in their beds with our boots on.

Jones: We were just tired, you know. Then we were sitting in the police station. It was real funny, 'cause we had this teeny-bopper-press clipping to try and tell the policemen who we were. It said, "Die vier die nieman will," and to us it meant "we four are great." I showed him the pictures; he said, "Ah, 'The four that nobody wants.'" It was about how we got thrown off this German TV program a month before. They said that we had smashed the dressing rooms. We really didn't. Like, there were some floorboards and we dropped some money down them; so we took the floorboards up and a few things got broken. So we got thrown out. There was all of this stuff in the paper, and we're showing it to the cops, saying, "Okay, look, we're okay, we can go." So if we could read it, it's saying what cunts we are and how we aren't wanted in Germany. Our manager was refusing to pay the bill and provoking the situation on purpose. It was really ridiculous!

Strummer: That happened all along the tour, every place we got to. When we got to Sweden there was the Regaray. They're weird. They worship American cars and dress like cowboys.

Jones: They beat up the immigrants in Sweden; they beat up on the Italians.

Strummer: They go around beating up the punks. All of the groups that had played there before—the Jam, the Stranglers—had been bolted off the stage when the Regaray invaded the concerts. They attacked because they were punk groups. These are young kids in their 20s. It's a real big problem, 'cause the Swedish punks have to deal with this every day. When they heard we were coming, the police were already blocking off the streets. The police stopped a hundred-car caravan coming into one of the towns.

Jones: We got through it all right, so the Regaray had to retaliate by putting a bomb threat in one of our gigs. We were all standing outside waiting for the building to blow up. We were in this town, and they had never had a bomb scare since the war.

These guys would come, and we were on this bridge freezing, waiting to go on with the show. All the audience was standing out there as well. But we got through that one.

High Times: Some people say that Italy is really bad on musicians. I heard that when Santana was touring there years ago, they had to pay the Mafia off to let the band leave the country with all of their instruments. Lou Reed had a bad time there; they threw rocks at him at one of his concerts.




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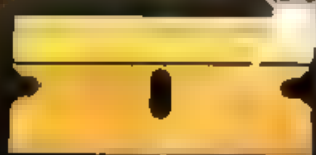


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Strummer: We haven't been there yet
Jones: Also, they say that the kids decide what side they're on, right or left. That's the decision they make when they are 14. The kids decide what side they're going to be on, and they generally stick to it. And that's their battle, in Italy, for the kids; it's kind of a political thing. It has to do with the Christian Democrat policy, or whatever
High Times: How important do you think rock 'n' roll is in trying to wake the public out of its sleep state?

Strummer: Heavy metal can't do this.
Jones: People don't need to be reminded what robots they really are. They need to be told to wake up. Don't be such a fucking robot!

High Times: You mean they need to be slapped around to wake up?

Jones: It's no good if no one understands it. I mean, why can't they be more honest? Like, "You're among a bunch of robots. Whatcha gonna do about it?"

Strummer: It's mind expanding how this kind of urban society thrives on the motto "It's no use." People need to be inspired to see something else, 'cause who needs the mirror? The mirror is there.

Jones: Even in the '50s, when Hollywood made the science-fiction movies, that's the way they thought the robots moved. People often accuse us of thinking only in terms of as far as 1984, but we lived 1984 in '77. We are thinking beyond that now as well. We got to ask ourselves these questions.

The whole thing with the computer industry is that nobody is asking themselves the question "What are you going to do when you put all the people out of work?" As a defense in England they're saying, well don't worry because we're ahead in certain industries, like maybe the watches. But do you know that the Swiss watch industry went out of work, went out of business overnight with the invention of the quartz watches?

The adding machines that go into the computers... It's such a boom, this technological thing and leisure. And then people are going to be out of work. No one's asking themselves at this point in time what are we going to do with the people when they get fed up with the leisure. Right? And this is kind of another problem—they're going to have to have a program where they get rid of the people

High Times: What were the Sex Pistols really like? Do you think that they were too wild and out of control to stay together?

Strummer: No, it's a question of songs. They kicked off Glen Matlock and got in Sid. Sid didn't really have time to get it together, he was just learning how to play the bass when they went off on tour. I guess they just got fed up with

playing the same songs for two years and not really comin' on with any new ones. That really gets you down, don't it? The same old crap all of the time Makes you feel like a dog.

Jones: We read in the Yipster Times that when the Sex Pistols were denied their visa to come over here for the tour, Capricorn Records president Phil Walden went, in favor of the record company, to President Carter and said, "Jimmy, remember me? All of the money early in the campaign? What do you say? Loosen up on the band and let them come over here to play." The government didn't want to let them come in because they had been busted so much, but at the very last minute the visas were all okayed. It's just very weird, you know?

Strummer: Last night I sat up reading back issues of Yipster Times. I read all about Carter and cocaine. Did you hear that they put the no-no on punk rock? It seems that those guys in the record companies have jimmy's ear, and they ain't going to be promoting any of the punk-rock bands because they still have all of these old rock artists, they still want to sell thousands and millions of truckloads of rock stars on ego trips. Next year you won't be able to give away a Livin' in the USA album, which is the way that it's goin' in the USA. That's a bit limp, you know.

High Times: Mick, you played with Sid Vicious at Max's Kansas City in New York.

Jones: Yeah, six songs a show, six bucks will get you in. A buck a song. That's the way Sid did things. He didn't practice very much. A slight rehearsal the night before Sid wasn't very well. The show wasn't very together. I wouldn't even say anybody enjoyed the evening. It was kind of a downbeat.

High Times: Do you guys know Elvis Costello at all?

Jones: Yeah, we done a gig once with him in Belgium.

Strummer: He's got a sort of big head. **Jones:** He used to be a computer operator. So he's all right either way, you know? If the music don't turn out, he can always rule the world by being a computer operator. I actually did a record with him, I played the guitar on one of his albums. I played rhythm on "Pump It Up" actually, but you wouldn't hear me. I also played on "Big Tears." On "Pump It Up" they mixed me down and gave me 50 quid to shut me up.

High Times: That's all they paid you?

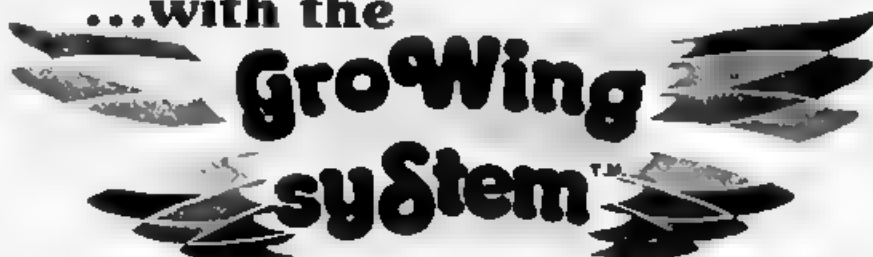
Jones: Actually, they got me stoned. The Elvis Costello people got me stoned. So maybe Costello is just stoned all the time. Or if he doesn't smoke, I know he snorts.

Strummer: So do horses.

Jones: And pigs. They all snort. ☐

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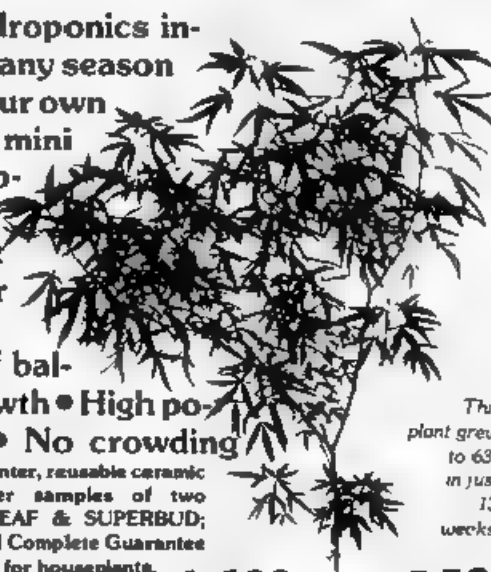
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The Saga of Lee Chagra

The mysterious murder of a top dope defender

by Charles Raisch

Lee Chagra grunted slightly as he parted the sliding doors of thick glass. He hauled his big-bellied frame down the oak corridor to another glass time-lock door. He poked his fingers into what appeared to be a push-button trim-line telephone built into the wall near the inner door. He waited three minutes until the final door slid open with a slight whoosh. Entering the corner office, he dropped his briefcase on his walnut desk and himself into a plush black-leather swivel chair. Full-wall windows surrounded him with the yellow lights of El Paso and, across the river, Ciudad Juarez and the powdered white and blue sky and rugged brown flatlands of Mexico. It was December 23, 1978.

The attorney pulled a leather wallet from his inside jacket pocket. He took from the wallet a glass vial and a thousand-dollar bill, which he rolled into a thin tube. He shook out a half-gram of the white powder and crushed it on a round slab of turquoise with a tiny silver knife blade. It was the work of less than a minute. He leaned his large head over the tiny pile and snorted. His face tightened as he snorted. Deftly, he patted his fingertips over both nostrils, inhaling to pull the crystals up into his brain.

A noise from behind the file cabinets to his left startled him, and as he began to rise out of the chair a .22-caliber explosion startled him even more. A bullet entered his right armpit and passed through both lungs, slicing

the aorta. Chagra lay for one hour in a vast sticky curdling pool of blood. He was dead.

El Paso police found it easy to secure the scene of the murder; Chagra's newly built steel, glass and hardwood office was a fortress. Detectives Jerry Lattimore and George Drennan entered the room before rigor mortis. They stepped over the body and began pulling file cabinets apart. Thousands of manila folders on hundreds of clients were unpacked from sealed cartons; copies were made and taken to City Hall. A medical examiner was brought in to inspect the body and remove it for a formal autopsy; but the local cops and the feds were more intent on wading into Chagra's documents than following the standard moves to solve the murder.

Lee Chagra was one of the most successful dope lawyers in the country. Hundreds of accused marijuanas and cocaine smugglers, nabbed at the El Paso border, had come to freewheelin' Lee to get off. He had won acquittal for the El Paso Ten after one of the biggest marijuana busts in U.S. history last summer. His brilliant courtroom victories over federal prosecutors earned him the hatred and envy of the police machine. Considered the best narcotics lawyer in the world, he helped defend smuggling operations in California, Texas, Mexico, France, Bolivia and Colombia. Chagra represented major underworld gambling interests as well, with clients in Las Vegas, Monte Carlo and Chicago. A

high roller himself, Chagra reported over \$100,000 on his 1973 income-tax return as income from gambling.

But the widely publicized vendetta by the U.S. District Attorney's Office against Chagra was based on more than his dope and gambling connections; the poor and working class of Texas looked up to him as a folk hero. Even now, many months after his death, public demonstrations, masses and vigils recall his murder. He took a number of cases for little or no pay from small people with big problems. He helped a local bishop push through the recent landmark Farah manufacturing boycott. He worked his entire life for desegregation and other civil-rights issues, always siding with the outcast, even helping indirectly members of the local Mexican revolutionary movements.

But now, with cassette recordings of client conversations, letters, receipt books and other privileged communications between Chagra and his hundreds of smuggler clients in the hands of the FBI, the Justice Department is having a field day preparing cases against U.S. marijuana and cocaine importers, distributors and sellers across the country.

The .22-caliber pistol is generally considered the murder weapon for the woman scorned. It's small and fits in a handbag or tucks into a garter. The belief is that the small charge isn't effective for murder, just temporary defense. However, the

bullet will often enter the chest cavity and bounce around inside without enough force left to exit. So the last few years have seen more big gang killings and international hits using the small guns. Semiautomatic .22s like the one that killed Chagra are now very common; fully automatic .22 pistols that peel out a clip like a machine gun are also available. Hit men run a risk when using a .38 or bigger charge—the missile might go clean through, out the back, with no damage to vital organs.

There was much speculation around El Paso that Chagra's murder was ordered by higher-ups in gangland or by the feds or even by Mexican urban guerrillas whose gun smuggling was related to narcotics traffic.

With police estimates of cash missing from the office running from \$100,000 to \$2.5 million, robbery would seem to be the primary motive. The desk and bed were reportedly covered with small envelopes full of cash—all bets for prominent El Paso citizens. Chagra would regularly hold bets or make book, balancing other people's bets on football and ponies. With the names of dozens of local bankers, businessmen, politicians and members of old families on the envelopes on Lee's desk, a great concern swept over the town while the detectives worked secretly for five days in the office. The juicy gambling records were a great prize; but the attorney-client files were really hot stuff.

The files of Lee Chagra rep-

resent the Holy Grail for the police establishment: cassette tapes, transcripts, receipts and confidential records of the biggest gamblers and alleged dope dealers in the world. There were 4,442 files in the office; up to 1,000 were active, with clients preparing their defense and awaiting trial. Freewheelin' Lee kept meticulous records on everything, including his own gambling, but especially on his clients.

Chagra hated to take notes; he would tell his clients to write down everything pertinent to their cases: what they did, who they saw, confessions—all written out in their own handwriting.

The cops began to open files; using Chagra's copy machine they ran up an electric bill of \$400. Some of the major pending cases included Tex-Mex singing star Joe Renteria, on grass and cocaine smuggling charges; world poker champions Amarillo Slim and Sailor Roberts, on tax-evasion and smuggling charges; and internationally acclaimed smuggler pilot Jack Stricklin, now facing 50 years to life on a bevy of federal charges.

Though the stolen files cannot be used in court, they can give prosecutors everything needed to build a case against the defendants. Already, the boyish and popular Renteria was forced on the stand to admit he offered himself as hostage collateral on a big marijuana deal in Colombia. He was found guilty and sentenced to 30 years in prison. His defense, based on the government's misuse of his "sacred" client-attorney files from Lee Chagra's office, was ignored by federal judge John Wood.

Bob Yoseph, an assistant working in the office, found Chagra's body at 4:30 P.M. and called the police, an ambulance and the fire company. He waited at the curb. When the fire company and its emergency paramedic unit arrived, Yoseph found he had locked himself out, and the front door to the fortress had to be bludgeoned open. The police and the medical team entered the office and

found both floors of furniture and file cabinets in disarray.

Detectives Drennan and Latimore were the first officials from the Crimes Against Persons (CAP) unit to appear on the scene and take control of the investigation. They secured the entire building, refusing admittance to the Chagra family and admitting only Sid Abraham, brother-in-

Local cops and the feds were more intent on rifling through Chagra's files than solving his murder.

law to Lee and a prominent El Paso attorney in his own right. Abraham was questioned by the detectives. After being dismissed, he picked up a brown paper bag from the desk and began to walk through the door of the office. Detective Drennan asked him if he could look in the bag. Abraham replied yes, he could look, but he could not inspect the files inside. "They were client-attorney files, not property of Lee Chagra, and protected by the Fourth Amendment," Abraham told them formally.

The detectives, and the patrol officer and medical examiner who quickly arrived, were later joined by Lt. John Lannahan, commander of the CAP unit of the El Paso police. Ignoring the body of the fallen attorney completely, the team began to rifle through the file cabinets and packed boxes and sealed cartons throughout the little fortress.

Within an hour of the discovery of the body, the news of Lee's murder had reached all the grapes on the local vine. His friends and family and clients began to gather around the building. Dozens of black Lincoln Continentals and Cadillacs lined the front street and filled the surrounding alleys. Chagra friend and state senator Tati Santesteban, powerful local attorney Richard Esper, and Vic Apodaca, the area's central bail bondsman, arrived on the scene with their families almost immediately.

The community of mourners grew. A rosary service

was held at Saint Patrick's Cathedral the next day. On the day of the funeral, December 28, 1978, over 400 people packed into the huge church to hear Roman Catholic Bishop Emeritus Sidney M. Metzger lead an emotionally charged hour-long mass. The funeral crowd, one of the largest in El Paso's history, overflowed the church and

stopped traffic for hours on the busy downtown thoroughfare that passed the cathedral. An entourage several miles long wound through the streets of El Paso and included luxury automobiles, dirty pickups, new Corvettes, rusty dented Volkswagen campers and outlaw choppers. The bishop, assisted by two monsignors and five priests, called for everyone to remember that "Lee was killed by a sick society."

Chagra's son and four daughters stood before the crowd and sang a ballad, openly grieving for their father. As the last words, "We would give all we have to have you back again," were sung in chorus, all eyes that had been dry filled with tears. Everyone there, from commissioner to head-shop owner to gardener to secretary to zoot-suited brown-power advocate, began to openly weep; everyone cried, absolutely everyone; many hugged each other for support or covered their faces with their hands or bent low against their chests in private sobbing.

The next morning, young brother Joe Chagra announced a \$25,000 reward for evidence leading to conviction of the murderer. He also started the machinery for a court of inquiry into the misuse of legal files by the El Paso detectives who camped out at Lee's office over the Christmas holiday.

The court of inquiry, prodded by the El Paso Bar Association and directed by Judge Roy Bean, found that the

dicks had violated the client-attorney privilege guaranteed by the Fourth Amendment. To the court's knowledge, it was the first time the privilege tradition of law had come into conflict with the coroner's statutes giving investigators the right to gather evidence anywhere around the scene of a homicide. It may have been the first time an attorney was murdered in the midst of his files. The judge ordered the local district attorney to bring appropriate charges against the police, but no charges were brought. "They were ignorant of the law," claimed D.A. for El Paso County George Rodriguez, Jr.

The CAP detectives released the Chagra office on the afternoon of December 28. The family was allowed to assume possession of the premises. The same day, Michael Salvatore Caruana, a private investigator, arrived to make an independent investigation into the murder on behalf of the Chagra clan. With family representatives and local police present, he gave an immediate voice-stress-analyzer test to several suspects, including young Yoseph, Lee's assistant. He questioned suspects, compiled information on the case and quietly left town again.

But Caruana's presence in El Paso stimulated the federal prosecutors to make a herculean effort to connect him to Lee or Jimmy Chagra. According to Charles Walsh, an FBI agent from the New England Organized Crime Squad, Caruana is so high up in the ranks of the Cosa Nostra that he reports to the godfather himself, Raymond Patriarcha. Government attempts to link the Chagras with the reputed head of organized crime in New England have repeatedly failed, but they keep running witnesses into related trials and bringing hooded unidentified people before grand juries in an effort to force the link by sheer volume of hearsay, innuendo and immunized testimony from alleged coconspirators who have turned evidence on the target defendants. Nothing more has been proved than

that the Mafia in New England is yet another outside interest group that has been aroused by the murder and the government's use of the client files.

The client files of Lee Chagra included lengthy intimate ramblings by key figures in the Bandidos, the huge biker gang that has run the Southwest since the early '50s. They are bigger than the Hell's Angels and sometimes considered more dangerous. The national president, Donald Chambers, represented by Lee Chagra, had recently been sent up for two life sentences for allegedly killing two men who sold him an ounce of baking soda for \$2,000. The Bandidos were immediate prime suspects for Chagra's murder as well as for the attempted murder of U.S. Assistant Attorney James Kerr. Several Bandidos were arrested and brought to testify before grand juries. Seven were arrested, including Rudolph "Shakey" Maio, president of the El Paso chapter, and his second in command, Ronald Paul "Frankenstein" Drummond. Kerr claims that the greasy, stompin', hog-ridin' Bandidos once held a gun to Lee Chagra's head and forced him to sign a statement that he hadn't defended Chambers adequately; the statement was to help Chambers get a new trial. The Bandidos deny it. Shakey claims the government is just playing theater by running his guys before the grand jury. "They're just trying to make us look bad," he has said.

Most of the Bandidos' old ladies work as topless dancers at the Lamplighter, Wolfy's and other neon-jungle strip clubs throughout western Texas. The owners of the Lamplighter have been arrested on various Mann Act and prostitution charges; all were clients of Lee Chagra; and all had confidential files in his office. More indictments are coming.

Two more Bandidos, Danny "D.J." Johnson and Larry "Spurs" Willis were arrested in front of the Corpus Christi Sheriff's Office on firearms violations. The authorities claim the two were plotting to kill the local sheriff on a

\$100,000 contract. Inside the Bandidos' van were binoculars, a shotgun and a Russian-made semiautomatic AK-15 with 300 rounds of ammo.

Among the thousands of alleged dope dealers, smugglers and political radicals who have been scurrying for cover since the federal authorities gained ac-

cess to the Chagra client files, none has faced such a battery of charges as brother Jamiel "Jimmy" Chagra, currently appealing his conviction on marijuana and cocaine conspiracy charges brought by one of Assistant Attorney Kerr's grand juries. Jimmy, a professional gambler now living in Las Vegas, reportedly won \$900,000 in one night at Caesar's Palace. One DEA agent testifying at Jimmy's trial claimed to have knowledge of the high roller winning over \$2 million just months before his brother's murder. Last summer, Jimmy chartered a plane to fly into Colombia to rescue a burned pilot who needed immediate medical attention. The rescue squad and the paramedics on board were all arrested when the local police found that their burn cream, Salvadine, contains cocaine. It cost the group over \$200,000 to get out without charges. The money was listed as "legal fees" by the Colombian government.

Kerr and the federal prosecutors have been trying to prove that Jimmy Chagra was involved in a series of events: 20,000 pounds of marijuana destroyed in the air crash that injured the pilot; the crash of a DC Commander aircraft in the Caribbean with six kilos of cocaine aboard; the seizing of the freighter Dona Petra with 57 tons of grass aboard off the coast of Florida in 1957; and the bust of the shrimp boat Miss Connie of Florida the same year. All these charges are based on the testimony for immunity

of Henry Wallace, who claims to have conspired with Jimmy Chagra to finance each deal. The Wallace testimony is suspect, however, because he was offered immunity from prosecution and because the longtime government conspiracy to get Lee Chagra probably fell on his brother Jimmy after the murder.

The government conspir-

Chagra had a \$10-million credit line at Caesar's Palace; not even England has a \$10-million credit line.

acy to get Lee Chagra goes back to the early '70s, when the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs became aware of a brilliant young attorney at the critical border combine who was ruining their conviction rate. Hundreds of memos prove that Chagra was a special target of federal police, who may have spent over a million dollars in the last ten years to get him. They nearly got him in 1973 when he was indicted on charges of running a wholesale marijuana sales and smuggling operation in Nashville, Tennessee; but those charges were finally dropped for lack of a speedy trial. The powerful enemies of the flashy defense counselor gritted their teeth in frustration; still, the indictment was a smear on Chagra's reputation, and it nearly ruined his family financially. It took Lee three years to regain his financial and professional strength.

"If it hadn't been for Lee's gambling winnings that year, we would never have made it," his sister-in-law Patty Chagra said.

Chagra battled his way back to security. His law practice was booming; he won big and often at Caesar's Palace in Vegas. And in the summer of 1977 he won one of his most outrageous courtroom victories. The prosecutor's case and evidence submitted by the cops are a confused muddle of contradictions, but apparently the so-called El Paso Ten were arrested at an airport in Ardmore, Oklahoma, with over 17,000 pounds of marijuana. It

was the largest bust in Oklahoma history.

Police claimed at the time that two airplanes, a Cessna 310 and a DC-4, were tracked by radar from the time they crossed into the U.S. near New Orleans to the Ardmore Air Park. The airport was surrounded by officers, who reported watching the dope being unloaded from the airplanes and loaded into U-Haul trucks. According to a special report by the state's narcotics bureau director, Richard Hervey, "Shortly thereafter four trucks and two automobiles and both aircraft were detained and ten individuals were arrested." According to brother Joe Chagra, "They even had the pilots, the unloaders, the dope, the planes, the trucks, everything caught red-handed."

The first jury had been hung. The second jury refused to convict, one juror telling friends of the Chagra family, "We knew these guys had done it, but the cops lied to us so much we resented it." Lee was elated. Wearing his three-star black Stetson cowboy hat and waving his gold baton, he danced and sang for photographers and socialized with the small-town country red-necks who had sat on the jury. The judge grew purple with rage. District Attorney Ron Worthen and top Oklahoma narc Hervey came near to a fistfight blaming each other. The nickname "F. Lee" Chagra stuck. He was back on top again.

Lee's courtroom antics are legendary throughout the sun belt. He often played with a telescoping pointer in the courtroom. Oblivious to both judge and jury, he would sit at the defense table balancing the pointer on his nose, weaving his neck back and forth like a trained seal. He complained of bad hearing constantly, adjusting a shrill-screaming hearing aid at crucial moments during the prosecution's questionings. Judges grew livid with rage, but the juries ate it up. Lee's greatest hard-of-hearing trick was to lay down on the floor in front of the bench, claiming it helped his ears and forcing prosecutors to step over him as they approached the wit-

ness box. Showmanship like this, combined with his thorough case preparation and knowledge of the law, helped him win and win again, drawing the biggest clients who paid the biggest fees.

On September 21, 1977, Lee walked into Caesar's Palace on the Vegas Strip and a craps table was immediately closed down for his private use; the tourists were scrambled to make way for a striker, the Strip term for a very high roller. He began to roll the bones down the broad green horseshoe table, and he won and kept on winning all night until he broke the casino wide open. The Caesar's execs offered to pay him in installments, embarrassed by the immense hit on their vault. Like a true gentleman, Chagra agreed to the payment plan. He put on his black hat and walked away with a box full of cash as big as a casket and was carried by four guards to the private jet Caesar's regularly offered him. He had broken the bank at clubs up and down the Strip before, but this was his biggest haul. Nevada Gaming Authority agents reported that Lee had a \$10-million line of credit at Caesar's, not even Great Britain has a \$10-million line of credit.

The cops in El Paso are all tough guys, and the higher you go in the ranks, the tougher the poses become. They work long hard hours for little pay. You can sit in Joe Borzi's Bar and watch the shifts change. The cops take off their blue suits and black shoes and switch to the famous no-foolin'-hand-toolin' slick Tony Lama dress boots and three-star Stetson ten-gallon headpieces and stovepipe-leg Levi's with big Mexican woven leather belts and cast-brass buckles and wildly colored polyester shirts. All of these outfits can be found in the air-conditioned suburban shopping malls where the white middle class drag their Chevy Rancheros and souped-up Ford pickups along the hot, dry, mirage-puddled freeways that stretch flat out into the

desert.

Like everyone else in El Paso—Juarez, the cops use the black market. One county sheriff bragged to me that he got \$50 girls in El Paso. Another told me he could get J&B Scotch for \$3.50 a quart. Off-duty deputies play pool for two-bit stakes and smoke black-market Pall Malls for

great power over everyone, even if it's a stumblebum operation like the one in El Paso.

Among those at the controls of El Paso's cop machine is James Kerr, an assistant U.S. district attorney. Both he and U.S. Attorney James Boyd have admitted their hatred for Lee Chagra. They have

"There is no industry in El Paso. The Lebanese and Assyrians own this town. We're controlled by DOPEC!"

45 cents a pack. The cops here drink untaxed hooch, bang illegal whores and drink "hot" hot cocoa. Police Chief Rodriguez is the only top cop not to be trusted in recent years; former sheriff Sullivan and former chief Minnie have been.

The director of the El Paso district of the U.S. Customs Service has said, "The mores and economy of this area are based on smuggling. If we stopped smuggling altogether here, the economy of both cities would fall flat on their faces." The 1.5 million people who live here are outsiders. A University of Texas study done in 1977 conservatively calls this bilingual population a "micro-city-state that is indifferent to the federal government's laws. Law here is ineffective. From 15 to 20 percent of the households of El Paso receive a major part of their income from illegal activities. The only way for this area to survive, and its only appeal, is a short-circuited police apparatus."

On one night's long and murky binge of bars, restaurants, nightclubs and private parties, I witnessed and participated in the breaking of over 40 laws. Just coming in cold to a group of friendly people and riding out on one of the fabled whirling Saturday nights in the city of the northern pass, just a regular guy on the street, I was offered illegal booze, cocaine, Quaaludes and grass.

Whenever you have an entire city of technically criminal citizens, whoever controls the police machinery holds

gathered evidence, built cases, and won indictments of many of his friends and family. They have busted Chagra's brothers-in-law Sid Abraham and Rick de la Tour, close friend Jack Stricklin, and other associates. Each time, Kerr was the prosecutor, aided by Boyd; and each time, Lee Chagra was the defense attorney; and each time, Chagra won acquittals or had the most serious charges dropped.

According to the Washington Post, "By any standards, the belief that federal authorities are out to get the Chagras would seem to be a fair assessment." Former Chagra clients have been approached repeatedly by Kerr or Boyd or their representatives asking for evidence that would help them get Lee. The DEA and even a parole-board officer offered to withdraw charges and then set early parole for Stricklin while he was in La Tuna, a federal prison on the Texas—New Mexico border. Stricklin was told: "Help us hang Lee."

When Danny Bruce, a former Chagra client, was arrested by the FBI for parole violations in 1978, he was told, "It's not you we want. It's Lee Chagra. We can help you if you'll cooperate."

As we go to press, the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court has removed Kerr and Boyd from the Jimmy Chagra case, now in court, and appointed a special prosecutor. Kerr and Boyd's friend, Judge John Wood, is also expected to be removed because of possible prejudice.

Last November, Kerr was the victim of a murder attempt. Gunmen in a car fired 19 shots into Kerr's car at an intersection. The incident, occurring at a low point in his reputation, immediately provided Kerr with good press and three bodyguards. There were no witnesses to the shooting, leading some skeptics to think he may have staged it to gain sympathetic notoriety.

A grand jury is made up of 23 people without special skills in the law. It has long been vulnerable to eager prosecutors who appear alone before them in secret sessions to seek arrest warrants. The modern grand-jury system in the United States is considered by a broad national coalition of interests, including the American Bar Association and the National Council of Churches, to be a "rubber stamp for overzealous or unscrupulous prosecutors."

"Today the grand jury is the total captive of the prosecutor who, if he is candid, will concede that he can indict anybody, at any time, for almost anything, before any grand jury," declares U.S. District Court Judge William J. Campbell of Chicago.

U.S. Attorney for the Western Texas District James Boyd and his assistant James Kerr are calling grand juries in practically any Texas town that has more than the required 23 people. Boyd is a childhood enemy of Lee Chagra; they had fistfights back in El Paso High School. The Boyd-Kerr-Wood gang has called two grand juries in El Paso and others in Midland and San Antonio. They have participated in the creation of new federal grand juries in Washington, Oregon, Florida, Tennessee, Nevada and California: a nationwide fishing expedition based on the photocopied files of F. Lee Chagra.

Only prosecutors can grab a grand jury, and only prosecutors have another equally dangerous weapon, the ambiguous charge of conspiracy. Both weapons were used widely in the '60s to get anti-war radicals like the Gaines-

ville Eight and the Chicago Seven and other enemies of the Nixon administration. Kerr is constantly using the conspiracy charge, a foggy notion of a crime consisting of more than one party planning a larger crime. The Kerr-Boyd-Wood vendetta against the Chagras is just as much a conspiracy.

The queen bee of the conspiracy to get the Chagras is John Wood, 62, of San Antonio. The big-eared man has been called the worst judge in Texas by the Texas Monthly, a statewide magazine. He is a lifelong defender of insurance companies. He is big-chinned, hard-nosed and dog-eat-dog. He sets bonds in marijuana cases for \$200,000, while in Austin 78 miles away it is usually \$15,000. According to the Texas Monthly, "He has never been able to discard that long-cultivated lack of compassion on the bench." He allows intimidation of witnesses and once used his contempt power to tack 29 years onto a 15-year sentence. Wood is frequently reversed by the U.S. Fifth Circuit Appellate Court, especially on constitutional questions. But most of the people he sentences cannot afford an appeal.

Wood fawns over Kerr, letting the fast-rising young prosecutor run the show, as long as he espouses a brutal hang-'em-high tone in the presentation of his case. Wood allows Kerr and Boyd to share the questioning of witnesses, like a tag-team wrestling match, something out-of-town or prominent defense attorneys will object to. Boyd and Kerr plan months ahead to schedule trials before Judge Wood; now that Lee Chagra is gone, they win even more than usual. The three travel together extensively, socialize, and dine at each other's houses like comrades. All three are always armed heavily and accompanied by bodyguards. They hate drug dealers and gamblers with a passion. The three run roughshod over the federal district court of West Texas. The local bar association considers it one of the worst federal district courts in the country, as bad as those in Portland,

Oregon, Arkansas and South Dakota.

U.S. Attorney James Boyd is an old, fat, obnoxious turkey in an ill-fitting gray suit who is constantly peering over his glasses at his enemies. He works tag team with thin, dwarfish Jim Kerr. Kerr's face has something wrong with it. The cheeks

your sleazy girl friends who inform on you; tell us who you are loaning money to. Get on the boat," Dobbs shouted. "because once the indictments come down, it will be too late. We already have evidence." The crowd of prominent business and financial leaders did not even appear shocked.

"It's just me against the United States," Chagra shouted. "I wouldn't want it any other way."

and mouth are pulled down slightly, as if wet cheesecloth hung there. There is a whipped-dog look of hurt and hatred and anger in his beady eyes. He uses a low nasal squeal to carry his words, and he sets his quivering thin lower lip into his upper lip as if near tears when he talks.

While I sat in the hot, airless, oak and marble courtroom at Jimmy Chagra's \$1-million-bail-reduction hearing, the entire town seemed to sizzle from lawlessness. In that one day, city, county and state corruption erupted in El Paso. Across the street the county jail blew up: prisoners set fire to their cells, lashed their doors shut with smoldering blankets, and attacked jailors with brooms, shoes and fists. And nearby, at the same instant, the mayor of this neurotic burg, flanked by his personal attorney and the city attorney, released a scathing independent Crime Commission report on city officials that found the former police chief and his aides guilty of widespread cover-ups of police crimes and official misconduct, including personal use of public funds, favoritism on bringing charges, making deals to drop charges, bribes, and lots more. The same day, Leon Dobbs, FBI agent in charge of El Paso, went before the El Paso Civic Club to threaten the business elite, telling the well-dressed, civic-minded throng that he knew they were investing in big-time crime and that they should all give themselves up, now, for leniency. "Give up

There is no industry in El Paso," snarls John McGaw, editor and publisher of the muckraking weekly El Paso Journal, as we sit in the back of the courtroom. "Why are there so many huge estates and mansions in the residential areas? Because of smuggling, I tell you. The Lebanese and Assyrians own this town. We're controlled by DOPEC!"

There is, indeed, great Arab presence here. Sources here muse that the Kerr-Boyd-Wood conspiracy actually works for the DOPEC syndicate and that's why they enter hearsay and shadow figures with no real evidence into their prosecutions, so that cases may eventually be thrown out of court.

The feisty editor of the small El Paso Journal has been the only journalist in town to dig into the ocean beneath the puddle of the Chagra murder.

Pancho Villa and the Mexican Revolution stopped off here in 1910, and many locals remember stopping, as school kids, by the hardware store and buying .38 and .44 cartridges in boxes costing 50 cents. The kids would then go to the old brickyards by the Rio Grande and sell them for \$3 and \$4 a box to Mexican freedom fighters. Smuggling is the history of El Paso, the tradition.

"Every family in this town that is wealthy today got their money somewhere in the past from smuggling," John McGaw said. "At the end of Prohibition there were daily shootouts here between the

old and the new hooch." The Chagras, if they are dealing, are merely carrying on with a traditional right. The tight-knit Lebanese and Assyrian community owns over 80 percent of all the commercial property and over a third of private property in the area; as fellow Catholics, many are sympathetic to Mexican reformists.

Smuggling here is big, big business; dope is just one more item. According to the heavyset, white-haired and white-mustachioed McGaw, the big dope deals, many of them detailed in the Chagra files, involve guns and money going into the hands of the Aztlán revolutionaries. This area, once a part of what was called the Gadsden Purchase, is the hotbed of revolutionaries known as the Insurrectionists. A vast coalition of anarchist and socialist parties enjoys great power throughout the area, and the power is centered in El Paso/Juarez. The fervor of the Pancho Villa revolution, which peaked in 1915 and hit again in the 1920s, saw guerrilla street fighting advancing block by block through the El Paso business district as late as the 1930s. It has been slowly gaining power as a result of the immense dope and guns industry.

"There is a silent invasion of this area which is fueling a cessation movement wanting neither the U.S. nor the Mexican government behind them." The plan is to take the metropolis militarily and apply to the United Nations for nongovernmental status. Less than ten years ago, a large downtown area of El Paso called the Chamizal was seized by Juarez in the foggy muddle of Rio Grande boundary lines. Hundreds of American homes and buildings and the Chamizal U.S. Customs complex are now a part of Juarez.

"When the revolution comes here, they will grab this town fast and shit all our throats," says McGaw. Several high government sources admit to the existence of an arms cache in El Paso that could take the isolated desert city in one night. The cessation

(continued on page 96)





THE woodstock CENSUS

The '60s were the central experience of our generation, just as World War II was for our parents' generation. But the generation of the '80s is now the largest age group in the country. The purpose of our book, *Woodstock Census* (to be published November 1, 1979, by Viking Press), is to describe that experience on a grass-roots level and at the same time dispel the various myths about what happened then and what's happening right now.

Was there a sexual revolution in the '60s? When did the '60s really begin? Did we all carry picket signs? Who were our leaders? Did all the radicals sell out? Are we more conservative now? What will happen to the Woodstock generation in the '80s?

In 1977 and '78, we surveyed over 1,000 people at random around the nation, and they each have a story to tell. These are the people who wore love beads, did the twist, slept in crash pads, went on Freedom Rides, attended be-ins, joined SDS, hitchhiked to San Francisco with flowers in their hair, dropped acid, smoked pot—or didn't drop acid, didn't smoke pot, hated love beads, never demonstrated.

Our own commentary, as well as that of our respondents, accompanies the statistical data derived from a computer analysis of the questionnaires. And now, on the tenth anniversary of Woodstock, *High Times* presents a sneak preview of *Woodstock Census*, focusing on dope and the impact it made

You've taken the drug, now read the book

by Deanne Stillman and Rex Weiner

1979 Rex Weiner, Deanne Stillman. Reprinted by permission of the Viking Press.

on our lives at a time when everything seemed new and exciting, and revelation was just around the corner.

Getting Stoned

Because getting high on illegal substances in the '60s was a voyage into the unknown, the first dope experience is remembered vividly by our respondents. Their recollections of the time, the place, the people, the music, the strange effects and emotions, create a sort of time machine.

- "Five friends got in a circle on the floor with the black-light posters, etc., and passed a joint. We all felt deliciously antiestablishment. Anyway, the grass was cut with acid, so I experienced a high I have never since reached on grass."

- "A girl in my English class turned me on with some hash in a corn-cob pipe with aluminum foil with pinpricks in it. Paranoid-Reefer Madness—we bought a Country Joe and the Fish album, locked the door, turned off the lights, turned up the sound, got stoned. It took a while to get high."

Some of the people we surveyed, particularly those born before 1945, discovered grass when they mingled with hipsters on the beatnik scene in the early part of the decade.

- "In 1960 my high-school history teacher took me to the Five Spot in New York, then back to Thelma Monk's pad where we got stoned."

- "In 1961 in Greenwich Village. Met people in a coffeehouse who had reefers. Went back to their pad and smoked."

The largest percentage (20%) of the people we surveyed first turned on in 1967, the "Summer of Love." During the next two years, nearly 29% of our respondents had their first stoned experience. About a third of them were turned on by friends.

- "In 1967 I went back to the apartment of a man I'd met that same night. He turned me on to grass—I loved it. I also lost my virginity and don't remember a thing about it."

- "I first tried grass with my best friend. I was pretty naive and had just found out he smoked; my first reaction to this was a turn-off. Then I asked to be turned on—out-a-sight!"

- "1968—grass—I was wearing a purple cape, and the guy I was with said my arms looked like white birds rising out of it. That made me giggle a lot."

- "I was a freshman in high school, and this asshole named Brian, my next-door neighbor, said, 'Try this, it expands your mind.'"

The music was integral to many people's experiences:

- "...listening to Stravinsky and

Charles Lloyd."

- "...Sgt. Pepper, or was it the White Album?"

- "...Bob Seger and Sly and the Family Stone."

- "...before going to hear Shocking Blue, Pacific Gas & Electric, and Country Joe and the Fish."

- "...Steppenwolf."

- "...New Year's Eve, 1965-66, Berkeley, California. Rubber Soul played as I stepped in front of a mirror and flipped out experiencing God and the universe."

With the drug lore came attitudes, opinions, politics, a whole outlook on life. The counterculture was passed, hand to hand, like a burning joint.

Sometimes the first drug experience was with substances other than pot or LSD.

- "I was sniffing glue in 1965 in an abandoned barn with a bunch of friends. Became a regular thing for a couple of years."

- "I copped Robitussin and experienced the dream state."

The drug scene often coincided with political activity. A 27-year-old lab technician in New York describes the scene: "1967. The Pentagon demonstration. I got turned on by a friend in a hotel beforehand. We ditched the grass for fear of being busted at the demo, but when we got to the Pentagon steps everyone was passing joints."

People often got stoned for the first time when they were in college—exactly as parents feared:

- "In 1962 I was new to college. A friend turned me on and put headphones on me and a fire in the fireplace. I loved it."

- "...in the dorm room listening to the Stones."

- "...in the dorm room listening to Led Zeppelin."

- "...in the dorm just before going to a John Cage concert."

- "...in a dorm room at Yale with about 15 people who had to pretend they were stoned even if they weren't."

Almost as often, however, the little dope fiends were "turning on" right at home under Mom's and Dad's noses

- "I first got stoned in my brother's room at home in 1967. We smoked a reefer, listened to Dylan and talked all night. I liked it. My first reaction to being high was, 'Why is this stuff illegal?'"

- "In 1968 on my 18th birthday. Got high in my folks' basement while they

were away. Three friends and I laughed ourselves silly."

- "Older brother and stoned hippie friend, hash in my garage, music and laughing at mother afterwards."

- "I began my first trip in my parents' living room in suburbia. They couldn't understand why I was suddenly so entranced by the electrical fireplace logs. That was my first psychedelic light show."

- "My brother turned me on at 14 in 1967. I counted all the M&Ms in my mother's candy dish and separated them into colors."

The first time our respondents got stoned, it was usually with a group of people. A 30-year-old Kansas City man recalls: "In the fall of 1968, I was finally coaxed by some girl friends to try grass. I was the very last holdout in my peer group. I came in my pants and spent the rest of the afternoon making them promise not to leave me behind as we tripped up the street."

- "At a quiet gathering in 1968 with a few close friends and several acquaintances. I was in a bad mood because one friend had hurt another. Harold wanted to sidetrack me and offered half a cap of Purple Kathy's peilocybin. Lovely. He stayed close but not all over me all evening, throwing me mind trips that I could do. I didn't get around to smoking grass until much later"

- "You're never gonna believe this, but the first time I got stoned was on a camping trip with the Boy Scouts. No shit. True story!"

And with the drug lore came attitudes, opinions, figures of speech, politics, a whole outlook on life. The counterculture was passed, hand to hand, like a burning joint.

- "The group experience and the ritual of using drugs were more important than getting high."

- "I got high for the first time with some guys who worked at the same pizza place I did. They lived in a place that looked like a picture of drug havens in Life magazine. I was fascinated."

- "In 1967 a San Francisco hippie arrived in town, fell in with my college group in Alabama and doled out grass from a bag the size of a loaf of bread. As a matter of fact, it was wrapped in a bread wrapper. The first time I got stoned we sat in a car and made animal noises."

Trippers, Heads and Freaks

With all that was being said about drug-gobbling hippies, and with all the inane things hippies themselves said about drugs, it's no wonder that in August 1968 the late Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago ordered a round-the-clock guard posted at all the city's water

treatment plants. He really believed that the Yippies would carry out their threat to dose the drinking water of Chicago with LSD during the Democratic National Convention.

How many of us believed our own propaganda? We put the question to Woodstock Nation (see Table 1).

Table 1: In the '60s, did you think that a good dose of LSD in the water supply would be good for everybody?

% OF TOTAL WHO AGREED COMPLETELY	% OF TOTAL WHO DISAGREED COMPLETELY
13	54

The 13% of our group who believed in the supposedly messianic qualities of LSD constitute a large enough group (130 people) to have possibly carried out a mad scheme like the one proposed by the Yippies. But they were definitely in the minority. In fact, 42% of our respondents never tried LSD in the '60s, 13% never used marijuana, and just as many people drank beer regularly during the '60s as smoked hashish (17%). As for harder stuff, 40% never tried speed (amphetamines) and 83% stayed away from heroin. To find out how widespread drug use was in Woodstock Nation, we asked respondents to rate their involvement and got the results recorded in Table 2.

Table 2: How involved were you in the '60s drug scene?

	% OF ALL RESPONDENTS
TOTALLY INVOLVED	27
SOMEWHAT INVOLVED	37
WASN'T INTERESTED BUT USED DRUGS IF THEY WERE OFFERED	17
HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT	17

Purple Haze

Counting those "totally involved" in drugs during the '60s (the heavy drug-user group) and those "somewhat involved," 64% of the people we surveyed confess to experimentation with drugs. So although not everyone in the counterculture was touched by reefer madness, the majority was. Judging from the accounts of the majority, however, the effects of marijuana, LSD and other psychedelics were unpredictable.

• "It was around Christmas. I was at a friend's apartment and someone brought grass over. At the time, I swore I wasn't really stoned, but I could not explain why the Christmas-tree lights were blinking in perfect time to 'Inna Gadda Da Vida,' which was on the stereo."

• "A friend turned my husband and me on with a pipe packed with grass. We were lying on the floor listening to the Doors and Cream, and I distinctly remember crawling inside the music."

Many of our respondents report that

during their first dope experience it was difficult to feel the effects.

• "The grass burned my throat and I couldn't figure out why it was supposed to be that great."

• "Little or no reaction. I felt like a fool."

And several report that they didn't enjoy it at all

• "I was violently opposed to marijuana up until 1968, when I finally gave in to my persistent boyfriend who kept telling me it was so much better than drinking. It dazed me and I found myself

"My brother turned me on at 14 in 1967. I counted all the M&Ms in my mother's candy dish and separated them into colors."

throwing up in his front yard. I don't remember why I smoked a second time."

Generally, however, dope smokers remember their first smoking experience as a good one.

• "In 1968 I bought a dime of hashish in the alley behind the Blusette, a rock club in Baltimore. Then we sat around and smoked it in a car. I think I laughed a lot."

• "The first good pipe I smoked in 1967 I cut school, got wrecked (the reds were redder and the blues got bluer) with this white guy in the football field across the street. Went to the Metropolitan Museum, freaked out, fell in love with New York in October."

• "I got stoned the first time at a 1968 Who concert in Washington, D.C., the night Johnson said he wouldn't run for reelection. The concert turned to madness. Constitution Hall will never be the same!"

Of all the drugs consumed by Woodstock Nation, LSD was the most unpredictable. Many tales circulated during the '60s emphasizing its dangerous effects. People on "bummers" reportedly walked in front of moving traffic, committed murder and mayhem and jumped out of windows, thinking they could fly. Also, there was the problem of "bad acid," concocted by the counterculture's Dr. Frankensteins from speed, strychnine, arsenic, Drano—everything but LSD.

Our respondents did indeed have some terrible bummers, which many classify as their "worst '60s experience."

• "Getting caught on acid by my parents. I had put pillows in my bed and snuck out in the middle of the night. Came home at dawn—every light in the house was on, my parents all psyched

up for the big confrontation, asking questions like 'Are you a virgin?' and crying because I'd never know the joy of a 'first kiss.'"

• "Freaking out at the Fillmore at the Santana, James Gang and Catfish concert."

• "Being at a party where someone had dosed all the drinks with acid and watching close friends freak out—and being of very little help myself (stoned also)."

At last we can finally sit down and sort it all out. Did people have a good or bad time on LSD? It turns out that while 33% of our respondents had LSD bummers, 54% say they "had a wonderful acid trip" during the '60s. For many, it was their "best '60s experience."

• "A thousand-microgram acid trip at Esalen with Tim and Rosemary Leary and the World Family Commune. At one point, we were all in the hot baths together, holding hands in a circle chanting 'om.' I got so high I had an orgasm. It was like fucking everyone in the pool simultaneously."

• "Being on mescaline in Yosemite and realizing how much I loved my close friends, how I was one with nature and every person, and that being gay was a wonderful thing to be."

The Woodstock Pharmacopoeia

At this point it is important to clarify exactly what drugs were being put to recreational use during the '60s. Which were the favorites? How often did people take them?

The answer is surprising, considering the popular image of the supposedly drug-crazed counterculture (see Table 3). The majority of people in Woodstock Nation did not use any substance regularly or frequently, and most people never sampled the full range of hip highs. The favorites are LSD and mescaline—psychedelics that just over half of our respondents tried at least once; amphetamines, which 59% used at one time or another (probably just before exams); marijuana and hashish, which very few didn't try.

Even among those who say they were "totally involved" with the '60s drug scene, drug use was not extreme (see Table 4). Everybody in this group smoked grass and hashish. Almost everybody took more than a couple of LSD trips. Nearly half carried on extended experiments with LSD. Aside from these exploits there was some dabbling in the other substances, none of which acquired great followings. Of our heavy drug users, 41% tried heroin at least once, but less than 7% were regular users.

The dividing line during the '60s between those in the drug scene and those outside of it was LSD—the acid test of

Table 3: Drug use in the '60s among Woodstock Nation as a whole

DRUG	% WHO USED REGULARLY OR FOR PROLONGED PERIODS	% WHO USED FREQUENTLY	% WHO USED OCCASIONALLY	% WHO USED ONLY ONCE OR TWICE	% WHO NEVER USED
ACID (LSD)	14	12	19	12	42
COCAINE	2	4	14	16	62
COUGH SYRUP	1	4	16	21	56
DOWNERS					
(BARBITURATES)	3	6	15	18	56
GLUE	1	1	2	7	87
GRASS					
(MARIJUANA)	43	19	18	6	13
HASHISH	17	23	26	10	21
HASHISH OIL	4	6	14	16	56
HEROIN	2	1	3	9	83
MESCALINE	5	13	19	17	45
OPIMUM	1	3	12	24	58
PCP (ANGEL DUST)	1	1	4	13	78
PEYOTE	2	3	11	19	65
QUAALUDES	1	2	7	10	78
SPEED					
(AMPHETAMINES)	11	9	22	17	40

the counterculture. The universal bond, however, was marijuana.

Psychedelized Suburbia

Whatever your involvement with drugs was during the '60s, it was difficult to avoid the cultural effects of the drug scene. It affected the way people talked (Wow! Groovy! Outasite! Ego trip!) It influenced the way people dressed (bell-bottoms, granny glasses, paisley shirts). It gave rise to new food products (Purple Zonkers) because of the stoned craving for "munchies." The drug culture even affected play, and unstructured games like Frisbee became popular because stoned potheads couldn't be bothered with rules and traditional team efforts.

To those who were totally involved in the drug scene, day-to-day life in the '60s was in many ways different from everybody else's.

"Always having a stash" was very important to the dopers (see Table 5), and this supply, if you were clever, was inaccessible to inquisitive police—or greedy guests. One respondent says he kept "devising more and more elegant hiding places for the acid."

Perhaps it was the lure of adventure, intrigue or, for some, just plain greed that led 19% of our dopers to consider dealing dope an extremely important part of their lives during the '60s. As one respondent puts it, "Living in the Village in Toronto, doing drugs and selling them was my best '60s experience. The cops never bothered you there. It was all freaks. Two years of fun..." Although only 19% seem to have been dedicated dealers, it seems that dealing was a definition of being "totally involved" in the drug scene, since 83% of the "totally involved" people at one time or another sold drugs, compared to

42% of Woodstock Nation as a whole.

One of our respondents relates that her best '60s experience was "trading a kilo of dope for a 1951 Packard ambulance that picked us up hitchhiking. By the end of the ride, they had our backpack full of dope, and we were behind the wheel of their museum piece."

Like drinkers who are offended at the presence of teetotalers, dopers preferred the company of dopers. Being with other people who liked the same drugs was extremely important in the '60s to a majority of drug users. One recalls, "I didn't like being around people who weren't high when I was." This is the kind of feeling that led to the instant community formed whenever somebody lit a joint.

Half of our dopers considered it extremely important to turn other people on, and a little over a third were bent on "turning on the world," while some even wanted to turn on their parents.

Table 4: Drug use in the '60s among those "totally involved in the drug scene"

DRUG	% WHO USED REGULARLY OR FOR PROLONGED PERIODS	% WHO USED FREQUENTLY	% WHO USED OCCASIONALLY	% WHO USED ONLY ONCE OR TWICE	% WHO NEVER USED
ACID (LSD)	45	26	19	6	3
COCAINE	6	10	29	26	27
COUGH SYRUP	2	8	16	28	45
DOWNERS					
(BARBITURATES)	10	14	25	27	24
GLUE	2	3	5	18	72
GRASS					
(MARIJUANA)	84	11	4	—	—
HASHISH	42	37	16	3	1
HASHISH OIL	10	13	22	21	31
HEROIN	7	1	11	22	59
MESCALINE	17	34	27	15	7
OPIMUM	4	8	33	34	20
PCP (ANGEL DUST)	2	4	12	26	56
PEYOTE	6	8	24	33	29
QUAALUDES	5	5	15	17	59
SPEED					
(AMPHETAMINES)	27	20	29	16	9

NOTE: SOME TOTALS MAY EXCEED 100% DUE TO CHOICES IN MORE THAN ONE CATEGORY

Table 5: Attitudes toward drug use during the '60s

THOUGHT IT WAS EXTREMELY IMPORTANT TO:	% OF TOTAL DRUG USERS	% OF TOTAL RESPONDENTS
ALWAYS HAVE A STASH	62	26
KNOW A DEALER	67	32
BE A DEALER	19	7
BE AROUND PEOPLE WHO LIKED THE SAME DRUGS	63	29
BE HIGH ALL THE TIME	33	12
BE HIGH FREQUENTLY	56	22
BE HIGH JUST ONCE IN A WHILE	57	31
TURN OTHER PEOPLE ON TO DRUGS	51	20
TURN THE WORLD ON	36	15
TURN PARENTS ON	14	6

The bond formed by drugs during the '60s is a constant theme voiced by our respondents, often wistfully "Camara-derie among friends during early grass days, 1966, and all the playfulness" is how a respondent describes his best experience of the decade.

Eight Miles High

Part of the kinship was the secret language of rock music. This is a concept so elusive that less than a decade later it is practically lost. Yet, it was an important part of the zeitgeist, a mystery that only initiates into Woodstock Nation could really grasp. In fact, 43% of all our respondents believe, more or less, that the music of the '60s can be understood only by those who have had the drug experience.

Rock music was speaking in drug language to millions of turned-on "heads." Sometimes it was blatant, as in the Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit," which urged us to feed our heads. Other songs were more subtle, using rhythm, composition and style to communicate. It was a new kind of rock 'n' roll that coalesced in San Francisco around 1965 and was dubbed "acid rock"—a term which, as rock encyclopedist Lillian Roxon said, "could be taken to mean enhancing, as well as inducing psychedelic transports."

Sixty-seven percent of our respondents—including 89% of the drug users—enjoyed acid rock (73% of those born after 1949, compared to just 50% of those born before 1945). This means they listened to such groups as the Thirteenth Floor Elevators, Grateful Dead, the Doors, Jefferson Airplane, Steppenwolf, Electric Prunes, Count Five ("Psychotic Reaction"), Blues Magoos, Magic Mushrooms, Blue Cheer, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Seeds, Chocolate Watch Band, Quicksilver Messenger Service and Strawberry Alarm Clock.

A great number of respondents remember the music as being part of their best '60s experience:

- "We were on some mushrooms and just sitting around when someone put on George Harrison's electric music [Wonderwall]. It was the best. Nothing has ever come close."

- "The night when my partner in crime and our ol' ladies got stoned on a 30-joint nickel and first heard Beggar's Banquet. I was totally blown away."

With stoned precision, one man remembers the afterglow of the Woodstock Festival: "Walking at sunrise with the woman I was going to marry, away from the Airplane, after a night of Creedence, Janis, the Who and Sly. It was a four-mile walk."

And then there was Jimi Hendrix, the quintessential '60s concert artist, "Mr.

Sixties himself," as one respondent says. "Music, sex and drugs all in one," says another. People who were heavy drug users admired Hendrix the most (66%, as compared with 39% of the respondents in general). Their perceptions of Hendrix sum up the entire experience of acid rock.

- "Admiring Jimi and exploring his style allowed me to dabble in simple electronics, play guitar, listen to dynamite stereo sets, meet my first husband, cut school and get high, go to the Fillmore East and Electric Lady Land."

"Drugs helped me to see how the world really is and to know myself better. I gained confidence to speak up about things I thought were wrong."

- "He was a symbol of freedom and expression. He lived out his fantasies and invited us along. He was a good musician and brought art into rock music and pleasure in my life."

- "His music was my head trip and reinforcement for the things I was imagining and shaping in my own mind."

In the '70s, just 36% of Woodstock Nation still enjoyed acid rock (enthusiasm had dropped also among the dopers, to 46%). This loss of fans may have been caused partly by changing styles, but when some of the biggest stars disappeared into that great light show in the sky, for some respondents it was the end of acid rock, the end of the decade.

- "The '60s finished with the deaths of Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix and Cass Eliot, ushering in a change of music."

- "The deaths of Fred Hampton [Black Panther leader], Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix was when it was all over."

Paranoia Strikes Deep

There was a practical reason why drug use created an automatic kinship: it was against the law. Thus greatly contributed to the us-vs.-them, squares-vs.-hippies, young-vs.-old character of the times and became a badge that Woodstock Nation would wear almost beligerently.

Discussing the fear engendered by participating in the dope culture, one respondent writes, "I don't like buying or smoking dope unless the other people are dear friends. I have never felt comfortable since the '60s talking on the phone."

Many people shared this fear of

speaking freely on the phone—"I was panicked that if I said anything on the phone about drugs I'd get arrested," reports another respondent—and it turns out that they weren't far wrong:

- "They tapped my phone in Canada and now my husband is wanted. The charge is conspiracy—with no pot found."

There was a strong suspicion that the FBI was reading their mail. One person says he "used codes for drugs when on the phone or in letters."

Evidently, there was good reason to be fearful.

- "Some hash was found in my mailbox by the mailman, somehow, which led to the police and hassles."

- "It turned out that the FBI had been watching us throughout my first summer of grass. They actually took the trouble of catching a dozen of us (we were lifeguards at Fire Island) and taping our confessions. We weren't busted, though."

The pleasures of the drug experience were continually tempered (or perhaps heightened) by the fear of getting caught.

- "My next-door neighbor for a year was head of the local SDS unit. Smoking dope with him was never entirely free from paranoia, because of his high visibility and comme-traitor image."

The persistent fear that accompanied drug use caused for some respondents their worst moments of the decade.

- "The second time I smoked pot, we elected to park by the high school. Bright. A cruiser spotted us, and I tried to drive away, but he pulled us over. The trooper recognized my name, discovered my uncle was a cop and let us off with a warning to 'stick to Marlboros.' My pipe had fallen through a hole in my pocket and was running down my leg as he talked. I was scared shit my parents would find out. They never mentioned it if they did. Some kids thought I was a narc after that. Oh, well."

For those not so lucky to have a cop for an uncle, getting busted for drugs was the worst experience of their lives during the '60s.

- "Busted for pushing and held in jail for ten days until my father could raise \$10,000 property bond. Meantime, I almost was hurled off the three-story tier in the cellblock by an irate convict who did not believe I didn't have a cigarette. Bummer!"

The Generational Experiment

Looking back on the '60s, and all those unpredictable highs and lows that drug use seems to have caused, we don't wonder that a few of our respondents told us they are now turned off by drugs.

• "Abuse of drugs in the '60s kept me from realizing my potential as a human being, although I think they have made me more expressive artistically."

• "Pot hindered my maturation because I hid behind a constant high. By recognizing and modifying my dependence, I've made progress, even if minimal, toward...you know, I'm still not sure where I'm supposed to go."

Do these findings indicate that '60s veterans regret their generation's involvement with drugs? The majority (66%) of our respondents disagrees with that idea; in fact, most people agreed that the results of the drug experiment were mostly positive. One respondent reports that drugs have influenced his life "totally. They made me a more relaxed and aware person. Integrated my personality more. Brought me into contact with people I would not ordinarily have met."

One fourth of all those who were frequent users claim that drugs have in some manner deepened the thought process and expanded the consciousness.

• "Mescaline taught me how limited our categories of understanding are—I believe I have greater tolerance of, if not appreciation for, chaos than I used to: i.e., I'm not completely freaked out by change."

Among the respondents in general, many claim that the drug experience has made them better people.

• "LSD, mescaline and psilocybin had tremendously beneficial results in putting me in touch with myself. My world perspective became more religious. These things being accomplished, psychedelics themselves decreased in importance."

• "Drugs helped me to see how the world really is and to know myself better. I gained confidence to speak up about things I thought were wrong."

• "Drugs made me more open, less uptight. I like myself better."

A few people cite specific ways in which the drug experience has changed their lives.

• "I reformed due to LSD insight after two years of stealing—lobster, underwear, dresses, suede coat, etc. 'My God!' I say now."

• "Drugs helped me cut my alcohol intake."

• "During my few light mescaline trips, about 20 to 30 over two summers, I made major decisions—changed careers, left a job, went back to college for a second time for a second career."

• "Sometimes my apartment smells funny. I've got to watch the dog and cat—they eat dope. Be a bit discreet when my mom visits. Include stash money in budget. Spend money on Oreos a lot."

• "They have become a central part of my lifestyle. Much of my activity cen-

ters around obtaining and consuming drugs."

It may be that dope and drugs—LSD, marijuana, other psychedelics—have, in themselves, brought these people the insights that they say changed their lives. But drugs have always been available, and it would be misleading to credit the chemical process with the kinds of cultural change that have occurred since the '60s. For Woodstock Nation, drugs were primarily a medium by which the counterculture was

"Sometimes my apartment smells funny. I've got to watch the dogs—they eat dope. Include stash money in budget. Spend money on Oreos a lot."

learned and spread. And the old sense of kinship lingers on.

• "I feel a certain kinship with others in my office or friendship circle who get high."

• "I have a hard time dealing with people who don't use it and are down on it."

• "I felt like an outsider, a rebel. I still haven't gotten over this. I still divide people into 'straight' and 'hip.'"

• "I am contemptuous of the entire drug-law-enforcement establishment in this country. My taste in music and entertainment has been directed by the '60s drug scene."

• "Acid confirmed my pacifism and turned me more to the mystical path, opened up the gates of memory of previous lives and confirmed my suspicions about the establishment, thus placing me permanently on the fringes of society."

Perhaps the best summation of the long-range effects of marijuana and LSD is offered by the person who reports, "I no longer iron my button-down shirts." If that isn't enlightenment, what is?

When the Music's Over

The authors of Woodstock Census confess to having taken their share of drugs during the '60s, but we have reduced our drug usage, and, as it turns out, so has the rest of Woodstock Nation. "We always used to get stoned before going out to a party, movie, dinner," writes one woman, "but now we need more energy and concentration and don't generally smoke at parties because we have found we actually enjoy people much more with a clear head—no dope,

no booze, nothing!" In every category, drug usage has decreased dramatically for everyone involved with it in the '60s, including those who were "totally involved" in the drug scene (see Table 6).

Table 6: Usage then and now by those "totally involved" in the '60s drug scene

	% WHO USED REGULARLY OR FOR PROLONGED PERIODS		% WHO NEVER USED	
	'60s	'70s	'60s	'70s
GRASS	84	59	1	13
HASHISH	42	16	1	13
ACID (LSD)	45	2	3	41
SPEED	27	5	9	50
MESCALINE	17	2	7	48

NOTE: OF COURSE, THESE FINDINGS DO NOT ACCOUNT FOR THE MASSIVE INFLUX OF NEW SMOKERS DURING THE '70s, WHICH HAS CERTAINLY RESULTED IN AN ASTRONOMICAL RISE IN THE IMPORTATION OF MARIJUANA. IF NOT USAGE ITSELF.

Many articles were published during the mid-'70s charging that one reason why Woodstock Nation had become so "quiet" was that the generation had switched drugs, from psychedelics to downers like Valium and Quaaludes. It may be that some people were plunging themselves into apathy on these chemicals but not the members of Woodstock Nation. In the '70s, 65% never used downers, 71% never used Quaaludes, 79% used Valium only once or twice. Nor has the angel dust (PCP) plague (if there is one) hit this group: 87% never touched the stuff.

Alcohol use has increased slightly among our respondents. About one third say they are drinking a lot more beer, wine and hard liquor in the '70s than in the '60s, and a third say they are drinking a little more. The drinkers are mainly in the youngest age bracket. Those who are not drinking more beer, wine or hard liquor today than they once did are chiefly the oldest respondents. This is part of an overall trend within this group to forego tripping upward, downward or sideways as they grow older.

Cocaine attracted great public attention during the late '70s. Rock stars, Hollywood idols, politicians and executives were all rumored to be tooting "blow" through rolled-up C-notes. But of our respondents, 67% used cocaine only once or twice in the '70s. With 48% of its people making less than \$10,000 a year, Woodstock Nation could hardly be expected to afford such chic tastes.

These media-promoted notions that everybody is snorting coke, everybody is taking Valium and Quaaludes—are
(continued on page 79)

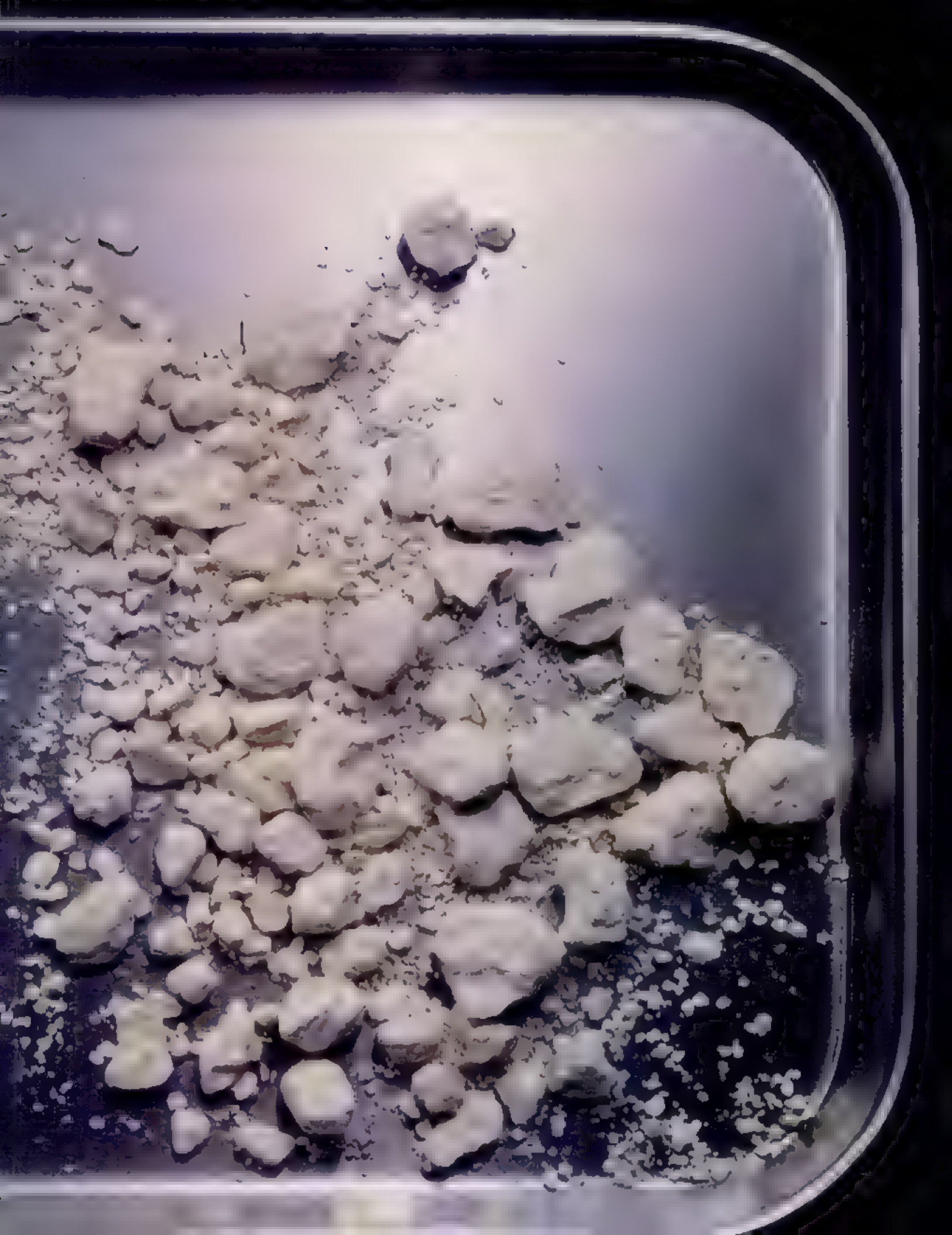
The patient was a young Hispanic male, brought in by a woman who had just met him at Miami International. He insisted nothing was wrong, but he was clearly giddy, excitable, in a state of marked euphoria: heartbeat rate 130 bpm, blood pressure 150 over 95, conspicuous mydriasis, slight hypothermia. My diagnosis: cocaine intoxication, obviously by the oral route. We tried gastric lavage, over the patient's heated protests, and recovered two polyethylene condoms, each containing about 20 grams of cocaine. The patient's girl friend insisted he'd swallowed four condoms, leaving two unaccounted for. Duodenal X rays determined the existence of a loaded condom still in the GI tract and the remains of one that had burst. I had to go inside. We prepped him with 200 cc of Demerol, administered a spinal, and had the safe out of him in 20 minutes, during which the patient continually expressed gratification over the excellence of the Demerol

and its interaction with the cocaine, which was evidently exquisite. We closed him with eight stitches and sent him to the recovery ward to enjoy the rest of the trip.

Now a unique ethical dilemma confronted me, as they carted him out, raving ecstatically. Of course the patient was entitled to the return of the two unbroken condoms before we released him that evening, but what of the one I removed myself? I was now in technically illegal possession of a Schedule Two narcotic. I was about to consult my attorney when the anesthetist suggested we simply dispose of it right there in the O.R., with the aid of a clean scalpel and four straws. I subsequently discerned the symptoms of cocaine intoxication in myself, the anesthetist, and two young female nurses: euphoria, mydriasis, hypothermia, marked tingling sensation in the extremities, particularly the nipples and other erectile tissues.

ADVENTURES IN MEDICINE

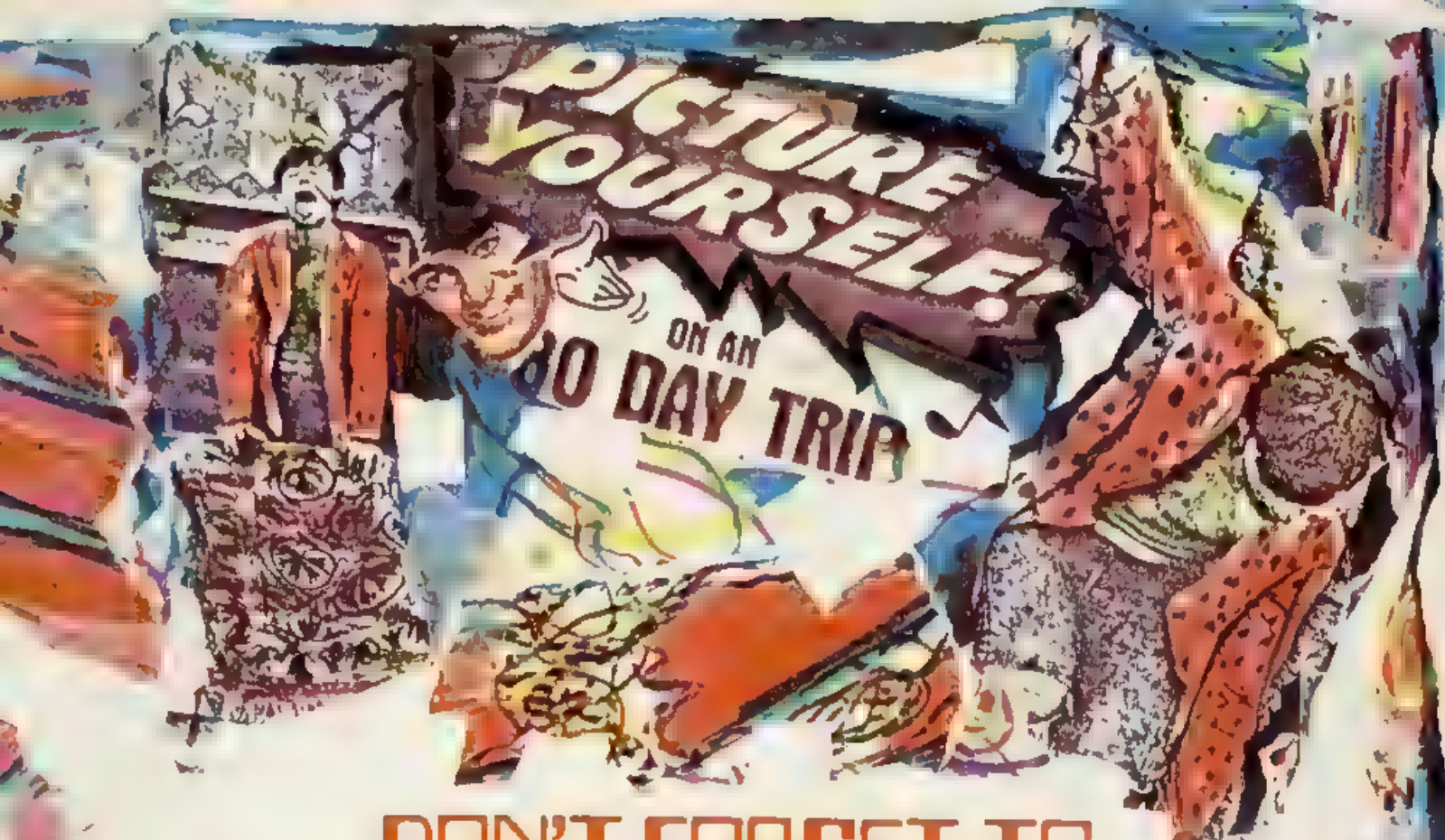




MIND CONTROL U.S.A.

BY JEFF GOLDBERG





PICTURE
YOURSELF!
ON AN
10 DAY TRIP

DON'T FORGET TO WASH BETWEEN YOUR EARS

The marquee remains. PEOPLE'S TEMPLE, REV JIM JONES PASTOR. The huge, cavernous building in the heart of San Francisco's black ghetto is boarded up now. Its furniture and fixtures were auctioned off to pay the cost of sorting out, embalming, shipping and burying over 900 men, women and children who followed Jim Jones to death.

First there were the photographs of brightly clad bodies, arms clasped around each other, beside a vat of poisoned purple Flavor Aide. Later, the tapes of the Reverend Mr. Jones exhorting his followers to drink the potion and "die with dignity" and eerie reports of the Big Brother tactics—amplified propaganda recordings, drugs, physical and sexual coercion—that he used to shepherd his flock to doom.

Jonestown was a horrible mess in many ways, but in the end, it was the specter of mind control that really chilled the hearts of Americans, probing

a lurking fear of vampires and zombies, armies of the living dead held in thrall in the hypnotic gaze of the master operator. It is a specter that has surfaced repeatedly in the last 30 years, in the thousand-mile stares and exuberant, empty grins of returning Korean War POWs, the secret behavior-modification experiments conducted by the CIA, the helter-skelter killing spree of the Manson family, the transformation of Patty Hearst into Tanya, and now in the cult of cults.

Scientists now conclude that the brain processes information not in one way but in several concurrent streams. Neurophysiologists, unlocking the biological codes of the mind, have confirmed what Freud predicted nearly a century ago and what LSD had turned millions on to—that the conscious "self" is only a small part of a much more complex operation and that below the surface is always the "other" and another after that, a series of alter-



nate realities. Meanwhile, across the ages the steely eyes of voodoo practitioners and medicine men watch the synthesis of their ancient arts into behavioral sciences. Madison Avenue mass marketing, brainwashing, mind control, deprogramming.

Shamans and witch doctors have been tapping into the hidden "other" for countless centuries. Still extant are the Australian aboriginals called "the people of the Dream Time." At puberty, the young male of the tribe is separated from his mother and isolated in the wilderness for several days without food or water. He is kept awake and in constant fear by the sound of the bullroarers, long narrow pieces of wood that when whirled in the air make a moaning roar. When he is at the point of collapse, the tribal elders, wearing animal masks and emitting piercing shrieks, emerge from the bushes and circumcise him. The young native returns in a zomboid state, a willing slave to tribal authority and taboos. He lives in the Dream Time, between fantasy and reality, haunted by the presence of animal demons but otherwise happy and sedate.

Brainwashing, or mind control, as most people understand the term, is something akin to the aboriginals' rite of passage updated by the scientific revolution. It is a coercive indoctrination process used to tip people over into the Dream Time, obedient to tribal taboos or modern ideologies.

The word brainwashing dates to the Cold War, when it was exemplified by George Orwell's *Big Brother* in 1984 and by the Chinese "reeducation" methods employed with near-perfect efficiency on American prisoners during the Korean War. The Chinese did not advance far from the basic aboriginal concept. Isolation, coercion and indoctrination comprise the crude but effective formula that they modernized by substituting Pavlovian behavior-modification techniques for animal masks. In America, where the interest was not only focused on enforcing an ideology but on creating monsters, too, mind manipulators would be more creative.

The CIA vs. the Mind

"And it seems to me perfectly in the cards that there will be within the next generation or so a pharmacological method of making people love their servitude, and producing . . . a kind of painless concentration camp for entire societies, so that people in fact will have their liberties taken away from them but will rather enjoy it, because they will be distracted from any desire to rebel by propaganda, brainwashing, or brainwashing enhanced by pharmacological methods.

—Aldous Huxley, 1959

American contributions to the "science" of mind control began with a few "truth

drug" experiments—mostly involving tincture of marijuana—under Office of Strategic Services auspices during World War II. Convinced that Hitler was a closet case, researchers explored ways to putsch der Führer over the gender line. In the Pacific theater, staff anthropologists reported that the Japanese considered nothing so shameful as bowel movements, so govern-

The "depatterning" technique, which one CIA agent described as "the creation of a vegetable," could completely obliterate a subject's emotions and memory in 15 to 30 days.

ment chemists compounded a formula that duplicated the smell of diarrhea and packed it in aerosol cans under the code name "Who Me?" It was distributed to children in occupied Chinese cities who would sneak up behind a Japanese officer and spray the seat of his pants with the liquid. The object was to cost the Japanese "face."

Sophomoric frat-house pranks like the above sufficed until 1949, when CIA officials were both horrified and intrigued by the glazed eyes and mechanical confessions of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty at his treason trial in Budapest. A memo was circulated speculating "some unknown force" was controlling him, and work was begun in earnest on a number of projects aimed at "controlling an individual to the point where he will do our bidding against his will and even against such fundamental laws of nature as self-preservation."

The public first heard about "brainwashing" in 1950, when CIA propaganda operative Edward Hunter coined the term in a widely read article for the Miami News headlined BRAIN-WASHING TACTICS FORCE CHINESE INTO RANKS OF COMMUNIST PARTY. In it, Hunter alleged that the Chinese possessed techniques "to put a man's mind into a fog so that he will mistake what is true for what is untrue, what is right for what is wrong, and come to believe that what did not happen actually happened, until he ultimately becomes a robot for the Communist manipulator."

Two years later, such allegations seemed to be substantiated when Americans saw the first film clips of downed U.S. pilots calmly confessing to war crimes. The result: further escalation of CIA behavior-control research.

Recently, material released through the Freedom of Information Act and compiled in John Mark's book *The Search for the*

Manchurian Candidate details the CIA's secret war on the mind. In all, the agency sponsored 149 projects between 1950 and 1973 focusing on drugs, hypnosis and electroshock. In one experiment—the "A"-for-Artichoke treatment—a suspected Soviet agent was injected with enough sodium pentothal to knock him out and then 20 minutes later was shocked back to consciousness with a shot of Benzedrine. This procedure, agents reported, induced a Dream Time effect in which they could make the subject "believe any fantasy"—that he was talking to his wife, mother or commander—with 70-percent efficiency.

Another mind-control project, the "depatterning" technique developed for the CIA by Dr. D. Ewen Cameron at the Allan Memorial Institute in Toronto, combined prolonged sleep with electroshock. The process, which one agent described as "the creation of a vegetable," could completely obliterate a subject's emotions and memory in 15 to 30 days.

In the 100 years since Freud, psychology had made great strides toward healing the troubled mind and unraveling its secrets. Now it appeared that the science could be used with devastating force as a weapon to imprison people. The discoveries of Pavlov and later Skinner suggested that new behaviors could be shaped simply by pressing the right buttons, but the CIA was dissatisfied. The Skinnerian behaviorists, who dominated university psychology departments in the late '50s, were too rigidly scientific to accomplish the far-reaching goals the CIA envisioned. Instead, money was funneled through the CIA's conduit, the Human Ecology Foundation, to unwitting researchers whose more imaginative discoveries contributed to the expanded effectiveness of the CIA's mind-control techniques and spread to be incorporated by radical therapists in the '60s and cult leaders in the '70s.

The bulk of the research, however, was devoted to LSD, which the CIA thought could be used to squeeze information from enemy agents and discredit them by disturbing their memories or changing their sex drives.

Operation Midnight Climax operatives equipped an apartment on Bedford Street in New York's Greenwich Village with red lights, Toulouse-Lautrec posters, photos of women in chains and black stockings, and a two-way mirror. Using the services of local bookers, they tested to see if a john, after a surreptitious dose of acid, was more likely to reveal secrets before, during or after sex.

Under code name MKULTRA, the agency sponsored scores of additional LSD experiments. The researchers in this program tried the drug first on themselves and their CIA colleagues. In Pink Panther style, agents were encouraged to doze each other clandestinely (leading to the notorious case of Dr. Frank Olson, whose suicide after a bad trip was hushed up). De-

spite such mishaps, MKULTRA was expanded to include university research. Ken Kesey turned on in one such test. From the laboratories, LSD leaked off campus, and by the time Drs. Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass) got in on the act, the CIA's miracle mind-control drug was well on the way to igniting the psychedelic revolution.

William Burroughs once said, "A paranoid is a person who knows all the facts," and a few people claim that the leak was not entirely unintentional, that while tripping out on Sandoz acid, MKULTRA boss Sidney Gottlieb conceived the grandiose scheme of using the drug to disorient and repattern a large "normal" population—just to see if it could be done.

Interlude

If the doors of perception were cleansed, every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.
—William Blake

Whatever their plan, in the following years the astronauts of inner space left the MKULTRA boys stranded in a cloud of dream dust. During the '60s, mind control meant higher consciousness; brainwashing reverted to its Chinese root word, *hsi-nao*, "to cleanse the mind." People escaped to the Dream Time on drugs or, like Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, through Zen practices as a way out of socially ingrained repressions, hang-ups and the paranoid rigidity of the previous decade.

Others turned on to mass-marketed group therapies like Silva Mind Control and T.M. While some of these opened out to the farthest reaches of higher perfect wisdom, a countercurrent of back-to-reality proponents spliced the journey to higher consciousness with cruder Dream Time evoking techniques to make devotees feel high with both feet on the ground.

On the way to "getting it" (est language for a crystalline glimpse of ultimate reality), John Dean, John Denver, Cher and 100,000 Erhard Seminar Training graduates were called assholes and turkeys, blitzed with a combination of encounter, psychodrama, Zen and Dale Carnegie, pushed to the breaking point in marathon sessions in which they were forbidden to eat, smoke, talk or pee (est bathroom breaks, originally scheduled every 12 hours, now come more often, due to frequent accidents); and finally, they were indoctrinated with the gospel according to Erhard—"What is, is. What isn't, isn't. You alone are responsible for everything that happens to you." Graduates attribute incredible life-renewing benefits to the est catharsis—of course, so did many American GIs after Chinese brainwashing, a technique that est closely resembles, according to some experts.

The '60s ended, the '70s were born. Sounds of sloshing in rebirthing tanks, and a chorus of primal screams,

The Coming of the Cults

The office of those who seek new worlds is to stumble upon those they never expected to find.
—Cervantes

Then, in the wake of the consciousness revolution, there came the God Squad—clean-cut, smiling young missionaries

When two followers of Love Israel's Church of Armageddon died during a "faith-testing" ritual, Love "just told us to pray over them and they would rise in three days. We believed him."

touting drugless, sexless highs and spouting hellfire, denouncing parents and society as instruments of Satan while hawking flowers, incense, books and vacuum cleaners. For the many who had been overwhelmed by the lack of social control in the late '60s, the cults provided much-sought-after structured mind space.

By the mid 1970s, there were at least 3,000 cults in America, attracting some ten million members. Of course, there is nothing new about cults. They have existed through the ages. Some 2,000 years ago, Christianity was a cult. Centuries later, pioneer America was a breeding ground for utopian communes and weird religious sects, some of which, like the Mormons, found their way into the mainstream. A cult in one simple sense is a minority, outside the culture, whose beliefs and practices differ markedly from those of the majority. Once a cult is accepted by the culture, it is no longer a cult. Others define a cult by the degree to which it exerts control over its members, but the implication that there are acceptable and unacceptable levels of mind control has led only to confusion.

In addition to the larger groups—Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, the International Society for Krishna Consciousness and the Church of Scientology—there proliferated a slew of minicults such as the Assembly, the Body, the Children of God, the Druids and so on even unto the Zoroastrians, all with practices as varied as their names.

The Hare Krishnas chanted. Members of the Way International communicated via glossolalia ("speaking in tongues"). The Druids, a small Bible-astrology sect, meditated on "Mother" Laura Copeland (nee Gerrie Leah Garcia), their high priestess. Moonies concentrated on Divine Principle (Moon's book of revelation) in moments of stress or doubt, and they eschewed sex,

drinking, drugging and sleeping

To become "clear," the Scientologists practiced a series of "auditing" drills on the "E-meter," a crude but effective lie detector, with which trainees went through past painful experiences until there was no charge ("uptightness") left. In the higher levels of Scientology, "Operating Thetans" used the E-meter to produce increasingly realistic hallucinations of time travel and out-of-body experiences. The simple object of all these practices: obliteration of "self" in pursuit of some powerful kicks.

These cults promised bliss, ecstasy, life-changing experiences, personal encounters with God. And they delivered. Members saw visions, heard voices, reported blinding flashes of light in which all was revealed, experiences comparable to the most powerful hallucinogens.

Robert Kaufman, in *Inside Scientology*, describes one auditing session:

I was in a prison cell. A noose was being placed around my neck. I got down on the floor . . . and started choking. My head jerked in spasm until I thought it would rip itself off my neck

In their book *Snapping: America's Epidemic of Sudden Personality Change*, communications experts Flo Conway and Jim Siegelman have compiled a number of similar incidents from members of other cults:

I felt my body going numb, going away, and I had many sensations all at once, like I was physically dying but spiritually being pulled out of my body. At the same instant, this thing was opening up before me. I could see a light and feel something coming toward me to get me or help me. Then I heard this heavenly singing, all different kinds of pitches, like Ahhhh!

I began fantasizing. It was beautiful, I was out of touch with reality; it was as though I could see in a different dimension. I experienced an intense joy the whole time. I reached a point where the fantasies became real. It was poetical. I was speaking in biblical languages. At times I couldn't open my mouth, but when I did it came out in verse

It was not, however, visions, numbers or beliefs that, long before Jonestown, sparked mounting concern; it was the suspicion that some cult practitioners were dispensing these highs, like the mind manipulators of the '50s using LSD, to disorient and control. If the MKULTRA boys did have a secret plan to repattern a large "normal" population, what actually happened went far beyond their wildest dreams. A large percentage of the population was definitely "other."

While Jonestown is the best documented example of cult mind control, the heavy-handed tactics used there seem old-fashioned compared with the possibilities raised by

critics for this sort of drugless programming. "A person becomes critically vulnerable in the aftermath of this shattering break," write Conway and Siegelman. "The brain's information-processing capacities may literally become disorganized, not simply leaving the mind open to new ideas and information, but in fact rendering it receptive to a whole new plan of organization."

One of the unforgettable images of the '60s is that of the smiling, white-robed guru sitting in lotus position on a flower-covered dais. In the presence of which ever guru you'd care to imagine, people would feel high, claim to see glowing auras of white light, feel a sublime sense of happiness and inner peace. The room would invariably glow with good vibrations. To the degree that the mind-control secrets of these Eastern masters can be explained by Western science, those good vibes were real indeed. Researchers have demonstrated that an atmosphere can be suffused with mood-altering alpha and beta waves, the brain's own peace-and-love frequency, stimulated by meditative practices. But an alpha-generating state is also a highly suggestible state.

The set remained the same in many of the '70s cult practices. Followers received heavy doses of peace, love and brain waves. Then, in an insidious twist, they were indoctrinated. At least, this is how Moon did it. Isolated amid those good vibrations, devotees were instructed to believe that the cult leader is the divine authority, the supreme operator. "I am your brain, my will must be your will," says Reverend Moon.

Siegelman, Conway and others (including many ex-cultists) maintain that as an alternate reality is conjured by these practices, it is shaped to the needs of the group through indoctrination. The formula for cult mind control as they see it is:

Turn on convert to alternate reality through cult practices.

Shape this new reality to the needs of the cult through group reinforcement and indoctrination.

Purge convert's conscious "self" and keep it on hold through exercises that stop thought—i.e., chanting, various forms of meditation, marathon ideology lessons—until, in the words of one ex-cultist, thoughts become "like distant telephone signals."

Prior to Jonestown, warnings about cults were given some credence by scattered reports of cult weirdness and violence. In 1972, two followers of Love Israel's Church of Armageddon died during a "faith testing" ritual in which they inhaled toluene, an industrial solvent used for breaking down rubber. "Love Israel did nothing," a former follower told the press. "He just told us to pray over them and they would rise in three days. We were so brainwashed we believed him."

A few years later, David Brandt Berg,

the reclusive founder of the Children of God, was said to be extolling robotized women disciples to be "fishers of men," to frequent discos and singles bars and "flirty fish"—exchange sexual favors for church donations. To date, however, law-enforcement agencies have maintained a hands-off policy on the cults—mind-control issue, fearing entanglement with First Amendment guarantees of religious freedom.

Deprogrammer Ted Patrick aims first to enrage his subjects by threatening to prolong their detention, then he confiscates their Bibles and wipes his ass on photos of cult leaders.

Deprogrammers: To the Rescue?

"What is happening to you now is what should happen to any normal healthy organism You are being made sane, you are being made healthy."

"That I will not have," I said, "nor can understand at all. What you've been doing is make me feel very ill."

—Anthony Burgess, *A Clockwork Orange*

Enter the deprogrammers, mind-control hit men who promoted their no-holds-barred, emotionally charged and extralegal methods as the only way to defreak Jesus freaks and other cultists. With their help, desperate parents began to kidnap their children (even "children" well past legal majority) and secret them in motel rooms and camps, where the deprogrammers perform their modern-day exorcism rites. The procedure is not unprecedented. According to legend, Thomas Aquinas's parents locked him in a room with a whore to dissuade him from joining the Dominican order. Unlike St. Thomas, though, cult children started suing their parents and filing kidnapping and assault charges against deprogrammers. In this manner mind control received its first test as a legal issue.

At the center of the storm is Ted Patrick, 48, a short stocky black man with a rocket metabolism that has earned him the nickname "Black Lightning." Opponents, calling him a "criminal lunatic" among other things, have lodged \$60 million in lawsuits against him, but for many parents who have lost children to the cults Black Lightning is a superhero.

Patrick works with a team that includes parents, successful "deprogrammees" or "reprogrammees" and a security force of musclemen to assist in the initial abduc-

tion. Deprogramming sessions last from two days to two weeks and resemble, ironically, the high-pressure, instant-transformation therapies of the late 1960s from which many of the cults have borrowed heavily. Others bluntly compare deprogramming methods to Chinese reeducation processes.

The active principle in deprogramming consists of bombarding the subject with opposite information designed to "break" false religious views. Patrick aims first to enrage his subjects. To do so he will threaten to put them "out of action," to prolong detention indefinitely; he rails against their beliefs, confiscates their Bibles and wipes his ass on photographs of cult leaders. "Once they begin to argue, we're home free," he claims. "Once they start to communicate I know I can win."

Hopscotching across America, Ted Patrick claims to have performed 1,500 deprogrammings involving Children of God, Moonies, Hare Krishnas, Scientologists and members of the Way International. On one occasion he even zealously deprogrammed a woman he claimed had been brainwashed by a labor organization, the National Caucus of Labor Committees.

Patrick began his deprogramming raids eight years ago, after his own son was briefly enchanted with the Children of God. His activities quickly attracted press coverage. Jerry Sharpe of the Pittsburgh Press reported, "Patrick is an amazing guy. The girl was clutching the Bible, staring ahead and repeating 'Praise the Lord' all the time. Patrick walked over and ripped the Bible out of her hands so hard he almost threw her against the wall. He said, 'You don't serve God, you serve the Devil.'" Of course, not everybody thought he was that "amazing."

By 1973, the cults—supported by the ACLU—had begun to fight back, and Patrick found himself in court. That January, Dan Voll, a junior at Yale and a member of the New Missionary Fellowship—a small, respectable evangelical Christian youth group promoting short hair and long skirts—was grabbed by Patrick on 119th Street in Manhattan. His shouts attracted police, he was released and filed assault charges. To the surprise of many, the case against Patrick was dismissed. Judge "Turn 'em Loose" Bruce Wright cited New York State law permitting a violation of law to prevent a "greater injury," the same legal principle cited by John Erlichman in defending Nixon. Mind control, Judge Wright suggested, was such a "greater injury." Patrick termed the decision a "great victory" for the nation.

But Patrick's victory was short-lived. A few months later, in a similar case, he was condemned for "vigilante tactics" and sent to the slammer. Since then he has served time in New York, Pennsylvania and Colorado. Yet the controversy sur-

rounding the legal status of deprogramming and mind control remains unresolved. In 1978, for example, a Rhode Island court ruled that deprogramming itself (apart from the initial abduction) was not illegal, by interpreting the First Amendment to mean that the individual is protected from government interference in religion, not from individual interference. "Deprogramming," this ruling suggested, was "persuasion."

Today, the deprogrammers are as proliferate and varied as the cults. Following Patrick's lead, a host of competitors selling their own brands of deprogramming, debriefing, stress interviewing and reality therapy have entered this new and lucrative field. While Patrick charges a flat fee of \$10,000 for his services, the fees of his imitators range as high as \$50,000. Of these rival services, the most successful has been the Freedom of Thought Foundation. Hidden away on five acres of land in Arizona's Tucson mountains, FTF features "the finest deprogramming group put together in the whole world," according to founder Michael Trauscht, who hopes to "make Tucson the anticult capital of the world."

The "reality therapy" of the Trauscht group is based largely on Patrick's methods, but instead of abducting converts they have made use of existing laws—in an alarming way—to legally kidnap members of cults. Under California's "conservatorship" laws, a temporary guardian can be appointed in cases of "incompetency" for 15 to 30 days, "with or without notice to subject." The law, designed to apply to the senile, unbalanced or critically injured, was stretched by several sympathetic judges to apply to cultists. Translation: cult consciousness is a form of insanity.

Trauscht presented parents with an affidavit prepared for their signatures and containing allegations that their son or daughter appeared to be the victim of mind control, that his or her personality had changed abruptly or that assets belonging to the child had been transferred to cult leaders. The charges could be false, since the whole business was conducted without the knowledge of the subject, and there would be no hearing, no notification and no representation for the cult member.

Trauscht and company were able to obtain similar orders in ten states, apart from California, before the first test case in San Francisco in a case in which five Moonies were allowed representation at a conservatorship hearing. Another surprising decision: Judge S. Lee Vavuris ruled in favor of deprogramming, declaring, "The parent-child relationship is never ending. The child is the child even though a parent may be 90 and the child 60."

Not so surprisingly, the California State Court of Appeals overturned his decision.

That ruling stalled Trauscht briefly, but

since then, in response to Jonestown hysteria, Vermont and a number of other states are considering guardianship laws, not for the insane and feeble, but specifically to facilitate deprogramming. The implications of such action are astounding—visions of writers, artists, punks, unpopular religionists, *High Times* readers, me, you, everybody rounded up and sent to deprogramming centers. Still, the chance

Mind-control methods are employed daily in school, business, "legitimate" religions, advertising and television. The implication that there are "acceptable" methods has contributed to public confusion.

that such laws will be written are, at this time, slim.

Mind Control on Trial

If both the past and the external world exist only in the mind, and the mind itself is controllable—what then?

—George Orwell, 1984

On Capitol Hill, since the assassination of Representative Leo J. Ryan and the debacle in Guyana, the cult wars have heated up. While the White House has been noncommittal on the issue (Ruth Carter Stapleton is a "memory healer"), the Congress has initiated two new investigations into cult activities. So far, these have amounted to little more than sound and fury, an attempt to ease the troubled minds of the folks back home.

I attended one such hearing on February 5, 1979, an "unofficial" investigation into cult phenomena organized by Senator Robert Dole. The Moonies were out in force. A ragtag oompah band was playing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and a less familiar tune—"Shining Fatherland," the anthem of the Unification Church—on the steps of the Senate Office Building. About 500 had gathered to protest the hearing.

Blue and red polka-dot badges proclaimed SENATOR DOLE—THIS IS A WITCH HUNT as Moonies sang, clapped, leafleted and "love-bombed" visitors, telling everyone to "have a nice day." Peanut butter sandwiches were passed around. White, yellow and black faces smiled in subzero winds.

Inside, Moonies—along with Hare Krishnas, Scientologists and followers of the Way—jammed the gallery of the Senate Caucus Room (site of Joe McCarthy's list-waving anticommie histrionics) elbow-to-elbow with politicians, reporters, psychologists and concerned parents, all

under a phalanx of television cameras. Several feet away sat Neil Salonen, president of the Unification Church and Moon's chief Yankee spokesman, 34, heavyset and perspiring slightly. At the witness table, Ted Patrick was haranguing the panel: "Cults like the Moonies destroy a person's free will, make it impossible for him to think for the rest of his life." The chamber erupted in shouts of "Liar! Absolute liar!"

There were charges and counter-charges, but no hard evidence; and definitions of what constituted a cult as opposed to a legitimate religion had the committee hung up, embarrassed and confused. Struggling to come up with a legal definition of "free will," one hapless congressman became so disoriented that he began to mumble a hypothetical defense of the Salem witch trials, and the panel was relieved to adjourn for lunch with Senator Dole's recommendation that they "get together and talk some more."

As we slouch toward Bethlehem and lurch toward 1984, such bafflement is typical. Even though programming is a consistent factor in any culture where people share a common language and, hence, to some degree, the same way of thinking, the fact is often overlooked in the emotional debate surrounding cult programming. The controversy is not about a programmed versus an unprogrammed, "free," anarchic existence; it concerns programs that run counter to socially accepted programs. It is important to keep in mind that similar but less extreme mind-control methods are employed daily in school, business, "legitimate" religions, advertising and television. The implication that there are acceptable levels of mind control has contributed immeasurably to public confusion.

The modern phenomenon of mind control, rising out of the secret CIA laboratories or out of the culture itself to be perfected by the cults and amended by the deprogrammers, suggests that human beings are much more malleable than some who cling to a myth of the individual as self-contained unit would like to believe. On the other hand, the discoveries in this area hint at powers of communication and control long hidden from the "conscious" human being. The expanded-consciousness movement in the 1960s went far in advancing this view.

Ideally, mind control is not indoctrination or deprogramming. Neither is it a kind of property to be sold to an elite corps of paying believers. Unfortunately, today it is all three.

It can be a weapon; it can be a boon. Science can be useful in explaining these phenomena; it can also exploit them. The Dream Time, our ancient heritage, can be used to obliterate personality in the interest of organizations and ideologies or to escape personality in the interests of enlightenment. But until such conflicts are resolved, mind control is out of control. ■

Blest Be the T

A step-by-step guide to the ancient

You will please kindly to forgive if I speak not your Queen Elizabeth's English, I hope? In all truth, it is not so much musical, you know, English, for uttering when you are intoxicated on so wonderful dope as this. I beg forgiveness, 'tis only true: in Thai it is impossible to talk and not sing also, I'm sorry. And have ever you seen so lovely dope as this for singing with? The bud has grown out in all the festive colors of the holy week of our Lady Parvati, consort of Lord Shiva. When a field of these cloistered woman-plants is set to waving

in the highland wind, the always changing sinsemilla blossoms exult in a holy chorus of colors in your eyes.

Sinsemilla, yes indeed: we all know your North American slang terms, even back up in the roadless highlands here. We are proud, yes, forgive us. Ha, you even call them "Thai sticks," not so? And pay generously of your solid American currency to gain hands on them, as well. Do not suppose we are unaware of this at all, and we are warmly grateful. In the tying of our Buddah sticks we try to send a sign of our feelings to



This delightful Thai bud will soon become part of a Thai stick

Thai That Binds

Eastern art of packaging the potent bud

our friends across the waters.

Here you see a man confecting a special Parvati blossom for export from the Mae Chem riverbank to Houston, in your Texas, via Braniff Airlines. Her blossoms are ever so surgically abstracted, with special care to preserve the spiraling anthers in their natural conformation, for wrapping about the bamboo shoot. Parenthetically speaking, know you that the bamboo was consecrated in a temple grove thereof, and snapped at the seventh joint, the joint of perfect felicity?

At various other occasions, silk thread woven from a Shiva mulberry tree will be employed for the binding of bud to bamboo, but not this time. For our Lady's special blossom, a slenderest hemp thread is woven from the stalk of her special plant itself, and is woven not spiral around the bud but in diamond-square crisscross: to counterfeit the design of Parvati's sacred girdle, coaxed in legend from her by the amorous Lord Shiva. Your composer Wagner stole the myth, whole and entire, for his *Siegfried und Brunhilde* cycle. This also pleases us unspeakably, forgive us.

Do I understand that eight tons of our humble Thai sticks were burned in your Oregon last year, to run the community generator at Eugene? And that it served most splendidly for that purpose, far better than coal or oil? I believe this brought vast merriment to all the gods, blessings be unto each of them.



The bud is carefully trimmed off its stem.



These are the bamboo sticks . . .



. . . on which the buds are gingerly wrapped.

Photos: Mel Blown

(continued on next page)



The wrap session continues.



Once a bud is fully wrapped , .



.. thread is twined around it



Time to wrap a second bud.



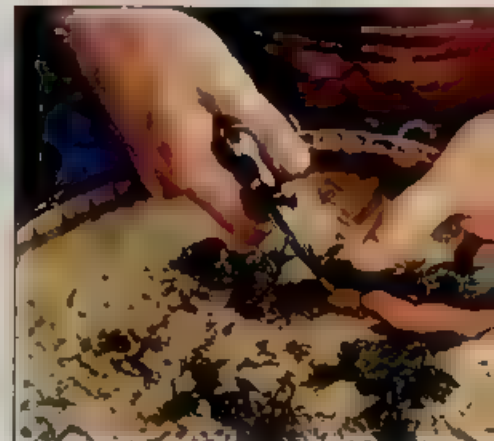
The second bud is tied in place



... and the threading is complete



A final knot is tied .



.. and the end of the stick is trimmed

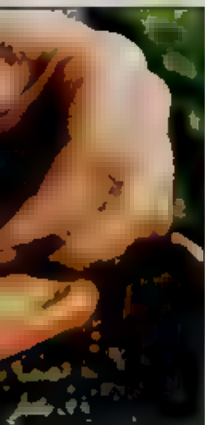
Photos: Mel Brown (unless otherwise noted)



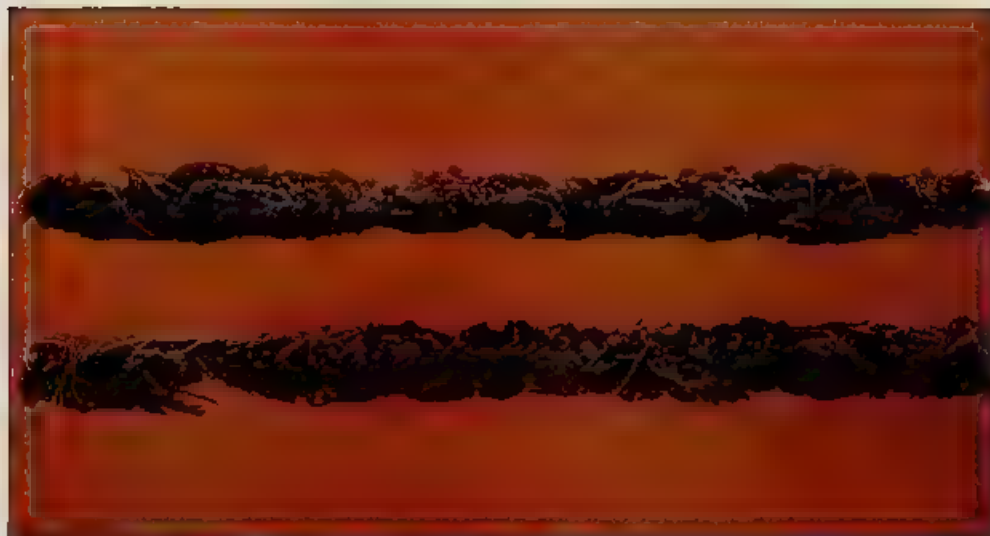
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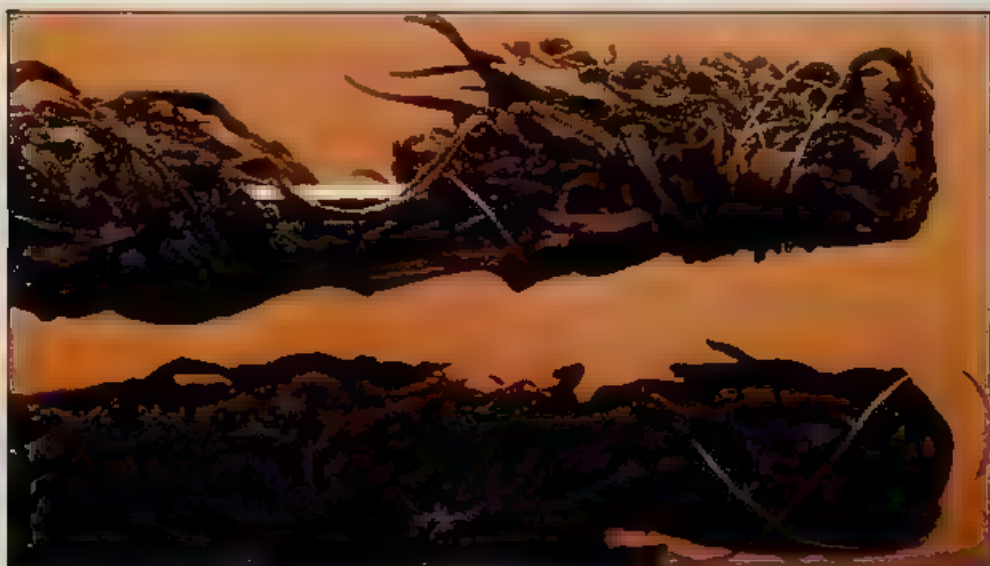


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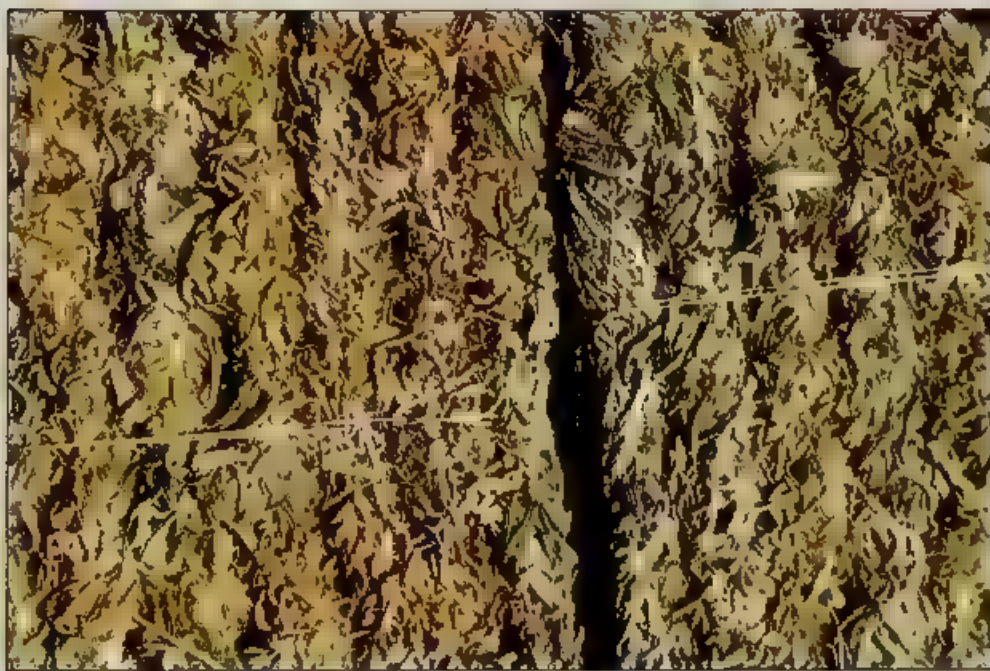
Ted Einhouse

This horizontal arrangement highlights the sticks' crisp character.



Ted Einhouse

Two perky tips from two sassy sticks.



MAC ART

Two bundles of market-ready sticks proudly pose for close-up lens. ■



DE

My Super-Efficiency System

"DE is a way of doing. It's a way of doing everything you do. DE simply means doing whatever you do in the easiest most relaxed way you can manage, which is also the quickest and most efficient way as you will find as you advance in DE. . . ."

You can start right now tidying up your flat, moving furniture or books, washing dishes, making tea, sorting papers. Consider the weight of objects—exactly how much force is needed to get the object from here to there. Consider its shape and texture and function—where exactly does it belong. Use just the amount of force necessary to get the object from here to there. Don't fumble grab jerk an object. Drop cool possessive fingers on it like a gentle old cop making a soft arrest. Guide a dustpan lightly to the floor as if you were landing a plane. When you touch an object weigh it with your fingers feel your fingers on the object the skin blood muscles tendons of your hand and arm. Consider these extensions of yourself as precision instruments to perform every movement smoothly and well.

Handle objects with consideration and they will show you all their little tricks. Don't tug or pull at a zipper. Guide the little metal teeth smoothly along feeling the sinuous ripples of cloth and flexible metal. Replacing the cap on a tube of toothpaste. . . (and this should be done at once always—few things are worse than an uncapped tube maladroitly squeezed twisting up out of the bathroom glass drooling



paste unless it be a tube with a cap barbarously forced on all askew against the threads). . . . Replacing the cap let the very tips of your fingers protrude beyond the cap contacting the end of the tube guiding the cap into place. Using your fingertips as a landing gear will enable you to drop any light object silently and surely into its place.

Remember every object has its place. If you don't find that place and put that thing there it will jump out at you and trip you or rap you painfully across the knuckles. It will mock you and clutch at you and get in your way. Often such objects—along in the wastebasket out often it's just that they are out of place. Learn to place an object firmly

and quietly in its place and do not let your fingers move that object as they leave it there. When you put down a cup, separate your fingers cleanly from the cup. Do not let them catch in the handle and if they do repeat the movement until finger separates cleanly.

If you don't catch that nervous finger that won't let go of that handle you may twitch hot tea across the Duchess.



Never let a poorly executed sequence pass. If you throw a match at a wastebasket and miss get right up and put that match in the wastebasket. If you have time repeat the cast that failed. There is always a reason for missing easy losses. Repeat them and you will find it.

If you rap your knuckles against a window jamb or door, if you brush your leg against a bed or desk, if you catch your foot in a curled-up corner of a rug, or strike a toe against a desk or chair, go back and repeat the sequence.

You will find yourself surprised how far off course you were to hit that window jamb, that door, that chair. Get back on course and do it again. How can you pilot a spacecraft if you can't find your way round your own apartment?

It's just like relaking a movie shot until you get it right. And you will begin to feel yourself in a movie moving with ease and speed. But don't try for speed at first. Try for relaxed smoothness taking as much time as you need for performing the action. If you drop an object, break an object, spill anything, knock painfully against anything, galvanically catch an object, repeat the attention to relaxé. You may find out why you must repeat a performance.

If the object is broken sweep up pieces and remove from the room at once. If object is intact or you have duplicate object, repeat sequence. You may experience a strange feeling as if the objects are alive and hostile trying to twist out of your fingers, slam noisily down on a table, jump out

by William Burroughs



at you and stab your toe and trip you. Repeat until objects are brought to order. Here is student at work. At two feet he tosses red plastic milk cap at the orange garbage bucket. The cap sails over the bucket like a flying saucer. He tries again. Same result. He examines the cap and finds that one edge is crushed down. He pries the edge back into shape. Now the cap will drop obediently into the bucket! Every object you touch is alive with your life and your will.

The student tosses cigarette box at wastebasket and it bounces out from the cardboard cover from a metal coat hanger which is resting diagonally across the wastebasket and never should be there at all. If an ashtray is emptied into that wastebasket the cardboard triangle will split the ashes and the butts scattering both on the floor. Student takes a box of matches from his coat pocket, prepares a lighting cigarette from new package on table. With the

matches in one hand he makes another toss and misses of course his fingers are in future time lighting a cigarette. He takes the package, pulls the matches down and now slightly legs bent hop skip over the washstand and into the wastebasket, miracle of the Zen master who hits a target in the dark these little miracles will occur more and more often as you advance in DE... the ball of paper tossed over his shoulder into the wastebasket the blanket flaps is settled just into place that seems to fold itself under the brown satin fingers of an old Persian merchant. Objects move into place at your slightest touch. You slip into it like a fish moving with such ease that you hardly know that you are doing it. You come into the kitchen expecting to find a sink full of dirty dishes and instead every dish is clean and the kitchen shines.

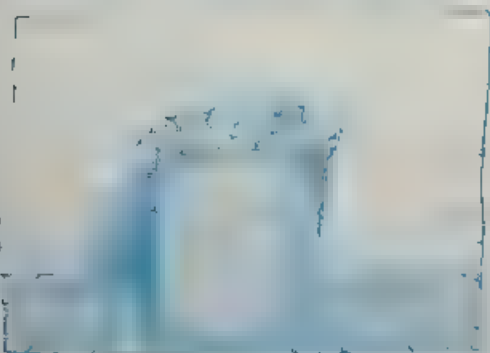
The student considers heavy objects. Tape recorder on the desk taking up too much space and he doesn't use it very often. So put it under the washstand. Weigh it with the hands. First attempt the cord and plug leaps across the desk like a frightened snake. He bumps his back on the washstand putting the recorder under it. Try again lift with legs not back. He hits the lamp. He looks at that lamp. It is a terrible disoriented object the joints lightening. The tape recorder is disconnected when not in use. The cord leaps out and trips toward his feet as he moves.



across the desk. Remove that lamp from the room and buy a new one. Now try again lifting pivoting shifting dropping on the legs just so and right under the washstand.

You will discover clumsy things you've been doing for years until you think that is just the way things are. Here is an American student who for years has clowned at the red cap on English milk bottles... you see American caps have a little tab and he has been looking for that old tab all these years. Then one day in a friend's kitchen he saw a cap depressed at the center.

Next morning he tries it and the miracle occurs. Just the right pressure in the center and he lifts the cap off with left fingers, and replaces it. He does this several times in wonder and in awe and well he might. He is a college professor and very technical too. planarian worms learn quicker than that for years he has been putting on his socks after he puts on his pants so he has to roll up pants and



How can you pilot a spacecraft if you can't find your way around your own apartment?

pants and socks get clawed up together so why not put the socks on before the pants? He is learning the simple miracles.

The Miracle of the Washstand Glass. . . . We all know the glass there on a rusty razor blade streaked with pink toothpaste a decapitated tube writhing up out of it. . . quick fingers go to work on it and the Glass sparkles like the Holy Grail in morning sunlight.

Now he does the wallet drill. For years he has carried his money in his left-hand pocket of his pants reaching down to fish out the naked money, bumping his fingers against the edges of the sharp notes. Often the notes were in two stacks and pulling out the one could drop the other on the floor. The left side pocket of the pants is the most difficult to pick but worse things can happen than a picked pocket. One can dine out on that for a season.

Two manicured fingers sliding into the well-cut suit wafted into the waiting hand an engraved message from the Queen. Surely this is the easy way. Besides no student of DE would have his pocket picked applying DE in the street, picking his route in the crowds through slow walkers, don't get stuck behind that baby carriage, careful when you round a corner don't bump into somebody coming round the other way. When speed is crucial to the operation you must find your speed, the fastest you can perform the operation without error

Don't try for speed at first it will come his fingers will rustle through the wallet with a touch light as dead leaves and crinkle discreetly the note that will bribe a South American Customs official into overlooking a shrunken head. The Customs agent smiles a collector's smile, the smile of a connoisseur. Such a crinkle he has not heard since a French jewel thief with crudely forged papers made a crinkly sound over them with his hands and there is the note neatly folded in a false passport.

Now someone will say. . . "But if I have to think about every move I make. . . .?" You only have to think and break down movement into a series of still pictures to be studied and corrected because you have not found the easy way. Once you find the easy way you don't have to think about it. It will almost do itself.

Operations performed on yourself. . . brushing teeth, washing etcetera can lead you to detect a defect before it develops. Here is a student with a light case of bleeding gums. His dentist has instructed him to massage gums by placing little splinters of wood called Interdens between the teeth and massaging gum with seesaw motion. He snatches an Interden, opens his mouth with a shaking hand. Now he remembers his DE. Start over. Take out the little splinters of wood like small chopsticks joined at the base and separate them gently. Now find where the bleeding is. Relax face and move Interden up and down gently firmly gum relaxed direct your attention to that spot. No not getting better and better just let the attention of your whole body flow there and all the healing power of your body flow with it. Everyday tasks become painful and boring because you think of it as work something solid and heavy to be fumbled and stumbled over. Overcome this block and you will find that DE can be applied to anything

you do even the final discipline of doing nothing. The easier you do it the less you have to do. He who has learned to do nothing with his whole mind and body will have everything done for him.

Let us now apply DE to a simple test: the old Western quick-draw gunfight. Only one gunfighter really grasped the principle of DE and that one was Wyatt Earp. Wyatt Earp said "It's not the first shot that counts it's the first shot that hits." Point is to draw aim and fire and deliver the slug one inch above the belt buckle. That's DE. How fast can you do it and get it done? It is related that a young boy once incurred the wrath of Two Gun McGee. McGee has sworn to kill him and even now is preparing himself in a series of saloons. The boy has never been in a gunfight and Wyatt Earp advises him to leave town, while McGee is still two saloons away. The boy refuses to leave. "All right," Earp tells him. "You can hit a circle four inches square at six feet can't you? Alright, take your aim and hit it." Wyatt flattens himself against a wall calling out once more: "Take your time, kid." (How fast can you take your time, kid?) At this moment McGee bursts through the door a .45 in each hand spitting lead all over town. A drummer from St. Louis a bit slow hitting the floor and catches a slug in the forehead. A boy peacefully eating chop suey in the Chinese Restaurant Huey Long next door stops a slug in the thigh. Now the kid draws his gun steadies it in both hands aims and fires at six feet hitting Two Gun McGee squarely in the stomach. The heavy slug knocks him back against the wall. He manages to get off one more shot and bring down the chandelier. The boy fires again and sends a bullet ripping through McGee's chest.

The beginner can think of DE as a game. You are running an obstacle course the obstacles set up by your opponent. As soon as you attempt to put DE into practice you will find that you have an opponent very clever and persistent and resourceful with detailed knowledge of your weaknesses and above all expert in diverting your attention for the moment necessary to drop a plate on the kitchen floor. Who or what is this opponent who makes you spill drop and fumble slip and fall?

Groddeck and Freud called it the IT, a built-in self-destructive mechanism. Mr. Hubbard calls it the Reactive Mind. You will disconnect it as you advance in DE. DE brings you into conflict with the IT in present time where you can control your moves. You can beat the IT in present time.

Take the inverse skill of the IT back into your own hands. These skills belong to you. Make them yours. You know where the wastebasket is. You can land an object in the wastebasket over your shoulder. You know how to touch and move and pick up things. Regaining these physical skills is of course simply a prelude to regaining other skills and other knowledge that you have but can not make available for your use. You know your entire past history just what year month day and hour everything happened. If you have heard a language for any length of time you know that language. You have a computer in your brain. DE will show you how to use it, but that's another chapter.

DE applies to ALL operations carried out inside the body . . . brain waves, digestion, blood pressure, and heartbeat rate. . . . ■

hour walk over a muddy trail from a little town called Mayoyoke to the five-day journey of the Amazon. Some of the people here work with him, but most have not received medical treatment. The goal of their pilgrimage is an Ingano Indian witch doctor named Luis Nutumbahoy. He is a yagere, a man skilled in the use of yagé (yah-HAY), the powerful psychedelic drink of the Amazon, and every Saturday he cooks up a batch of it to use in curing ceremonies.

I have been interested in yagé for years and have visited a number of yageros in the western Amazon. Last January, on the recommendation of a Colombian friend, I made the long and difficult trip to see don Luis and his ceremony.

To get there I flew from Bogotá to Florencia, capital of the Caquetá Territory, a large province of Colombia mostly consisting of steamy jungles and large rivers. In

recent years, intense deforestation has resulted in ugly clear-cutting of the jungle and the growth of rowdy frontier towns noted for their violence. At the moment, the Caquetá is officially considered a war zone because of guerrilla activity, principally of a group called the FARC, the Colombian Armed Revolutionary Forces. In my travels from Florencia to Mayoyoke by bus and boat I was stopped frequently by soldiers, asked for identification and sometimes searched for weapons. Considerable drug traffic comes through the territory as well, mostly cocaine shipped by river from Peru.

Last January it was hard to get around the Caquetá because it was the middle of an unusually hot "summer," a period of drought and high temperatures that had dried up the territory, making river travel uncertain and causing spontaneous forest fires that filled the skies with smoke and turned the sun an ominous

YAGÉ

Every Saturday in a remote region of south-western Colombia, sick people make their way to a hut in a jungle clearing. The hut is a two- to three-

The Vine That Speaks • by Andrew Weil



Freshly cut trunks of yagé, showing pattern of 'hearts.'

Diego León Giraldo



Beaten sections of yagé ready for cooking.

Diego León Giraldo



Selecting chagrapanga leaves from banana-leaf-lined bag

Diego León Giraldo

copper color.

I took an uncomfortable bus from Florencia to a port called Curillo on the River Caquetá, then caught a motorized canoe downstream to Mayoyoque. Mayoyoque is in a lawless zone with no police or authorities. The town has seen a number of murders in the past months, and I was not eager to stay there long. The morning after my arrival I set out on the trail to don Luis's house.

The first part of the trail led through blackened, devastated fields, recently burned for new growing and grazing land. Then the forest began, dark and lush despite the lack of rain. I saw many kinds of mushrooms on the ground and on dead logs. There were some spectacular flowers, one a giant red bloom from a tree called polo de cruz. Parrots sang in the trees. I crossed deep ravines on crude log bridges. Normally, these ravines are roaring torrents on their way to the Caquetá. Now they were still, with a few disappearing muddy pools.

My companions on this trip were Diego León Giraldo, a well-known Colombian film maker who had visited don Luis before to make a documentary movie about yagé; his wife, Silvia Patiño, a professional photographer; and Carlos Rangel, an Indian guide who knows the territory well.

In late morning, we emerged into a sunny clearing with a large palm-thatched house. Luis came out to greet us. He is a 56-year-old, small, active man with an unusual face that sometimes appears very old, then changes into the face of a young child. His wife and children were there, and they showed us inside to the cool part of the house. Hammocks were strung up, the air smelled of woodsmoke from a kitchen fire, and a noisy parrot strolled about the rafters. Chickens paraded inside the house. Outside was an arrogant rooster that I grew to hate during the week I stayed there, also a family

of ducks, some scrawny dogs and a few pigs.

The Inganos are descendants of ancient Incas who migrated north. Some of them live in villages in the mountains near the Ecuadorian border, but most are spread out through the hot lowlands along or near rivers. Like don Luis, most of them live in houses in isolated clearings in the jungle. They hunt, fish and grow a few staples like yuca (tapioca root). They sometimes wear colorful costumes, and they use a number of drug plants, especially yagé, which they call huasca in their own dialect.

Yagé is a gigantic liana, a woody vine that climbs up the huge trees of the jungle. In many parts of the Amazon it is a rare plant, and some Indians have to make long journeys to collect it. But Luis had many wild yagé vines within walking distance of his house. Some of them were the biggest I have seen, with heavy trunks six inches in diameter, so tall that I could not make out the leaves at the top.

Among the Inganos of this region, yagé is a sacred plant, used only in ceremonies for specific purposes such as healing and divining. There are certain taboos around it. For example, women are not allowed to see the living vines or their preparation, although they may consume the drink. If a woman sets eyes on a living yagé, that vine is useless and cannot be prepared.

On the day after my arrival Luis cooked up a batch of yagé for me to drink. He began by felling a giant tree with a vine coiled about it, then hacked the yagé into eight-inch lengths with a machete. He carried these back to a small ramada about five minutes from the house. The ramada is only used for cooking yagé, and no women are allowed near it. Luis half filled a large fire-blackened caldron with about two gallons of water from a nearby water hole



Diego León Giraldo

Adding chagrapanga leaves to hot water



Diego León Giraldo

Beaten yagé sections added to pot.



Diego León Giraldo

Waiting for the yagé brew to finish cooking

He added about a quart of finished yagé from his last batch, cooked the previous Saturday. Then he brought fire from his kitchen and kindled a blaze underneath the pot, arranging long pieces of wood so that he could push them in and keep the fire going.

Next he sat down on a log and began to smash the pieces of yagé with a heavy stick. He beat each one until it split apart, exposing the inner fibers. When Luis finished this operation, he stood up, went to a post supporting one edge of the ramada and unfastened a net bag. From the inside he extracted handfuls of fresh green leaves. He called these *chagrapanga* and said they were the other ingredient that went into his version of yagé.

Each yagero has his own recipe for the drink, and some use various additives, including toxic plants like *datura*. In the western Amazon the basic mixture is simply trunks of yagé and leaves of *chagrapanga*. The botanical name of yagé is *Banisteriopsis caapi*, and it owes its hallucinogenic power to two chemicals called *harmine* and *harmaline*. *Chagrapanga* is a related plant, *Banisteriopsis*

Yagé visions come in stages. First come patterns, then plants, then animals, then fantastic architecture and cities. If you are fortunate, you see jaguars.

rusbyana, also a woody vine, whose leaves are rich in DMT, dimethyltryptamine. Luis says that these leaves "brighten the visions" caused by yagé, that with yagé alone "you will get intoxicated but not see anything; *chagrapanga* shows you pictures."

He put two large handfuls of these leaves into the pot and adjusted the fire to bring the water to a boil. I wanted to see the *chagrapanga* vine because I had never met *Banisteriopsis rusbyana* in the wild, but Luis said the plants were scarce, and he had gone a long way through the jungle to collect these leaves.

When the water came to a boil, Luis added the smashed yagé, two big bundles of it. He stirred the mixture with a stick, adjusted the fire till it was simmering, then sat back to wait. He told me it was important not to make the fire too high or the liquid would

cook down too fast without extracting the power of the yagé.

The cooking took three hours. It was a scorching day, and the fire made things even hotter, but it was not unpleasant to lounge in the ramada, watching the caldron bubble, stirring the brew occasionally. When it was done, Luis unhooked the pot from its support and poured the liquid into two containers fashioned from the sheaths of flowers of palm trees, discarding the spent yagé. He covered the containers with fresh banana leaves. Then he repeated the process from the start, with water, *chagrapanga* and yagé, and cooked this second batch for the same amount of time.

When the second batch was done, it was late afternoon. Luis combined the liquids from the two cookings and put them back in the pot. He then boiled the mix-

ture down for an hour more to concentrate it. The finished product was muddy brown. When it was cool Luis poured it into two containers: a large glass jug that had once held whiskey, and a plastic motor-oil bottle. These he carried up to the house, ready for use.

You never drink yagé until dark. And you are not supposed to eat anything after noon on the day you are going to drink it. I had not eaten since breakfast. Expectantly, I waited for sunset and for the heat to subside, watching the animals hunt for food around the house. As it got dark, Luis made things ready inside. He arranged some objects on a little altar, lit candles, got out cups and poured himself a few shots of *aguardiente*, the fiery anise-flavored cane whiskey that Colombians love. Luis says that *aguardiente* increases the effect of the yagé and also kills its bitter taste.

Luis's brother-in-law, named Jorge, had come by to help. It was the middle of the week, not a regular yagé Saturday, and no sick people had come. Only Luis, Jorge and I were going to drink. Jorge prepared a

large bowl of water with several aromatic leaves and barks. He called this mixture *fresca* and said it would be used in the ceremony.

Unhurriedly, Luis poured out a portion of his brew into a large gourd. He set this down and began chanting over it: a strange, half-whispered chant, interrupted by puffs of breath. He took down from the wall a kind of noisemaker of bunched, dried palm leaves and rattled it over the bowl of yagé while keeping up his quiet song. This blessing ritual lasted ten minutes. Then Luis dipped out a four-ounce coffee cup of the brown liquid, raised it to his lips and drained it down, chasing it with a quick shot of *aguardiente*. He then dipped out a cup for me.

I followed Luis's example and drained the cup quickly. The yagé tasted bitter, rusty and unpleasant, though not as bad as *peyote*. It was not very hard to get the first dose down. Since I do not care for *aguardiente*, I sucked on a slice of lime instead.

After Jorge drank his cup, Luis settled into a hammock and was quiet. Jorge lay down in another hammock. I was lying on a bench. It was dark except for a few candles, and the night was still hot. We listened to the jungle noises and watched some spectacular fireflies, which the children trapped and put into a jar.

I had taken yagé once before in the mountains of the Putumayo Territory southwest of here. But that drink contained *datura* and other additives and was violently intoxicating. I lost all power of movement, experienced complete physical and mental chaos and received no help from the *yagero*, who did nothing at all after a few minutes of chanting before pouring out the dose. My mind ran back to that adventure of a few years before. I was apprehensive, waiting to see what would happen.

In about 15 minutes I began to feel an uncomfortable heaviness in my stom-

ach. It intensified over the next ten minutes, till I had to roll around in search of better positions. Eventually I got up and walked outside the hut to vomit.

Vomiting is the first stage of the effect of yagé. It is not fun, and I say that as someone who likes to vomit in certain circumstances. I

Though he has been no farther from his home than Mayoyoque, Luis says that under yagé he has left his body and visited distant cities, including Florencia and Bogotá.

held on to a tree and brought up a small quantity of intensely bitter liquid with wrenching spasms. Yagé tastes much worse on the way up than on the way down—so bad that it left me shuddering for a few seconds. But I felt much better immediately after, and as I straightened up I noticed the stars for the first time. It was a beautiful night with a new moon over the dark forest. I felt high, not the chaotic acceleration of *datura*-adulterated yagé, but a calm, floating, detached feeling. Breathing deeply I headed back into the candle-lit hut. Luis was still sitting in the hammock with a serious expression, and Jorge was still lying down.

After a few more minutes I had to answer another call of nature. The second action of yagé is to purge the intestine. The effect is spectacular and painless. When I went back in, Luis asked me if it had been "a good purge." I told him yes. Eventually, he and Jorge also made trips to the jungle. I lay down on my bench, feeling very disconnected from my body and the external world. I was in a dreamy, trance-like state, not at all speeded. When I closed my eyes I began to see things: plants mostly, what looked like rows of sugarcane against a black background. I felt as if I were floating in a velvety liquid. The plants became undersea plants, waving in a gentle current

My visions were interrupted by an unwelcome sensation in my stomach, and I shuffled out into the night to my tree for another episode of vomiting, worse than the last. There followed several further walks into the fringes of the jungle with diarrhea. Yagé cleans you out thoroughly from

both ends, and that is probably one reason why it helps sick people. It has been shown to be an effective treatment for amoebic dysentery, for example. Anyway, in a short time there was nothing left inside to come out.

Back in the house Luis poured me another cup of the bitter brew. This time it was hard to get down. The association of the taste with the terrible vomiting was too strong. But I did swallow it.

Now Luis began chanting in earnest. A *yagero*'s chant is his most precious possession. It comes to him in dreams and stays with him all his life. Until a man receives his chant from the spirit of the vine, he cannot conduct ceremonies. Luis's chant was strangely hypnotic, a mixture of sounds, tunes and words. There were Spanish words, Ingano words and words of a sort I had never heard before. I asked him what one particular word meant. "It is yagé speaking," he answered. "It doesn't mean, it is yagé speaking." He resumed the chant. At times the sounds turned into the grunts and snorts of a big cat, and his face assumed an animal expression. He looked up and grinned at me. "I can be a jaguar when I want to," he said.

I vomited a few more times, then came in and collapsed on the bench. Luis went out to vomit, too, but I could barely hear a break

in his chanting. From now on he chanted nonstop and would go on until dawn. At times it was quiet, at times loud, always fascinating and powerful. Under its influence my visions of plants became more elaborate with huge forest trees and vines. But all was calm and peaceful: a world of plants with no animals.

Luis told me later that yagé visions come in stages with practice and increasing dosages. First come patterns, then plants, then animals, then fantastic architecture and cities. If you are fortunate, you see jaguars. Though he has been no farther from his home than Mayoyoque, Luis says that under yagé he has left his body and visited distant towns and cities, including Florencia and Bogotá. In the visions he sees the causes of illnesses and the cures. He sees what plants a sick person should take or what pills if plants are not strong enough for a particular illness. People consult him about missing persons, too, bringing photographs if they have them, and in the visions Luis discovers their whereabouts. Recently he saw one missing relative in the army in Bogotá.

I saw only plants after two cups of yagé except for a brief period of suspension bridges. These looked like the beginnings of fantastic architecture but did not progress to cities. And I saw no animals. Luis wanted me to drink more of his brew, but I could not. My body rebelled at the thought of consuming more. In the course of the evening Luis drank nine cups of the stuff. Each one sent him to the jungle for further purging, but his animated chanting continued without pause. With each cup he became more energetic. Finally, Jorge helped him into a heavy necklace of jaguar teeth and a fantastic head-dress of parrot feathers. Then, palm-leaf rattles in his hands, Luis began a stomping, turning dance around the house, all the

while uttering the sounds of yagé.

After a time he sat down and had me sit in front of him. He chanted over me, shaking the palm-leaf rattles loudly over my head, and finally he took a big mouthful of fresca and sprayed it all over me. It felt wonderfully cool and revived me from the dreamy trance with overtones of nausea. Jorge explained that fresca brings you down if you are too high and calms you if you are having anxiety. All you have to do is sip some. I took a little because I was thirsty, but I felt no anxiety. I just wanted to stay curled up on my bench, float among the visionary plants and listen to Luis's sounds.

As the night wore on, Luis kept up his dancing. From time to time he would pick up a harmonica and turn into a one-man band. He would dance out the door and we would hear him chanting and singing off into the jungle, circling the house, disappearing into the night. Then he would burst through the doorway in an explosion of feathers and palm leaves, growling like a jaguar.

This performance continued till sunup, long after I had crashed on my bench. I got little sleep because the rooster started crowing well before dawn. (It did so every night, and I thought of many different ways I would enjoy cooking it.) As soon as I woke up, Luis took me outside for a purification ritual. He instructed me to wash my face and hands with the clove-scented fresca and had me rinse my mouth out with it, too. Then he waved some branches of stinging nettles around me as if to drive off any lingering bad energy. I felt refreshed and hungry. Luis slept some in the morning, then went about his daily chores, including chopping up more yagé for the weekend.

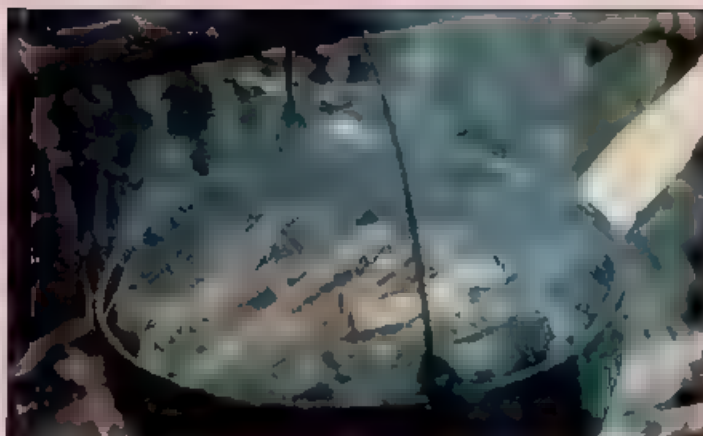
Luis has been using yagé for 22 years. He learned how by serving as apprentice to masters who came from the Putumayo Terri-

tory. "The old people knew much about the secret power of yagé," he says. "Now they are gone." But he is passing his knowledge on. As the weekend approached, a man named Victor showed up—an Ingaño chief who lives half a day from Mayoyoque and has been Luis's apprentice for three years. Victor is a fine-looking man with parrot feathers in his ears. He explained to me that few people know how to use the vision vine these days, and he wanted to be able to serve his people as a yagero.

On Saturday, Luis cooked up more yagé, and he, Victor, Jorge and a patient drank it at nightfall. I participated, too, but only took a little. Victor and Luis sang and danced all night, periodically going out into the jungle to sing under the trees, then returning to the candle-lit house. Victor congratulated Luis on having made a really strong batch.

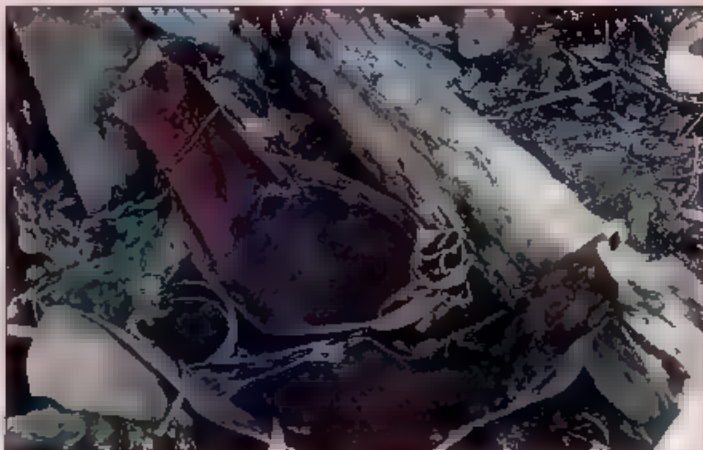
Luis gives yagé to anyone who wants it: to young and old, men and women, sick and well. He says it cannot hurt anyone, and, though he gives it to pregnant women, young children and people with high fevers, no one suffers bad effects. Victor and he are both in good shape after taking enormous doses for years. Luis has seen hundreds and hundreds of people trip on yagé and knows all the ins and outs of the experience. He knows exactly how to minimize negative effects and encourage people to interpret their experiences in good ways. And many of the patients say they are helped. I talked with people in Mayoyoque who say that visits to Luis cured them of various ills.

Yagé is a strong drug, rough on the body physically when you take it but not harmful in any serious way. Used casually it might cause all sorts of bad trips. But treated with respect, made carefully and consumed in these elaborate rituals, it becomes a power for good in the hands of men like don Luis and his colleagues. ■



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Woodstock Census

(continued from page 56)

all obfuscation. The truth is much simpler and makes more sense than all the conjecture that has been spun around the question of what happened to all the "heads."

"I Smoke Pot and I Like It a Lot"

"My husband and I use grass daily, the way some people use alcohol or tobacco, to unwind. We do not drink or smoke tobacco. Occasionally, once or twice a year, we do psychedelics (psilocybin) when we can get them. We seldom go to parties where we know there will be booze, boozers and thick tobacco smoke."

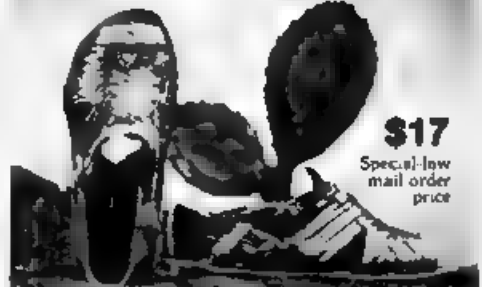
Not everybody we surveyed is so selective about parties, but most of Woodstock Nation considers marijuana its high of choice. Of all the substances experimented with during the '60s, most have been discarded in favor of pot. In Woodstock Nation, 42% have been smoking pot regularly or frequently, consistently through both decades, and at the time of this survey, 72% were smoking at least occasionally.

"I do a little grass now and then with a friend to help blow the bullshit out of my mind from work. To get laid-back and stoned with a friend is one of the few sanctuaries left in life. You know, when you just can't handle the bullshit anymore."

There are approximately 16 million pot smokers in America, according to government estimates, and a May 1977 Gallup poll showed that 24% of all Americans have taken at least a puff or two. The widespread acceptance of pot smoking may appear to be a retreat from the days of "heads vs. feds." But that is a superficial reading of the situation. According to our respondents' comments, it was not the drugs themselves that were so important but what they represented—and marijuana represents a kind of freedom. It is one of the few products that is still totally unregulated and untaxed. Sold outside the legitimate marketplace, pot is priced according to supply and demand in the only free economy left in this country. Perhaps pot's appeal—like that of CB radios, mopeds, and hang gliding—is that it is outside the reach of a meddling government.

Participation in the buying, selling and smoking of marijuana continues to be an assertion of freedom and individuality, part of the do-your-own-thing ethic that is so fundamental to the politics of Woodstock Nation. The fact that so many veterans of the '60s continue to smoke pot is evidence that certain values of that era are very much alive today.

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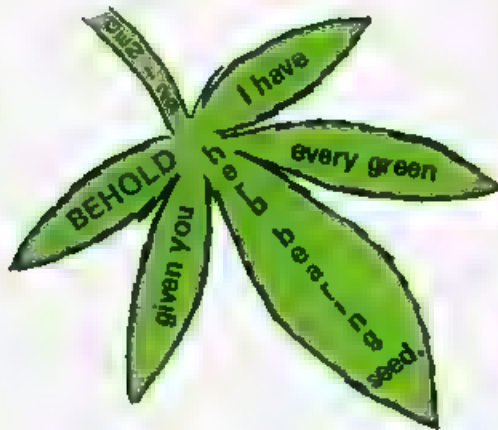
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Ps. 19

DRUG:

1. A substance used in dyeing or chemical operations.
2. A commodity that is not salable and for which there is no demand.
3. A substance that causes addiction or habituation.

Webster's New Collegiate Pg. 350

... IT IS AN HERB.

HERB:

1. A seed producing annual, biennial, perennial that does not develop persistent woody tissue but dies down at the end of the growing season.
2. A plant or plant part valued for its **MEDICINAL, SAVORY, AROMATIC QUALITIES.**

Webster's New Collegiate Pg. 535

GENESIS 1

10. And Goud called the dry land Earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and Goud saw that it was good
11. And Goud said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth and it was so.
12. And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and Goud saw that it was good
2. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of the bush; and he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.
3. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned.

Exodus 3

COPTIC UNDERSTANDING

OFFERINGS OF DEVOTION

With offerings of devotion, ships from the isles will meet, to pour the wealth of nations, and bring tribute at his feet. The Coptic church believes fully the teachings of the Bible, and as such we have our daily oblations, and offer our Sacrifices, made by fire unto our Goud with chants and Psalms and spiritual hymns, lifting up holy hands and making melody in our heart. It would have been an empty void, if I close without making a few comments on the Church's rights to its Sacrament.

Herb is a Goudly creation from the beginning of the world. It is known weed of wisdom, angels food, the tree of life and even the 'Wicked old Ganja tree.' Its purpose in creation is as a fiery sacrifice to be offered to our Redeemer during oblations. The political worldwide organizations have framed mischief on it and call it drugs. To show that it is not a dangerous drug, let me inform my readers that it is used as food for mankind, and is still cooked as callaloo, and used as medicine, cure for all divers diseases. Ganja is not for commerce, yet because of the oppression on the people, it was raised up as the only liberator of the people, and the only peacemaker among the entire generation. Ganja is the Sacramental rights of every black man worldwide and any laws against it is only the organized conspiracy of the United Nations and the political governments worldwide who assist in maintaining this conspiracy. Let them know this is our liberation, let us all unite, for Ethiopian sons and daughters win this fight.

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That the United Nations with all the political member nations acknowledge and publically declare the rightness and total sovereignty of the Ganja Kingdom and the liberty of the Ganja People; and that all laws and sanctions against the natural use, cultivation, and free exchange of Ganja be declared unlawful, unhuman, and in direct violation of all mankind's rights and blessings given by the CREATOR of Heaven and Earth for the healing of man.

★ COMMON COPTIC KNOWLEDGE: ★

All peoples of the world know the true and superior benefits of Ganja use as a Communion between all races. Black, White and Asian. Furthermore, that Ganja is able to heal the spiritual separation, now experienced by all PEOPLES, by uniting ALL PEOPLES with ONE FREE and uncorrupted spirit contained within the natural GANJA HERB.

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★ COPTIC TIMES EDITOR'S NOTE: ★

The Ganja users of the world have a serious responsibility — to ourselves and to the unbelievers. Ganja or Marihuana is undisputably a herb. It is not drugs, Grass, Pot, Dope, Boo, Reefer, etc. These slang words, especially "dope and drugs," connote evil, crime, and degeneracy. Our responsibility is to bring forth the full heavenly glories of our conscious herbal civilization — as separate and distinct from the horrors of LSD, Speed, Heroin, Quaa.udes, Cocaine, etc.

Anyhow you have not come to the revelation of the natural, historic, biblical, prophetic, medicinal, holy and healthy use of Ganja, and thousands of other Goud-given herbs — and that herbs have nothing in common with drugs, overdoses, crime, DEA, or the taxman then.

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THE PLANET

Ku Klux Klan Faces Militant Marchers

by Chip Berlet

The hooded robes may be made of modern wash-and-wear polyester, but the fabric of the Ku Klux Klan's message of hate is woven from the same tired threads of bigotry, fear and intolerance that were spun in previous decades.

The KKK is on the march once again in certain regions of America, and wherever they appear, community groups have been organizing to confront the hooded bigots.

The Klan has been actively recruiting among prison guards and military trainees in California, New York, Ohio and Illinois, and has drawn sizable crowds to rallies in several Gulf states.

Nowhere is Klan activity more apparent than in the counties surrounding Tupelo, Mississippi, a longtime Klan stronghold, with several members of the police and sheriff's departments openly admitting membership in the secret society.

The Klan's recent resurgence in and around Tupelo began in response to a series of demonstrations and boycotts led by a black community organization in northern Mississippi known as the United League. League members had instituted a successful boycott of white-owned businesses in downtown Tupelo to protest racist hiring practices and physical attacks on blacks.

At a Labor Day rally last year, some 800 United League members and supporters from surrounding states marched in Tupelo and met head on with several dozen gun-toting Klan members. The Klanners marched through the ranks of the demonstrators trying to scare them into dispersing, but the marchers were not intimidated and shouted, "Ku Klux Klan, scum of the land," and spit on their white sheets.

League organizers vowed that the Klan would never be allowed to walk through their ranks again. They scheduled another demonstration a few months later when several thousand demonstrators from all over the country would march to Tupelo's courthouse for a rally.

Thirty Klanners carrying rifles, shotguns and pistols held a counterrally at a local federal building, but this time the Klan did not dare get closer than two blocks from the angry marchers. Finally the Klan members put away their weapons and skulked over to the police station to demand better police protection, complaining that several

Klanners had been wounded in confrontations with League supporters in the preceding weeks.

"They even wear buttons that say 'Death



to the Klan,'" said one Klan leader indignantly.

Later that night, several demonstrators returning home from the Tupelo rally were dragged from their cars and beaten. As violence continues in Tupelo, support groups are springing up in cities nationwide, and a revival of the civil-rights movement is slowly taking shape. This time, however, the movement is different.

"Nonviolence has to be only a tactical consideration and never a philosophy," explains League attorney Lewis Meyers. "We will be nonviolent if those who are now violent toward us are nonviolent." Otherwise, Meyers warned the Klan, people who mess with the United League and its militant supporters "must go with the maxim 'He who brings some, must get some.'"



The KKK, while on the rise, is also on the run these days. These Tupelo members ran to the cops after angry blacks spit on their sheets.

Arab "Land Grab" Shown to Be a Myth

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Arabs really don't seem to be grabbing up U.S. farmland at the rate many people believe, according to Georgia's Senator Herman Talmadge. Last year, out of 25 million acres of land that changed hands in the U.S., only 2.25 percent was sold to foreigners, Talmadge's Senate Agriculture Committee has determined, and of this, most was undoubtedly commercial property, drive-ins and parking lots, not arable farmland.

The report emphatically puts to rest the widespread rumors, current all over the country since the 1974 OPEC oil blockade,

that oil-rich Arabs have been quietly buying up vast tracts of American farmland with an eye toward possibly imposing a food blockade someday. These rumors prompted Congress last year to pass a law requiring foreign holders of U.S. farmland to file their holdings with the federal government. The returns from the new law are just now coming in, but they appear to bear out the Talmadge findings. The government estimates that of one billion acres of privately owned farm and ranch land in this country, foreigners currently own less than 1 percent.

Chances Dim for Abundant Life in the Universe

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND—The population of the universe may be considerably more sparse than hitherto believed. In recent decades the discovery that the essential precursors for living cells—amino acids—are present in great abundance in the universe has led many to conclude that countless stars elsewhere in space must have planets teeming with organic life evolving by natural processes into intelligent beings like ourselves. The sheer profusion of stars—hundreds of billions in our galaxy alone—has prompted speculation that intelligent extraterrestrial life forms must abound. Much UFO speculation is based on the assumption that stars much older than our sun must harbor intelligent populations far more intellectually and technologically evolved than ourselves.

Michael Hart of the Systems and Applied Sciences Corporation here, however, suggests persuasively that our planet may enjoy an arrangement with the sun that is freakishly congenial to life. Water, he points out, is an essential medium for the fermentation of

amino acids into living matter; and the process is slow, even by astrophysical standards, requiring perhaps eight hundred million years just to make an amoeba. A planet, then, necessarily has to support free, unfrozen deposits of water on its surface for three to five billion years at a stretch in order to produce intelligent life.

After running a computer scan of many stars of various sizes in our galaxy, Hart has determined that very few emit radiation as steadily as our own sun. Our sun belongs to a minority class of stars called G-2, of modest size, generous luminosity and regular radio activity. Stars in the G-0 and F-8 categories, with the sun's radius but much more massive, predominate in the galaxy; while young they give off sunlike radiation, but after about four billion years they commence to emit quantities of ultraviolet light that would be lethal to any life forms orbiting them.

Even among G-2 stars like the sun, the continuously habitable zone around them—the space in which planets might orbit without

losing all their water to heat evaporation or ice formation—is extremely restricted, Hart has found. If the earth's orbit took it more than 5 percent closer to the sun, a runaway greenhouse effect would have killed all life here four billion years ago, a mere ten million miles further out from the sun and the earth would have been covered with permanent glaciers from pole to pole. Hart's studies, in this respect help explain why Earth-like planets like Mars may turn out, on close inspection, to be violently inhospitable to living matter.

Besides G-2 stars, which are rare in the galaxy, Hart speculates that K-1 stars, which though smaller than the sun are rather more common, may also offer very narrow habitable zones. In general, though, Hart concludes, "There are no continuously habitable zones around most K or M stars. It appears, therefore, that there are probably fewer planets in our galaxy suitable for the evolution of advanced civilizations than has previously been thought."

Cops to Public: Keep Your Eyes Closed

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Corrupt cops and organized-crime figures are the people who benefit most from U.S. laws governing the treatment of crime witnesses, a Georgetown University law professor points out. Any person who has the bad luck to witness a crime anywhere in the country can be pitched into jail by the police and held there indefinitely as a "material witness," with-

out bail or even access to an attorney. Conceivably they could be penned up with the very people they're expected to testify against.

Ostensibly the material-witness laws are harsh, says Professor Ronald Colson, only because the cops have to insure that out-of-town witnesses won't skip before trial. But their occasional exercise in big narco or

mob-murder cases, he points out, acts as a splendid incentive to possible future witnesses to keep mum about what they might see. "These laws aren't used often," notes Colson, "but they're used just enough to remind the civic-minded public that danger is out there, and could be used if they come forward with what they know about a crime."



Suppose you see a naked woman shrieking "Rape!" being dragged by two men from one car to another. Would you testify to it in court?



Uncle Sam sucks Ripple in movie Americathon. Where are the old values?

Soldiers Busted for Showering Together

FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA—Two soldiers at the army base here have been sentenced to 25 days in the brig and \$100 fines for taking showers in the same barracks. It seems that while Pvt. Tracey Joe Lathrop was entitled to shower in the barracks, Pvt. Margarette Braman was not. The two had been married for less than a night when they were nailed together in flagrante delicto in the men's tubs. So they spent the first 5 days of their honeymoon at hard labor in separate discipline stockades, and the next 20 in the brig.

Farmer Revives Civil-Rights Group

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Black activist James Farmer has resolved to found a 1980s replacement for the widely discredited Congress of Racial Equality, which he was instrumental in creating nearly 30 years ago. Farmer, now 59, has been meeting here with other CORE pioneers, coordinating the development of a national civil-rights movement that will include black and white activists alike.

Farmer charges that over the last 11 years current CORE director Roy Innis has "ruined the good name of CORE by pursuing a course of violence, corruption and compromise." In New York State, Innis and two aides are under indictment for alleged "financial unproprietaries" involving about \$500,000 in funds. Farmer also points out that economic conditions for black Americans have immeasurably deteriorated over the last decade, and that in the overall U.S. civil-rights movement there exists a palpable sense of malaise, a lack of "the united sense of destiny."

Brown Bill Puts Lid on Cop Records

L.A. Cops Claim Carte Blanche to Kill

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—Governor Jerry Brown has signed into law a bill that effectively gives the police a green light to shoot whomever they please—or so the Los Angeles Police Department is claiming. The law places strict limits on the public disclosure of police personnel records and specifically provides that misconduct investigations against individual officers are to be kept under wraps. According to the L.A. city attorney, this means that from now on, all past and future cop shootings will go unreported in the press.

This interpretation of Brown's law has

deeply unsettled many observers, who have watched the LAPD grow increasingly trigger-happy in recent years. Not long ago, a woman was gunned down by a cop in the midst of an argument over her gas bill; and a man stoned on angel dust was wasted in the open street by several cops, who claimed to be shooting in self-defense—although the victim was stark naked and totally unarmed when they killed him.

Under the new disclosure law, it is possible that such murders by police—even those witnessed and photographed—could not be disclosed to the press or the courts. In that case, cops throughout California—where the Ku Klux Klan and other right-wing extremists are known to have infiltrated the police ranks in many places—would literally have life-and-death powers over civilians.

Minneapolis Buys \$100,000 Blowjob

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA—Theater operator Ferris Alexander was recently found not guilty of promoting obscenity by showing *Deep Throat*—after a four-year trial that cost the state over \$100,000 in prosecution fees. After Alexander was busted in 1978, the city spent nearly \$20,000 on pretrial preparations alone—about as much as it cost to make the film in the first place. The subsequent six-figure sum squandered on the fruitless prosecution is believed to be the most money ever spent by a municipality to press a misdemeanor offense.

Coke to Come Clean?

ALBANY, NEW YORK—State Representative Henry Rosenthal is pushing a bill here that would force the Coca-Cola company, along with the producers of about 350 other ingestible items, to reveal the exact contents of their products. Coke is one of hundreds of food items exempt from FDA labeling regulations. Rosenthal points out that Coke's "secret" ingredient may pose a grave health hazard to persons allergic to it.

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South America

Saucer-God Theorist Seeks Amazon's Buried Empire

SAO PAULO, BRAZIL—Erich Von Daniken is convinced that astronaut gods parked their chariots not far from here, and he is currently scouring the Amazon basin looking for them. He claims a remote Indian tribe somewhere in Brazil has guaranteed him they can recall very vividly, through myth songs, how the ancient space travelers descended on the region and occupied it, 13,000 years ago. (At the time, the Amazon was permanently frozen solid on the Ice Age tundra, and the Indians were undoubtedly Eskimos.) The Indians moreover have told the Swiss archaeo-astronomical fabulist of an "underground kingdom" beneath

the Amazon, an empire in suspended animation, replete with colossal buildings, weird machinery, and strange humanoid bodies slumbering in crystal chambers.

This last description actually *does* eerily correlate with an existing body of mythology, dating as far back in time as A.D. 1890, when Madame Helena Blavatsky envisioned it in a trance—and placed it, moreover, *exactly* in the Amazon region! To add to the improbable coincidences, her description inspired a visionary of the time who even resembled Von Daniken—explorer Percy Fawcett—to plunge into the Amazon wilds, from which he never returned alive.

Brazilian Bathing Beauties Challenge Sex-Mad Piranhas

NAMORADOS BEACH, BRAZIL—A sporting challenge more dramatic than hang gliding or white-water canoeing draws thousands of people here twice a year: the piranha season. When the piranhas are spawning, Lake Azul—formed by the dam across the Atibaia River west of here—fills up with them, and entire families drive 75 miles from Sao Paulo to take their chances. "What can we do?" asks an exasperated lifeguard. "We can't prohibit people from swimming. Even those who are hurt go swimming again."

Piranha attacks generally occur at the rate of two per day during the spawning

season, which lasts a month. Signs always go up at the beach, warning "Danger: Piranhas Attacking," but this only spurs on the bloodied Brazilians. "Luckily, they don't attack in schools," says another guard. The toothy critters in fact seem largely absorbed in the act of procreation, only occasionally pausing to take a darting nip at somebody's feet. Injuries are almost never very serious—a boy lost a toe at the height of last March's season—and it's not rare to see a Sao Paulo bathing beauty sunning herself proudly exhibiting a bandage larger than any piece of her bikini.

Smugglers of Air Jailed in Cuba

HAVANA, CUBA—An American and a West German have been jailed in a federal pen here to await trial on charges of conspiring to smuggle nothing into Cuba. The two had set up a deal with the Export Ministry to ship 3,200 pounds of coffee to Cuba from Nigeria and were fronted \$2 million to finance the deal. It seems they bought an old, rusty freighter for \$700,000, with the intention of faking a buy from corrupt

Nigerian officials; then they intended to scuttle the vessel at sea and claim to have lost the coffee. However, for some reason, the ship actually made it all the way to Cuba (the crew evidently mutinied at the notion of scuttling the ship in the open Atlantic) and berthed there with holds conspicuously empty. While the two alleged schemers are in the can, a quiet probe of the Export Ministry itself is under way.

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In romantic Cartagena, Colombia's most photogenic and cosmopolitan Atlantic Coast city, the American visitor is continually overwhelmed by the charm and grace of the convivial locals and by the exuberant year-round fiesta pace of colorful social events. Also, the dope is cheap and top-notch, and mainly they sell High Times all over the place.

Peru's Mummies Show Indians' Violent, Tragic History

ICA, PERU—Doctors studying the mummified remains of Peru's West Coast Indians have developed a substantial new body of detailed information about the holocaust inflicted here by the Spanish conquistadores, and have also cleared up many mysteries about local pre-Incan cultures that had been previously thought insoluble. By a technique called "palaeoserology"—running radioimmunoassays and other assays on the blood cells preserved in the mummies—American and Peruvian scientists are able to discover much about these people's lives; their diets, diseases, physical occupations, economic and social structures, and the histories of whole families and tribes for generations.

Mummification occurs naturally in the western coast's arid climate. The Spanish historian Garcilaso de la Vega (himself the son of a conquistador and an Inca princess) described around 1560 five impressively gowned mummies of Inca royalty in the home of the military governor of Cuzco, and remarked that the Indians routinely used the same process to preserve meat for long desert trips. These mummies, now lost, were the remains of the fabled Inca warrior-king Virohacha and his family. "The bodies are intact," said de la Vega's contemporary, Juan Acosta, "and well covered with a certain wax so that they appear alive. Their eyes are made of small bits of gold so skillfully placed that the lack of the real ones are not noticed."

The mummies of other Indians interred during the Spanish conquest of the 1500s are equally well preserved and show unmistakable evidence of the horrors to which the people had been subjected. X rays show a 500 percent increase in the rate of bone fractures after the conquest, largely of the ribs and collarbones, proving that the conquistadores really did make a practice of savagely kicking Indians who knelt in submission before them, as accounts of the

time alleged. One young woman's body showed that at the time of her death she had 13 fractured ribs in various states of healing—evidence of methodically sadistic maltreatment.

The number of males interred in village cemeteries dropped sharply after the conquest, making it apparent that most died hundreds of miles away in silver mines. In the lungs of the few who returned from enforced mine service, gross accumulations of silver, copper, iron and silica—giving rise in each case to "black lung"—are evident. Many also died of mercury poisoning (mercury was used to extract silver from the ore), and deformed infants also began appearing in this generation of mummies. The lung diseases gave the people greatly enlarged hearts, and the miners also suffered severely from hernias and rheumatism, caused by having to carry huge bags of ore up ladders in mine shafts that dropped as deep as 1,000 feet.

The ethnoidal exploitation of the Indians by the conquistadores is also demonstrated by stark historical population figures: in 1629, 80,000 Indians were drafted for mine work; by 1680, there were only 1,700 Indians in Peru, and by 1700, the Spanish closed all silver mines for lack of labor.

The Paracas appear to have been the first functional, settled Indian culture on the western coast of Peru, having developed around 600-500 B.C. Numerous older mummies have been found, dating as far back as 3000 B.C., but their preservation is undoubtedly due more to the western coast's climate than to intentional, ceremonial interment by their loved ones. Such natural mummies also abound in Egypt, the American Southwest, Chile, China and the Aleutian Islands; neospiritualist attempts to link these cultures into some sort of prehistoric supercivilization are always current, but are clearly belied by these new Peruvian serological studies.



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Animal Quake Sensors Shown to Be Dependable

FRIULI, ITALY—Around A.D. 100 Pliny the Elder, the Classical Roman naturalist, listed four major warning signs by which people in earthquake-racked Northern Italy could predict quakes: foreshocks; rippling of still well water; panicked activity in animals, and fog clouds forming in dry, warm air. While Pliny's list has been largely ignored by modern scientists, many people around Friuli noted exactly these abnormalities before the quake of May 6, 1975, which devastated this region.

Hours before the quake, a herd of deer came down out of the wooded hills and clustered in an open field near town but didn't graze in it. All the cats disappeared and didn't show up for days; they were replaced by rats and mice, which left their holes and ran around in the open. Farm cattle and dogs began behaving in great fear long before the first foreshock.

Weird animal behavior is considered by the Chinese Earthquake Office in Tientsin to be a dependable forecast of a big quake, and was one of the critical observations by which geologists there successfully forecast the Haicheng killer quake of 1975. Western scientists have been skeptical, though, about the possible role of animal behavior in quake prediction, since it's hard to deduce any scientific reason for it. Even if earthquakes do signal themselves with some subtle signs perceptible to animals,



Pliny. When the cat's away, look out.

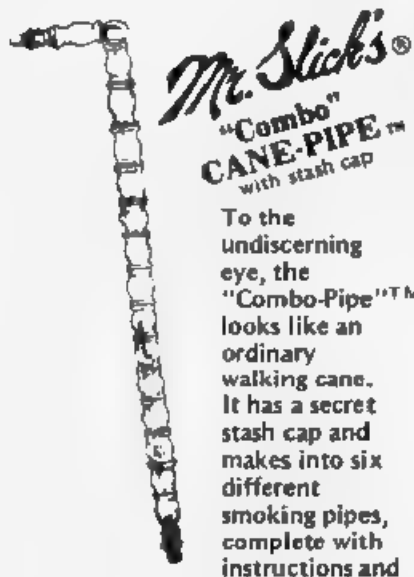
there remains the question of why animals react by showing fear and seeking open spaces. Earthquakes happen so seldom within any animal species' customary individual lifespans that it's impossible they would acquire an evolutionary defense mechanism to deal with quakes.

However, Helmut Tributsch of the Max Planck Society in West Berlin has correlated animals' apprehensiveness with other prequake phenomena and has come up with a very plausible answer. A Friuli watchmaker told Tributsch that hours before the quake he'd found it impossible to work with tiny metal watch parts, since they seemed

to repel each other suddenly, like the identical poles of a magnet. Tributsch deduces that a sudden influx of charged ions into the air must have taken place to account for this effect, and a supercharging of ions, he points out, could account for the sudden fog frequently formed in low-humidity air just before an earthquake, along with the unaccountable discharges of lightning frequently seen.

"Before an earthquake," Tributsch concludes, "an unknown geophysical phenomenon liberates electrostatic charges from underground." Such a release, composed largely of positive ions, would necessarily influence animal—and human—behavior in definite ways. A superabundance of charged ions in animals is known to increase the production of serotonin, a nervous-system hormone that greatly influences mood. Hot, sultry, seasonal winds in many parts of the world—the sirocco, the foehn, the sharav—are invariably charged with positive ions. Under their influence animals become very apprehensive and head for open spaces; people typically become irritable and confused and develop migraines, insomnia and nausea.

Other animal quake warnings listed by the Tientsin office include chickens flying into trees, fish leaping out of water and snakes leaving their holes. According to Tributsch, the U.S. Department of the Interior has collected 33 quake accounts that were presaged by weird animal behavior, and he has 75 more.



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Belgian Arms Factory Thrives on Brush-Fire Wars

LIEGE, BELGIUM—The world's single largest manufacturer of small-arms weaponry, Belgium's Fabrique Nationale (F.N.), is quietly working to open a subsidiary plant in South Carolina. F.N. has thrived for 200 years on the sale of small arms, but in recent years profits have grown so drastically that the company hopes to establish overseas facilities to make heavy antitank and artillery ordnance, mainly in the U.S. and Brazil.

"We are manufacturers," declares F.N.'s merchandising chief, Gustave Joassart, when accused of intentionally perpetuating Third World brush-fire wars by selective arms sales. "Our role is to give our workers work and to make the factory live. It's not for us to tell our government we shouldn't furnish arms to one country or another." Supposedly, the Belgian government forbids F.N. arms sales to "insurrectionist" guerrilla groups and "areas of active conflict," but wholesale merchants here and in Germany regularly slip F.N. arms into so-called underground distribution.

Historically, Belgian arms have turned up in abundance on both sides in every notable world conflict since before the U.S. Civil War. F.N. guns have been shipped to both Somalia and Ethiopia during the current bloody conflicts in the Horn of Africa,

and U.S.-subsidized F.N. guns were used by both the Somoza National Guard and the Sandanista rebels in last year's revolt in Nicaragua. "An arms company is a little like a bank," proclaims Joassart. "We don't publish our clients' accounts."

The F.N. factory complex itself is a sooty enclave of Victorian red-brick buildings (ironically flying the U.N. flag). It employs 9,300 people from this town of 150,000, 56 miles from Brussels.

"You never make any money from the NATO countries," complains Joassart, "because of the competition and their price bargaining. With what we're getting from the sales to the U.S. we won't make any fortune. Luckily, there are other countries to make a living from." Mideast countries like Syria and Israel make up a great percentage of F.N.'s \$327,000,000 annual profit, along with numerous Third World governments whose arms purchases are subsidized by the U.S. and the USSR.

Since buying a majority interest in U.S. Browning Arms Inc., through which it makes small arms for the U.S. Army, F.N. has shown an interest in expanding to heavier production, and it may eventually merge with other Belgian companies like PRB or Samca, which make high explosives and fire-control systems.

Neanderthals More Saintlike Than Modern People, Say Scientists

DUSSELDORF, WEST GERMANY—*Homo neanderthalensis* has now been officially admitted as a member of the human race, nearly 200 years after his first excavation, and redubbed *Homo sapiens neanderthalensis* in view of recent anatomical-behavioral investigations that show that these people may in many respects have had more "human" characteristics than people today. The traditional view of the Neanderthals as dull-witted, misshapen, over-muscled human apes was largely the invention of 19th-century European archaeologists, who were interested in proving the superiority of Aryan (Caucasian) peoples over all others in the world.

Homo sapiens neanderthalensis lived on this planet from around 100,000 B.C. to around 35,000 B.C., when abruptly they became extinct. After around 35,000 B.C. they were more or less replaced in Europe by a tall, slender, population of light-complexioned humans dubbed Cro-Magnons; traditional wisdom has always viewed this as an evolutionary triumph of some proto-Caucasian race over the previously existing "subhuman" Neanderthals.

Over the last decade, though, sober and realistic studies of Neanderthal remains in Europe and Iraq have turned up a decidedly different prehistoric scenario. That the Neanderthals were unbelievably robust is undeniable; their massive bones were articulated to muscle tissues that enabled each individual to lift several times his or her own weight (which was considerable) and to carry it for a long time without much effort. Neanderthal men and women were precisely equal in terms of body strength and endur-



John Q. Neanderthal: a real sweetie.

ance, and in their ability to sustain and survive extreme physical injuries that would most often kill modern human beings deprived of the latest medical technology.

The single most intriguing discovery to emerge from recent studies of Neanderthal skeletons carried out by Columbia University anthropologist Ralph Sloman and Smithsonian Institution investigators Dale Stewart and Erik Trinkhaus is that, of the dozens of Neanderthal skeletons, whole and partial, that have so far been unearthed, all show definite signs of extreme physical trauma—fractures of the skull, ribs, arms and legs—that healed in most cases long before death. The most arresting single case so far studied is that of a Neanderthal man who in his youth was struck so hard on the right side of the head that the brain structures beneath the temple were de-

stroyed, consequently, his left arm and leg were severely deformed as they matured, rendering him a misshapen, undoubtedly half-paralyzed cripple throughout life, until he died between the ages of 40 and 60. The astonishing conclusion is that the man was taken care of all that time!

This man's case is only the most spectacular of all those so far studied. Every one of the individuals inspected by Professor Sloman—most of whom died well after age 40—was very severely injured in his or her lifetime, often repeatedly. For such robust people to have sustained so many drastic traumas in their lives, their environment—the Ice Age tundra—must have been hostile beyond all modern conception. And yet clearly these people were nourished and tended by others during the prolonged time it must have taken for them to recover from their injuries. This demonstrates conclusively that Neanderthal society had a very high order of economic development, since disabled—"worthless"—people were kept alive by others around them. Considering the exceptional hostility of their Ice Age environment, this persuasively suggests that these people were possessed of an altruistic, compassionate cast of character that modern peoples would consider lunatic.

In view of these findings, the Neanderthals' sudden replacement around 35,000 B.C. by modern-type humans wielding superior weapons takes on a rather less ennobling aspect. On the other hand, many scientists now believe that the Neanderthal peoples' extinction may not have been caused by genocide but by a combination of climate changes and new epidemic diseases.

Germany Revives Aggressive Anthem

BONN, WEST GERMANY—As part of a general return to traditional Teutonic values, thousands of school children in West Germany are now learning to sing the lyrics to the first verse of the original German national anthem. Written in 1841 during Germany's imperialistic heyday, the verse had been banned since the fall of Hitler's Third Reich in 1945 because it describes Germany's boundaries specifically as "the Meuse River to the west, the Memel River to the east, the Adige River in the south and the Belt Strait in the north"—an area currently comprising much of Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Italy, Poland and the USSR.

The program to reinstate the controversial passage in schools, at sporting events and at state functions is the work of 29 Bundestag members, primarily conservatives from the Christian Democratic party and the Christian Social Union. Over 100,000 records of the anthem have been mailed by these officials to schools, trade unions and individuals around the country. "There is no other country where the national hymn is so neglected," charge Christian Democratic spokespersons.

The program's main Bundestag promoter, Wilfried Boehm, views it as only fair play: "We Germans are a completely normal people," insists Boehm. "We have 12 dark years in our history, but other countries, like France, have national hymns which are far more nationalistic and blood-

thirsty."

Comparing the hymn's prodigious territorial pretensions to modern bifurcated Germany, liberal minister Wilhelm Hahn merely remarks: "In the light of our recent history, it's an embarrassment to have anyone pushing it."



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Shah's Ouster Sparks USSR Islamic Revival

SAMARKAND, USSR—Illegal sacrifices of goats and cattle began to send up smoke clouds from the 13th-century tomb of Timur Lang (Tamerlane) here within days after the Shah of Iran was deposed in January—a deeply unsettling sign to Moscow that things may be changing even faster than was previously believed. Islam, never seriously suppressed by the Russian-dominated government in Europe, has made a startling resurgence in the Central Asian republics in the last few years. Now the collapse of the Shah in nearby Iran, and the succession by a fundamentalist Islamic regime, has clearly stirred the Uzbekistan Muslims into breaking the last widely observed communist taboo by celebrating traditional animal sacrifices in public.

Since the 1917 revolution, the Slav-dominated government in Moscow has sought to wipe out Jewish, Catholic and Greek Orthodox traditions in the republics closest to Europe, but it has never been able to impose dogmatic atheism on the Central Asian Muslims. At best, the racist Moscow regime under Stalin and Khrushchev was able to create economic rifts between the various ethnic populations here that hold to Islam, but in the '70s a broad sense of pan-Islamic solidarity has grown among the Uzbeks,

Tatars, Armenians, Kazakhs and Turkmen.

This incipient Islamic renaissance reflects a demographic reality the Russians never foresaw and have no way of remedying: namely, while the population of Central Asia has risen 50 percent since 1970, the birthrate among European Slavs has taken a precipitate decline. Though Russians and Ukrainians still outnumber the Asian Muslims, a combination of industrialization and women's liberation has seriously cut into the Slavic fertility rate. As with other Western countries, the Russian birth rate decline seems irreversible, and this has deeply shaken Moscow's grip on its proliferating Muslim colonies.

Muslims also profit from the existence of the *Umma*, "home," a pan-Islamic community of ethnic traits and historical traditions no other Soviet subgroup possesses. Moreover, even the KGB has always been powerless to penetrate the Tagrat, a secret

society of young Muslims with contacts in Iran, Turkey, and Arab countries as far away as Morocco. Despite Soviet laws to the contrary, all Muslim male children are ritually circumcised, the end of Ramadan is celebrated more joyously than the anniversary of the October Revolution, and the Uzbek Communist party itself recently reinstated the traditional *Kalym* bride price—ordaining that a virgin bride is officially worth 200 kilograms of flour, 80 kilograms of rice, two sheep, nine men's suits and 500 rubles.

And for over a generation now, Soviet Muslims of every ethnic complexion have reinstated the tradition of the ancient *hajj* pilgrimage—not to Mecca but to Samarkand's tomb of Timur Lang. Timur's Uzbek and Tatar armies conquered the world as far away as Africa in the 1300s, and today's sacrificial fires show that the Asian Muslim people have never entirely forgotten it.

"Forced to Have Sex," Claims Indian Politico



Moraji Desai, the octogenarian prime minister of India, has reestablished as a federal offense the slaughter of cattle, and starts each morning with a fresh glass of his own urine. But the government's younger generation are the real weirdos in New Delhi.

NEW DELHI, INDIA—Prime Minister Moraji Desai, 83, keeps getting into deeper trouble trying to keep the shaky Janata coalition government together as nepotism, bribery and weird sex charges assail his top ministers. Ex-minister of health Raj Narain, recently sacked from the perpetually squabbling coalition government, claims to possess a series of photos depicting the son of Defense Minister Jagjivan Ram engaged in vigorous amorous conduct with a woman not his wife. The young man involved, Suresh Kumar, is a married father of two and a promising assemblyman in the Bihar State; he admits that such photos may well exist but protests that they were taken by kidnappers who held him and the woman involved at gunpoint.

According to Kumar, he and a "girl friend" were kidnapped off the street by two carloads of men, taken to a hotel and

coerced into posing for photos "shameful and worse than pornography." Kumar has identified two of the men allegedly involved in the fuck frame-up, and they have been busted.

Raj Narain claims, however, that the photos are "too intimate and too revealing" to have possibly been posed for at pistol point. Narain has protested the arrest of the two alleged kidnappers to Prime Minister Desai.

All of the intensely rivalrous Janata leaders are men and women well into, or past, middle age; therefore the tactic of discrediting each other through the alleged misconduct of their offspring has become increasingly popular. The sons of both Prime Minister Desai and ex prime minister Indira Gandhi are currently up on charges of corruption and bribery in government office.

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Turkish Jails Are "Hellholes," Western Inmates Find

BYRAMPASA, TURKEY—The European wing of the federal prison here is known as the "tourist section," because most continental dope convicts are now held for only an extremely short time before being transferred to prisons in their native countries. Since Great Britain is the only European country that hasn't signed a "mutual repatriation treaty" with the Turkish government, there are no less than 556 British men and women in Turkish prisons, doing hard time for hash busts. Britain has so far refused to sign the treaty because of concern about its effect on the status of Irish Republican Army terrorists in Britain's own jails.

Chris Cheal, a Londoner recently released after doing 20 months in Pasa for a minuscule amount of hash, describes the prison as a perfect hellhole: "Violence was present most of the time. There was constant torture—the *falaka* (beating the soles of the feet with rods) on young Turkish boy prisoners. I was never beaten, but the threat of similar treatment always hung over us."

Meals, served twice daily, consist solely of bread and chickpea or rice soup; malnutrition diseases are therefore endemic, but

medical and dental care are impossible to obtain without money. Money is also necessary for routine "protection" payments to guards and gangs of Turkish cons. Interred since 1966, Danny de Souza, 32, is doing 18 years for five kilos of hash. "With a murder rate of at least one a month and daily knifings," he says, "it's not the ideal place to owe money."

Cheal and others like him depend for their lives on Release, Ltd., a nonprofit British organization that mails regular subsistence money to British nationals imprisoned overseas. Along with several other groups, Release is lobbying Parliament to join the pan-European repatriation treaty. Britons doing long terms in hideous places like Byrampasa, Release says, should not have to watch other Europeans passing quickly through the "tourist section" on their way to more humane prisons in their homelands.

The British Home Office has avoided signing the treaty because English jails currently hold hundreds of convicted terrorists of the Irish Republican Army (IRA). Under the terms of the repatriation treaty, all categories of prisoners except for "political" prisoners are subject to repatriation at the request of their government.

While the British government by no means wants to repatriate Irish terrorists, it refuses to recognize the IRA as a "political" movement.

If Britain were to enlist with the repatriation treaty, many fear that the government of Ireland could demand the release of many IRA terrorists.

Reds Knock Rock

PEKING, CHINA—Good communists do not dance all night at parties, wall posters here have begun to admonish passersby. Rumors that Chinese kids here and in Canton have been turning on to hard rock in a big way recently—blaring out old Stones and Hendrix ballads on homemade instruments through jury-rigged amplifiers—are seemingly confirmed by the new antirock posters. Supposedly put up by zealots in the Communist Youth League, the posters rather awkwardly try to link rock with lewd sex and alien dissipation: "Some women call foreign diplomats and businessmen for dates," the posters hint in tones of unspeakable scandal, "and dance with them at their apartment houses late at night!" Kids who have come of age since 1963, when public dancing of any sort was banned under Mao, are solemnly reminded that under the influence of big-band music many of their parents "lost their self-possession. Some divorced their wives."

Islamic Common Market Forms in Pakistan

ISLAMABAD, PAKISTAN—Leading Islamic theologians and economists from 29 countries met here recently to lay the groundwork for an eventual Islamic Chamber of Commerce, Industry and Commodity Exchange. As conceived by the conference, the goal would be an economic community patterned after the fashion of Europe's Common Market, which would unite Muslim countries from Morocco and Algeria to Borneo and Indonesia. The basis of the proposed globe-girdling community would be the growing sense of pan-Islamic solidarity, and its purpose would be to distribute the benefits of Arab oil money among Muslim countries, which currently comprise some of the world's most populous and poverty-ridden nations.

The major oil-producing countries in the world—except for Venezuela—are all ruled

by Islamic governments exhibiting considerable degrees of theocratic orientation. Libya's President Qaddafi, for all the hostility he evokes from other Muslim rulers, is a Qu'ran-thumping Muslim fundamentalist. The rulers of Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates are much less activist about their faith, but all are deeply devout Muslims; and in Iran, where the Shah was toppled specifically for his infidelity to Islamic values, the new theocracy is already altering its oil-sales policies in favor of poor Muslim countries—even at the risk of diminished profits from the Western oil multinationals.

In the initial planning phases, Islamic chamber leaders have moved that development loans will be made strictly to Muslim countries and that credit will be extended only to those countries.

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CIA Enters Rhodesia: Too Much, Too Late

BULAWAYO, RHODESIA—The American Central Intelligence Agency has scores of secret agents among the 500-odd American mercenaries fighting for the Rhodesian government, says the agency's former Angola bureau chief. According to John Stockwell, who quit the CIA in revulsion after it obstinately backed the losing side in the 1977 Angola civil war, the Washington spook chiefs have evidently decided to

scope out the Rhodesian bush war in depth now that even the stubbornest whites here are openly conceding that the predicament is hopeless.

The CIA has undercover merce "on the ground gathering military information" throughout the area, trying to "have its finger on the pulse," claims Stockwell. Evidently the agency merces blend in well with the general run of Yanks who enlist for paid

service for the Salisbury government; most of them are lower-rank Vietnam vets.

Stockwell suggests that the CIA's massive recent influx of spooks into the merc battalions may be a "preparation for a paramilitary operation like Angola," which would be consonant with the CIA's performance throughout Africa, where they've blown every single operation they've undertaken since the Congo rebellion of 1965.



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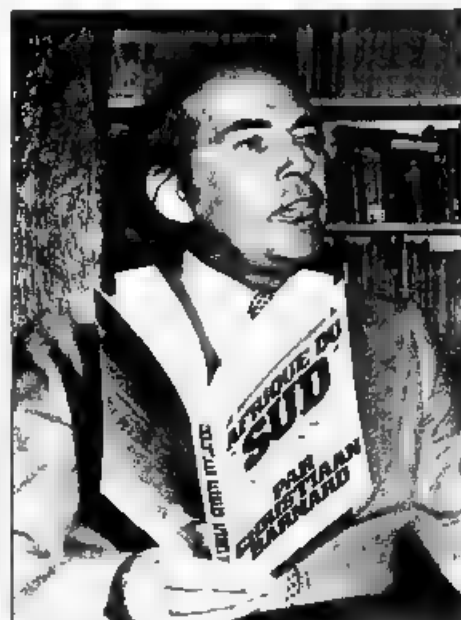
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Jogging Linked to S&M by World's Top Heart Doc



Barnard: Joggers run for the pain of it.

NATAL REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA—Pioneer heart transplanter Dr. Christiaan Barnard says that when it comes to recreational health risks, jogging is far and away more physically dangerous than out-and-out sexual masochism. Writing in the Rand Daily Mail, Dr. Barnard relates the basic motives for jogging to those leading to submission to sexual torture. Prolonged running gradually eases a person into a sort of ecstasy of pain, he says, drawing joggers "far away into some pain-filled garden of the mind," where they're undoubtedly "punishing themselves for their imagined lapses."

Casually referring to the notorious S&M brothels of Johannesburg and Kimberly, where the ultraautocratic Boer elite likes to relax by being whipped silly by fetishistic-decked-out dominators, Dr. Barnard pointed out that they are conspicuously safer and cleaner places to hang out than roadsides or city streets. "I see no difference between this form of recreation," says Dr. Barnard of jogging, "and that bought for a simple fee from the ladies who specialize in chain-mail bras, leather panties and a brace of whips."



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The Mobil Oil Company, continually prey to poor service and product loss by shoddy intercontinental steamship firms, has finally blown its cool and sued an Italian company for leaking most of a cargo of deadly pesticides into the Mediterranean. Mobil is suing on the grounds that the Italians "diluted the pesticide."

Rord Ruv a Duck

It may be harder than the Teng Hsiao-ping regime anticipated to keep 'em down on the collective farm after they've seen "The Sweeneys." As reported in *High Times* last April, one of the few BBC series that has so far been cleared for Chinese TV is "The Sweeneys," a decade-old show about Scotland Yard detectives. Hardly had the first half-season been screened than kids all over the People's Republic took to wearing bell-bottom breeches, long straight hair, florid puff-sleeved shirts and floppy caps—straight out of Carnaby Street, circa 1969. They also dance like fiends to hideous loud rock music, letters in the official press have loudly complained. "We should encourage people to learn advanced science and technology from foreign countries, but they should not copy foreign lifestyles," prates one obvious Politburo-drafted letter in the Peking Daily. "The Party should educate young people who do."

Ham and Frog with Muenster

Visitors to Germany, take heed. If a waiter in Munster sets a jar with a live animal in it on the table before you, common etiquette does not require you to swallow it whole. Munster waiters have been dropping frogs, eels and goldfish into their freshwater carafes ever since the town council decreed that they serve free water with each meal, instead of swindling tourists into buying expensive bottled water. They have the full approval of the restaurant owners, too.

An Affront to Decency

Several young women at a little farm hamlet outside Bikaner in northern India sparked a major scandal recently by adopting the most radical Western fashion conceivable; namely, they covered their breasts with shirts. They and their families were promptly banished to the Himalayan wilderness, and when starvation drew them back, a deputation of solid citizens shredded every blouse among them. After long negotiations, though, the village council arrived at a compromise: the offending girls were fined 1,000 rupees apiece, and henceforth any woman can wear a shirt if she has her family's permission in writing.

Saki, Tea, or Her—or Him?

Nearly a year ago, Japan Air Lines installed Pullman-style sleeping berths on their over-the-pole 747 flights to the U.S. and Europe (*High Times*, August '78). JAL also prides itself on having an equal number of male and female flight attendants aboard each plane. Now unions for both male and female stewards are heatedly complaining that

over-the-pole passengers, Oriental and Occidental alike, are plaguing them with propositions when given bedrooms at 30,000 feet.

Rude Receptions

In Egypt, members of the wedding are being anxiously asked by cops to leave their guns at home, please. Muslim weddings present one of the few occasions in which Egyptians are permitted to drink booze in public, and they are also the occasion of copious fireworks displays—including plain old gunfire. Last year alone, 219 people were accidentally wasted at wedding parties, and 914 were wounded, a distinct improvement over 1977's 285 dead and 1,043 wounded. Ever since Al Akhbar ran a news series condemning these explosive nuptials, police have been urgently warning folks not to go armed to weddings. But very few cops so far have bothered to check in at weddings to see if their advice is being followed.

Kamikazes in Orbit

The celebrated space shuttle *Enterprise* may turn out to be Japanese industry's first foray into outer space, if U.S. scientists ever wean it from the back of that 747 that has been transporting it to and from testing and repair sites. The giant Tokyo-Yokohama Mitsui conglomerate has copped regular seats on the shuttle for all missions after 1980. Mitsui paid Rockwell International some \$20 million for reservations on the space taxi, but Rockwell is finding it increasingly difficult to drop the flag on the meter.

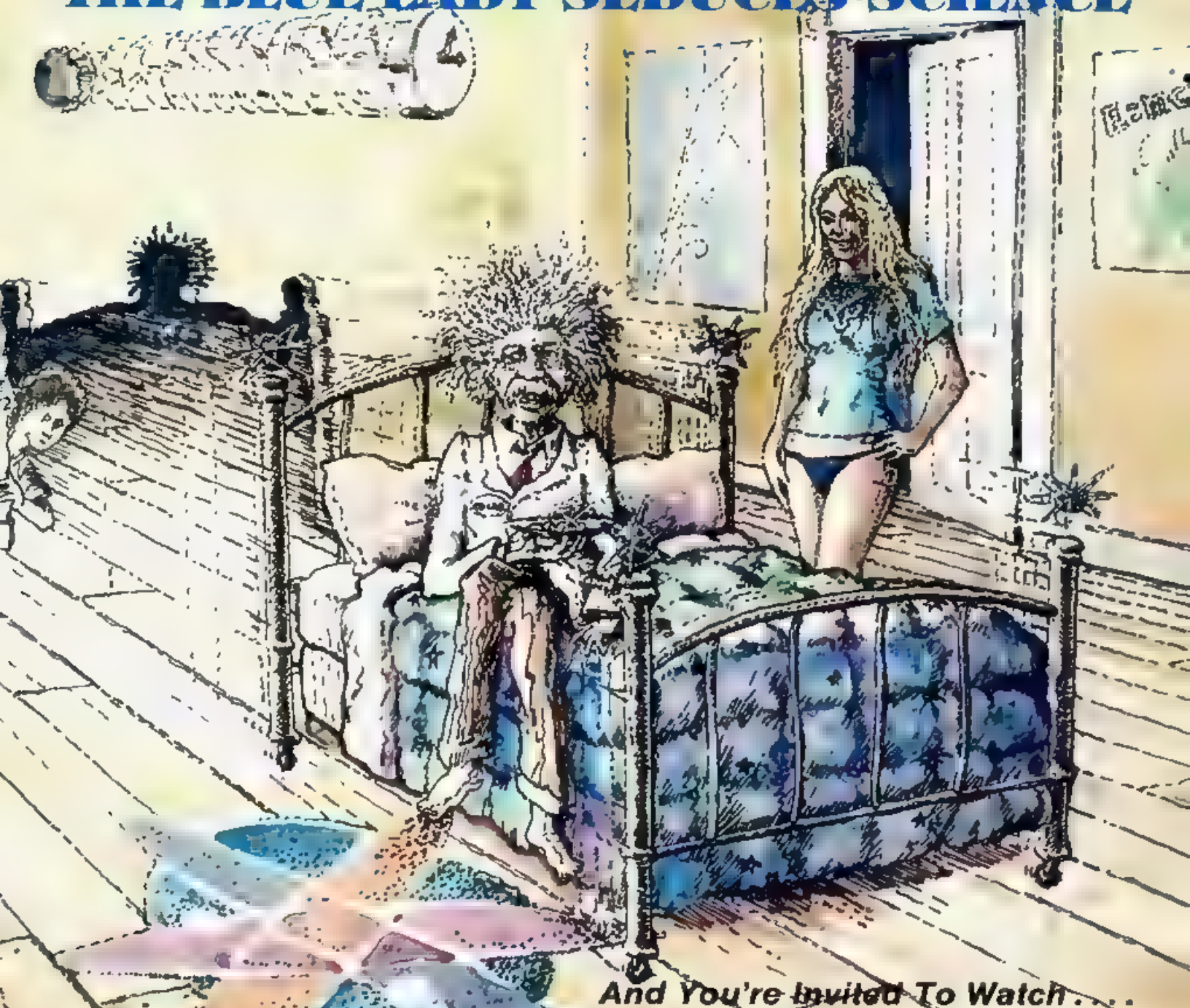
Trojan Horse, USA Style

New depths of American imperialism were reached not long ago in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, when a delegation of U.S. Embassy officials gathered on a balcony in midtown to watch a Catholic carnival procession. It seems an aide for the Agency for International Development hauled out a few cartons of polyethylene condoms and commenced throwing them out by the fistfuls to the celebrants below. Although no one in the crowd complained, the Haitian government afterward asked for, and got, an apology from Washington. The AID aide has been rotated back home.

Film Critic Assaulted

To augment the department's budget, a police precinct in Manila, the Philippines, recently advertised a benefit at the station-house, where an "educational sex film" would be screened. Hundreds turned out for it—all male—and were greatly edified by a 16-millimeter demonstration of the latest hygienic conventions in heterosexual deep-throat giving, anal intercourse and ménage à trois. One visitor, though, actually complained afterward that the flick wasn't the least bit educational, and he was beaten within an inch of his life by the cops. A government investigation is currently under way.

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Lee Chagra

(continued from page 49)

coalition is in earnest, well organized, and now incredibly well financed and armed.

The longtime push to set up a third nation on the border is nothing to laugh at. Hundreds of international corporate holdings across the river here were nationalized at the urging of these North Mexico radicals over the last 20 years. The indigenous people have never acknowledged U.S. or Mexican sovereignty over them. In an area stretching from the proposed central capital city of El Paso/Juarez to the southern tips of California, New Mexico, Arizona,

West Texas and the northern Mexican states of Chihuahua and Baja, an independent state will be established by a holy war. It will be called Aztlan. It is being built on the blood of generations of revolutionaries, including Aztecs, mestizos, Mexicans, Spaniards, and Lebanese and Assyrian Catholics.

Mexico, controlled almost by martial law and owned by less than 2 percent of the population, has never had a firm grip on the northern hotbeds of revolution. Because of the huge mountain ranges, including the frightening Sierra Madres, and the renegade Marxist priests who keep de-

centralized control over the area, the subnation has always felt a degree of political autonomy. The Pope, traveling through Mexico, made special acknowledgment of the social activism and radicalism of the emerging Aztlan Catholicism. Jimmy Carter, while advertising an attack of Montezuma's revenge in Mexico City, steered clear of any conflict with the northern-power-structure representatives in the capital city. Carter made no mention of the northern Mexican states' seizing of American corporate assets, soft-pedaling the outbreaks of violence and the anti-American sentiment everywhere in favor of a smiling posture that may let the

U.S. weasel in on the huge Mexican oil holdings recently discovered.

With official estimates of the drug trade through El Paso reaching over one billion dollars a year—tied through the Chagra files to the huge Lebanese and Assyrian community—we cannot ignore the impact of the arms deals and the potential emergence of Aztlan on the Middle East peace accords.

In Lebanon there has been no government, only U.N.-observed anarchy for the last six years. Several Lebanese archbishops have been caught smuggling submachine guns and 105 howitzers into Beirut. The fight between Moslem and Catholic Lebanese is traditional and has created centuries of revolutionary arms and drugs conflicts. Aztlan in the desert has been the exile capital and the land of milk and honey for more than 100 years. It won't just go away.

U.S. sovereignty in the area has been a joke for a long time. The federal government can't even build a fence on our side of the border because they fear a step-up in the violent border demonstrations. The border riots seem to get more and more violent as the summer of 1979 continues. One border riot killed three people, two of them very young children, and froze the border both ways as I left town. Regularly this year, American citizens are held in Juarez and prevented from crossing the border back into El Paso, while hundreds of Mexican nationals who work in the United States are held up by Customs, which has finally begun to enforce some of the immigration and work-permit laws. Where else in the world can American citizens be held against their will without the United States lifting a finger to save them?

The residents of El Paso depend on the cheap labor of the Mexicans across the border; maids come across on blue work-permit cards for \$15 and \$20 a week. General Motors has moved several parts-assembly plants intact from union-scale Detroit into Juarez, where they can get

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employees for 30 cents to \$2 an hour. Juarez, 200,000 people larger than El Paso, is full of begging children, starving babies with distended bellies. It has the highest infant mortality rate in North America.

Chicano leaders have taken a new line in their organizing among the brown people of the Aztlan area. Mexicans without daily-entry green cards or work permits are called illegal aliens by the white politicians in the area. The brown-power advocates question that term. They say the Anglos are illegal aliens, the mestizos and Latinos and Indians have been in this area for up to two thousand years. "Why don't the white-eyes and Yankees get the hell out of our land?" they ask.

This attitude brings to light an interesting question about the entire concept of smuggling. What is the difference between trade and smuggling? Smuggling is the trading of goods and currency between suppliers and distributors. Trade, or legal trade, is where the parties submit to giving a piece of the action to

a government. Supposedly the government authorities involved will safeguard the transaction in some way while you are crossing their bridge, but there is no guarantee. Legal trade is Mexican teenagers asking for a quarter to watch your car on the border to make sure nothing goes wrong with it. "Pay us a piece and there's a good chance we won't slice your tires." That's the essence of trade versus smuggling.

Lee Chagra murder has spawned hundreds of investigations into thousands of crimes; the grand juries may exist for the next year or two. The files will spark hundreds of arrests and trials throughout Texas and seven other states. But El Paso is the keystone to the 2,000-mile U.S. Mexico border. It has racketeering, bookmaking, prostitution, murder, perjury, torture and embezzlement, and much smuggling of cocaine, marijuana, heroin, cocoa, coffee, mercury, Sony televisions and even teenage boys and

girls. But the biggest crimes of all, dominating the nerve ganglion of El Paso and the entire United States, are the incredibly vicious mususes of power committed by the federal police agencies.

The real threat to national freedom doesn't come from pot runners, or from rowdy bikers or cocaine sellers or "illegal aliens"; it comes from the obvious conspiracy of those who control the biggest and most powerful police agencies in the world. Their whims, hatreds and vendettas directing the awesome power of their agencies endangers all of us.

The conspiracy against Lee Chagra, lasting ten years and involving several federal judges and magistrates, the U.S. Attorney's Office, the DEA, U.S. Customs, the IRS, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and the Immigration and Naturalization Administration, is over in a sense. But in another way it has just begun.

The thousands of client files in Lee Chagra's office contain direct information on

dealers, bikers, smugglers, mafiosi, strippers, revolutionaries and some of the world's biggest high rollers. The information, if collected together in one place, such as in the police supercomputer in El Paso called EPIC, fleshes out the entire skeleton of the underworld.

Studying the man's life and death does reveal that he must have been sympathetic to all the people who came to him. He had a mania for the word freedom. He had bracelets and necklaces and watchbands made spelling the word in gold; he gave them as gifts. He had the word sewn into his handkerchiefs, embossed on his luggage; now it stands in three-foot letters on the wall outside his office, as natural on Mesa Avenue as the keywords BAR, BANK and DRUGS that signpost other buildings.

Just before he died, Lee Chagra announced to a room full of friends that he was back on top for good. "It's just me against the United States," he shouted. "I wouldn't want it any other way." □

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Are Violent People Natural Speed Freaks?

An endocrinological study of inmates at several prisons has turned up evidence that hostile, aggressive, violent persons may be suffering from abnormally high bloodstream levels of "nature's own amphetamine"—a hormone called phenylacetic acid. Related to adrenaline, phenylacetic acid is normally present in the body in minute doses but is overproduced in situations of stress and frustration, stimulating the brain to violent action. Comparing groups of prisoners busted for nonviolent offenses with violent offenders, British doctors found that persons in the violent category chronically produced an overabundance of phenylacetic acid in their bloodstreams.

Tubal Sterilizations Reversed

Doctors have successfully reknit the fallopian tubes of 26 women who were surgically sterilized and who later decided they wanted to bear children. Disconnection of the fallopian tubes, through which the ova travel from the ovaries to the uterus once every month, had been previously irreversible. But Johns Hopkins University surgeons have developed a technique, using a suture finer than a human hair, that fully restores fertility. As proof, they point out that 17 of their 26 previously sterile patients have already become pregnant.

Healthier Tots from Frozen Sperm

Artificial insemination appears to significantly improve the health of human offspring, reports Medical College of Georgia researcher Dr. Armand Karow. Comparing 10,000 conventional pregnancies with 3,000 sperm-bank pregnancies, Dr. Karow discovered that the birth-defect ratio of artificially inseminated ova was 1 percent—com-

pared to 6 percent for the normally begotten children. In addition, sperm-bank pregnancies resulted in one-third fewer spontaneous abortions than conventional pregnancies.

Dr. Karow suggests that quick-freezing sperm in liquid nitrogen—an essential phase of artificial insemination—could conceivably kill sperm cells that are genetically defective, so that only the healthiest cells survive to combine with the mother's ovum. Veterinary studies of artificially inseminated cattle may bear out the Georgia findings.

Fluoride Decays in Old Toothpaste

Does your toothpaste lose its fluoride in the bathroom every night? In fact it does, say University of Illinois researchers, but only if you let it sit for six months will

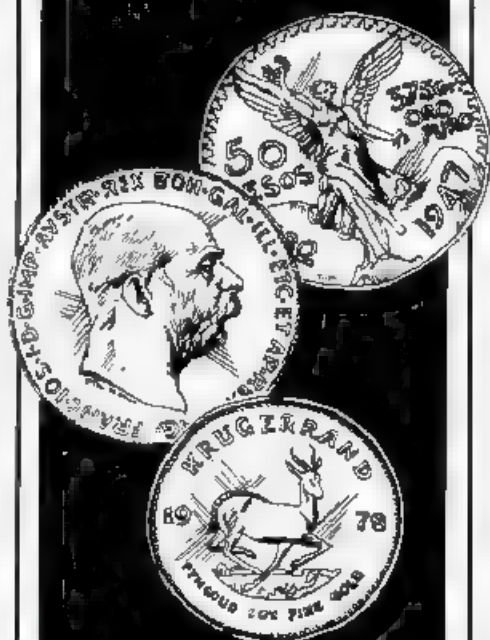


Toothpaste can suffer shelf death.

there be any significant decay. Testing four different brands of toothpaste, the docs found that the average fluoride loss over half a year was 28 percent. Macleans lost the most, Crest and Colgate lost somewhat less, and Aim held up best.

Physician, Know Thy Valium

Doctors in the U.S. write out some 60 million prescriptions per year for Valium, notes the American Journal of Psychiatry, though not very many doctors appear to know very much about the drug. More than half the doctors consulted by the Journal turned out to be unaware of Valium's side effects (for example, it inhibits protein synthesis in body cells), or its mechanics in the brain (it works by slowing down all limbic-system functions), or its correct dosage schedule (from 4 to 40 milligrams, tops, per day). Valium is indicated in the Physician's Desk Reference for treatment of severe symptoms of anxiety compounded by depression; the Journal shrinks indicated they were unsure there could be 60 million anxious depressives in the U.S. □



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Patti Smith's New Wave

"We try to tap sources in the brain that aren't usually tapped," says lead guitarist Lenny Kays about the Patti Smith Group's latest album, *Wave* (Arista AB 4221). The group put that theory into practice when they were in Woodstock recording the *Wave* song "Seven Ways of Going." "Our new producer, Todd Rundgren, brought up some peyote from the woods, we buttoned it up, we made tea, and we got psychedelized in the studio."

The album's title song is a prayer not to the peyote god Mescalito but to the 13-Day Wonder, Pope John Paul I. Says Patti, "We called it 'Wave' because in every photo of the Pope he was always waving good-bye, as if he knew he'd be leaving soon." Patti's space rap on the song rides Lenny's meditative music like a surfer rides the waves.

The album's Far Eastern influence is evident on "Seven Ways of Going," a spiritually illuminated ode to a ninja warrior of martial arts.

"Frederick," the album's rapidly rising single, is a semidisco love poem to Patti's boyfriend Fred "Sonic" Smith, the inflammatory lead guitarist of the once great but now late MC5. "Frederick" is strictly Patti's baby; she penned the words and music and sings an intoxicating four-part harmony behind her lead vocal. Moments of "Frederick" evoke memories of Patti's monster breakout single "Because the Night," written with Bruce Springsteen.

"So You Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star?" the Patti Smith Group's scintillating cover of the Byrds classic, could be the group's theme song, because the lyric

"Pick up an electric guitar and learn how to play" captures the spirit with which poet Patti and rock critic Lenny formed the group, the same spirit that inspired other punk rockers to follow their example in basements and loft rehearsal halls all over America and Europe.

Patti has gone through some heavy image changes on her album covers, from the Sinatra look on *Horses* to the Kerouac-Cassady look on *Radio Ethiopia* to the sleaze-queen look on *Easter* and now to the virginal image on the cover of *Wave*. But don't let it fool you, *Wave* is only a short swim upstream from "Piss Factory," the raunchy '74 single that launched Patti's career and opened the floodgates to the oncoming new wave.

—Harry Wasserman and Seth Flaggberg

"While we were recording 'Wave,' " says Patti's guitarist Lenny Kays, "our producer Todd Rundgren brought us some peyote from the woods and we got psychedelized in the studio."



Jim Morrison (1943 - 1971): "We live, we die death not ends it."

Morrison Resurrected

The Doors were considered by many to be the archetypal '60s psychedelic band. The songs penned by lead singer Jim Morrison were mysterious, erotic, bombastic, quirky and violent, and some of them—"Light My Fire," "The End," "Five to One"—became anthems of the New Age. Today Morrison serves as a role model for many latter-day punkers, including Patti Smith.

An American Prayer (Elektra SE-502), was a work in progress in August 1971 when Morrison exiled himself to Paris, there to reassess his musical career. The group's last two albums had been bombed by the critics, and there was talk of breaking up the band. Morrison died in Paris from chronic alcohol and drug abuse; he had skated on the thin psychotic edge of the age too long and hard.

The album's producers (the original Doors) have been haunted by his shadow ever since. His spirit has not been put to rest, though, it has been resurrected.

Finally one can hear Morrison's poetic autobiographical portrait of American sleazedeath. Snatches of his spoken verse are set to music, some mixed in with actual in-concert performances. Some new incidental music has been overlayed as well, segued like some mad time sandwich, the pre-'72 onto '79.

The time dislocation is perversely appropriate. In "Black Polished Chrome/Latino Rock" Morrison's childhood remembrance of a dance at a desolate military camp is overlayed on hard disco rock. In "The Lecture" electronic drone-tone rhythms spotlight a chilling Kafkaesque vision of a film school where students learn only after they've been beaten. Some of the verse is ice-cold stale, some pretentious, but it's all compelling.

"We live, we die death not ends it," Morrison states on side two. He's right, and An American Prayer is too tantalizing a vision to be disregarded as a mere artifact. Look on it as a disquieting retrospective from one of rock's genius minds. Treasure it as one of the last great psychedelic experiences of the age. —David Walley

Rasta Rhythms

Ras Michael and the Sons of Negrus originated as a group of burru or akete drummers, providing the trance-inducing African rhythm of keg-and-goatskin hand drums that has become the foundation of Rastafarian ceremonies known as groundations. Later, they embellished their music with electric guitars—lead, bass and rhythm—central to contemporary reggae. They are respected and loved by Jamaicans for their hypnotic drumbeat, strong and poetic lyrics and complex, improvisational musical style.

On Movements (Jamaican import), their first self-produced album, Ras Michael



Ras Michael: "Slave driver, your days are numbered"

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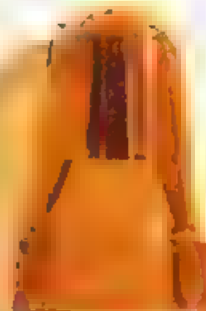
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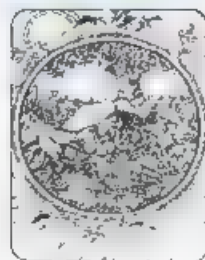
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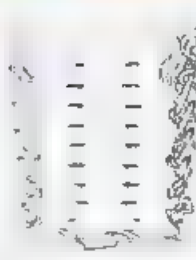


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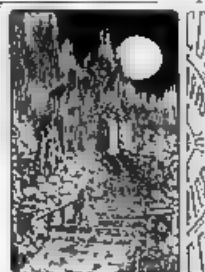
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and the Sons of Negus are at their best. The drums—two repeaters (one played by Ras Michael himself), two fundes and a bass—are enhanced by horns, a clarinet and an organ, as well as by electric guitars. Lead guitarist Earl "Chinna" Smith, who has played with several other reggae bands, is well known as one of the finest guitarists in Jamaica.

The title *Movements* evokes images of both religious and social struggle, and the album begins with "Ethiopian Anthem," a statement of identification with the spiritual motherland. A cry of horns begins "Sip Your Cup," an urgent plea for "peace, love and justice" in the world. Haunting horn riffs and incantatory lyrics are woven around a bass line derived from Johnny Clarke's "None Shall Escape the Judgment." The "cup" referred to is not the wine cup of Roman Catholicism but the Rastafarian chalice or peace pipe filled with ganja, shared as a genuinely holy communion that creates a meditative and peaceful consciousness.

"Numbered Days," based on Bob

Marley's song "Slave Driver," is an intensely ironic combination of militant lyrics and gentle melody, expressing abiding faith in the impending overthrow of all oppressors: "Slave driver, your days are numbered."

The high points of the album are on the second side. "Where Is Your Gold Mine?" has a melody carried alternately by voices and horns and is reminiscent of an older number, "Run Come Rally." It is both a sermon and a lament for the suffering of black slaves and their descendants and an exhortation to the brethren to live righteously and align themselves with Zion rather than seek wealth or power in Babylon, the white-dominated Western capitalist society. The final song, "Children on the Mountain Top," is a hymn to Ras Tafari expressing the belief that in an unjust society only the just are victimized. The power and militance of Ras Michael may inspire some people and frighten others, but *Movements* will leave no one, black or white, untouched.

—R.B. Wilk

Maestro Muddy insures that the immediacy and passion of country blues aren't lost in the electric-blues styles of the postwar urban ghetto.



With over 20 years of blues in his briefcase, Muddy Waters compares notes with Johnny Winter who produced his new live album.

Pure Muddy Waters

Anyone who saw *The Last Waltz* can tell you that Muddy Waters is alive and kicking. For my money, the blues master's appearance was the high spot of the film. McKinley Morganfield (as he was born) simply blew away the ad hoc all-star assembly of young white rockers who tried to keep up with his rendition of "Mannish Boy," a song he coauthored over 20 years ago with R&B patriarch Bo Diddley.

You can hear a live version of that num-

ber, and a lot more, on Muddy's new release, Muddy "Mississippi" Waters Live (Blue Sky JZ 35712). The time-tested voice remains as impressive as ever, rich and strong on a selection of his own established compositions, including "Baby Please Don't Go" and "She's 19 Years Old," as well as on fellow blues genius Sonny Boy Williamson's "Nine Below Zero." This is blues with the control, conviction and expressive power of a singer who knows where he is and where he's coming from.

Muddy's early recordings for the

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JOB OPPORTUNITIES IN THE BLACK MARKET, by Burgess Laughlin, surveys working conditions in the U. S. black market (the illegal but victimless economy).

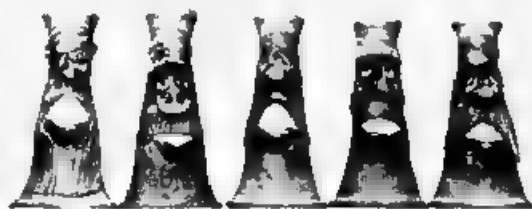


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Library of Congress revealed a new master of the delta blues. Maestro Muddy went on to insure that the immediacy and passion of country blues were not lost in the newly emerging electric-blues style of the postwar urban ghetto.

The new album is not the career landmark that Muddy's *Hard Again* was, but it does successfully convey the vitality and excitement of Waters's live shows. Accompanying the master are blues veterans "Pine Top" Perkins on piano, Willie "Big Eyes" Smith on drums and harmonica virtuoso James Cotton. Muddy solos on bottleneck slide guitar and shares lead lines with Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson, Bob Margolin, and the hot-handed legend himself, Johnny Winter, who also served as producer of *Muddy Live*.

—Steve Ellman

Brit Bonzo Blotto

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End (Charisma CAS 1139) is the latest masterwork from Vivian Stanshall, one of the last great eccentrics on the English pop-music scene.



Vivian Stanshall, last English pop eccentric.

From 1967 to 1972, Viv was the lead singer and chief songwriter for the Bonzo Dog (Doo Dah) Band, a mad group of art-college dropouts whose style sat imperfectly between the Pythons and the Firesign Theater. Sort of like the Tubes, but you'd have to substitute English music-hall drag humor for the glitter punk.

While other eccentrics of that era have burned out, gone underground or opened hair salons in Bradford, Viv has maintained a high profile. *Sir Henry at Rawlinson End* is a quirky tour de force. The album, two years in the making, is a BBC-type radio drama about the Rawlinsons, a family so inbred that even the bulldogs have clubfeet. Its main characters include: Sir Henry, a nasty-tempered alcoholic (*Omnes Blotto* is the family motto) who relives the Great War in the throes of his delirium tremens; his wife, Great Aunt Florrie, "gentle corset prisoner of the flesh"; and his younger brother, Hubert, "over 40 and still interesting," with a "loathsome blue Roman clockface tattooed about his private parts."

Incidental music, in a variety of styles, is performed by Vivian and his good friend Steve Winwood. Sir Henry is a beautifully bizarre album; unlike most comedy albums, it gets better with repeated listenings.

—David Wolley

Give War a Chance

Almost ten years ago, Eric Burdon, one of rock's greatest macho vocalists ever, made a comeback by singing "Spill the Wine" into the top ten with a funky R&B/jazz group called War. Burdon and War shortly thereafter went their separate ways,



War: Their new album is a 'perfect puzzle.'

with War maintaining a grip on the market through a string of gold and platinum records that included "Gisco Kid," "Why Can't We Be Friends" and "Low Rider." In the wake of today's smothering disco boom, War's unique blend of diverse musical styles has been forced into contemporary music's backseat, which is too bad, since the group's new album, *The Music Band* (MCA 3085), shows that War is still one of the heaviest creative bands around. "The creative freedom each of us has is like a perfect puzzle," Danish harmonica player Lee Oskar once said of War's ability to stay on top. "Nobody ever tells anybody else how to play or stops anyone from doing anything."

The six cuts on the LP highlight the band's wide-ranging capabilities in a colorful panoramic display of Third World music. The opening title track is worked around a baja-marimba Latin jazz style; it is followed by a Meters-style New Orleans funk tune, a soulful ballad, a Latin-flavored disco cut, a lively jazz number and a calypso track complete with steel drums. That each tune draws its roots from a different area of Third World culture is particularly impressive in view of War's ability to translate it all into pop terms for the masses.

The Music Band is also significant in that it celebrates War's tenth anniversary; ten years free of trendy clichés in a persistent attempt to just make good, solid music. —Everynight Charlie Crespo

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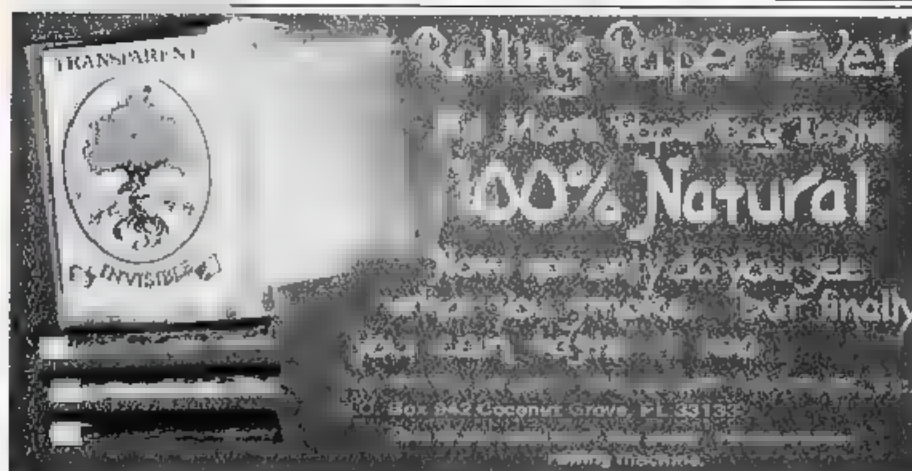
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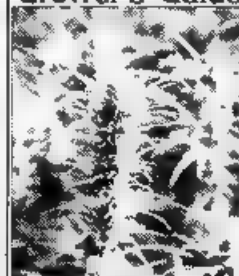
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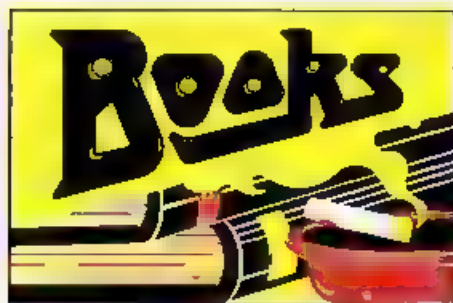
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Phil Ochs: Poet, Patriot, Revolutionary

DEATH OF A REBEL, by Marc Eliot (New York: Doubleday/Anchor, \$4.95).

"If Bob Dylan is the king of protest, Phil Ochs is the president," said *Melody Maker* in 1966. In his fine bio of Ochs, *Death of a Rebel*, Marc Eliot suggests that Ochs's rivalry with "the king" wasn't quite as serious as the legend would have it. In later years, Dylan helped Ochs out on his Benefit for Chile, and Ochs gave Dylan the idea to embark on a Rolling Thunder Revue-type tour.

Ochs wouldn't have minded attaining the mythological stature of Dylan, but he would have settled for being as big as Elvis, John Wayne and Fidel Castro, three of his heroes. He once told a Carnegie Hall audience that "the only hope for revolution in this country is if Elvis Presley becomes Che Guevara." Ochs, so concerned about his image that he had his nose fixed, was unable to accept the special role that he actually did play: Ochs was America's revolutionary hero as singer/poet.

Not that Ochs didn't hit deeply personal chords. His stoic yet melancholy voice haunts this book. Ochs put the social foibles and lifestyles of a decade to music, and much of the poetry will outlast the history. He helped define the burgeoning dope culture with songs like "You Can't Get Stoned Enough" and "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" ("Smoking mari-



Michael Ochs

Ochs once told a Carnegie Hall audience that "the only hope for revolution in this country is if Elvis Presley becomes Che Guevara."

juana is more fun than drinking beer"). He opened up his "singing newspaper" approach to accurately capture the sights and sounds of an amorphous event like a chic get-together in "The Party."

Eliot doesn't have to explain why Ochs committed suicide in 1976—we see Phil's alcoholism worsen, his manic delusions and fantasies increase. But he was such a

tireless organizer of counterculture and New Left events, he had made so many fantasies of an era into realities, that his end was certainly not the demise of a dithering fool but that of an overheated and overattenuated visionary. As Eliot's book demonstrates, making art is hard, but making revolutionary art is even harder.

—Craig Silver

Greek Hash Heads

HASHISH—STUDIES OF LONG-TERM USE, edited by Costas Stefanis, Rhea Dornbush and Max Fink (New York: Raven Press, \$12).

This interesting and surprisingly readable new volume is a report on scientific research conducted in Greece between 1972 and 1974 as the second of three overseas projects sponsored by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (the other two were in Jamaica and Guatemala). The subjects of the study were a population of 47 long-term hashish smokers (ten years or more) and a group of closely matched controls.

All participants underwent a large battery of psychological and physiological tests. The text is written in a clear, concise style, and all conclusions are summarized at the end of each chapter.

In the interest of standard scientific practice, some 40 pages are given over to a review of the testing methods and selection procedures for the subjects. Both mental and physical aspects of the acute inhalation and acute withdrawal of hashish were thoroughly studied. The smoking materials included two strengths of hash, plus delta-9 THC infused on plant material, and a placebo. Simple, subjective questions were used, often in a novel way, to determine the effects of different drug substances.

For instance, after each smoking session the men were asked how much *mastura* (high feeling) they felt, on a ten-point scale, and how many *drachmas* (the monetary unit) they were willing to pay for what they had just smoked. After separate three-way analyses were performed on these variables, and the results graphed, the ratings of *mastura* and *drachmas* for the placebo substance were effectively zero and were not graphed again for the duration of the study. The researchers seem to have stumbled upon a pearl of folk wisdom known to hemp heads around the world. Here is scientific proof. "No high, no buy."

The researchers found that the subjective measure of "high" showed a linear

relationship to the amount of EEG alpha activity, average alpha frequency, and heart rate. "Pleasantness," on the other hand, was independent of the EEG measurement; it increased with the heart rate



F. Rank Worth

up to 100 beats per minute and then decreased. The best, i.e. most pleasurable, effects were experienced after ten minutes and lasted an hour or less. Brain-wave studies of the smokers indicated that there were significant differences between the effects of delta-9 THC in high doses and naturally concentrated preparations. The highest "high" ratings, the most euphoric and pleasant feelings, came as the result of high hash doses. The

researchers believe that this was probably due to an interaction effect between cannabitol (CBN) and cannabidiol (CBD) with delta-9 and other natural constituents.

The subjects did show a higher incidence of personality disorders, but this was found related to the prevailing social and legal variables—low economic levels and poor living conditions—rather than to the prolonged use of hashish. All tests failed to find any neurological abnormality related to its use; neither was there any evidence of inherent toxicity to the nervous system or mental status. No medical complications were observed in these longtime heads; in fact, several medicinal uses for cannabis are suggested as promising subjects for further research.

I found most interesting the history of "rebitiko" music, a folk form socially akin to jazz and blues, which took Greece by storm in the years after World War II. "As hashish use became an element in the behavior of rebitiko musicians . . . the development of this musical genre and the proliferation of its practitioners became intimately linked to the spread of the hashish cult." This is a direct historical parallel to the hemp explosion in the U.S. during the '60s.

This small volume is not exactly light reading but is a very interesting socio-scientific document for anyone with an analytic bent or a stoned curiosity.

—Bob Shell

A SCANNER DARKLY, by Philip K. Dick (New York: Ballantine, \$1.25). 1994 In the



hot wastes of Orange County, California, patrolling the swarm of smog-infested suburbs that enclose the greater L.A. area, narc R.A. Fred has a problem. His superior has just given him a new assignment: holographic sur-

veillance on suspected dope dealer and definite Slow Death (the drug of the 1990s) addict Robert Arctor—who just happens to be R.A. Fred when he's out of his scramble suit, a future-narc disguise made of a minicomputer that projects millions of bits of constantly shifting genetic human information onto a skin he wears on duty, thus giving him a perpetually changing disguise.

The scramble suit is but one of several thought-provoking science fantasies that add spice to *A Scanner Darkly*, a depressing but powerfully prophetic novel of the near future by Philip K. Dick. Another is *Slow Death*—it's a great high, but eventually it causes the disintegration of the connections that harmonize the functions of the two separate cerebral cortices, resulting in total-breakdown schizophrenia.

The shadowy world where narcs mangle with their future victims, who are also

their present friends and connections, is the stage for this novel. Dick is familiar with the dope scene, and he has moved it into the fictional space of his novel most convincingly. This pathetic, helpless narc, strung out on the drug whose source he set out long before to find—and whose mental collapse we witness—is a sad, powerful character. And Dick's eventual unraveling of the conspiracy behind *Slow Death*, or substance D, brings strongly to mind speculations about CIA junk pushing and disco brain experiments of recent years.

Aside from all this paranoid action, Dick is a stoned jokester, and his sense of humor never fails him, even in times of total madness, in the first chapter a character succumbs to the cumulative effects of substance D and becomes convinced that giant aphids from outer space have come to take him away. It sounds pathetic but is a crack-up to read.

Dick has made his reputation as a science-fiction writer, and while there is an element of that in this novel, it is more a work of warning and prophecy: he suggests that dopers are too often reckless victims of themselves and/or those out to control them. The list of friends and loved ones, himself included, who suffered permanent damage or death by irresponsible doping that closes the book attests to the sources of his fear—and adds to the powerful picture he has created. He is not



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One of the book's major drawbacks is that, despite all the rhetoric on human unity, there is not a single essay written by a Soviet cosmonaut or space expert. Although the Americans won the moon race, the Soviets have recently achieved some impressively long manned flights, as if they were beginning to test the human feasibility of space industrialization and colonization. But because of that old terrestrial nationalism, the American media has chosen so far to ignore the USSR's ventures into "the everlasting frontier."

—Antonio Huneus

BABY, THAT WAS ROCK AND ROLL: The Legendary Leiber & Stoller, by Robert Palmer, with an introduction by John Lahr (New York: Harvest/HBJ, \$6.95). September 9, 1956. Jerry



Leiber and Mike Stoller were just 23 years old when Elvis Presley made his legendary appearance on Ed Sullivan's television variety hour. Presley introduced his song with, "Friends, as a great

philosopher once said..." then tore into the first line: "You ain't nothing but a hound dog..." This television appearance was one of rock 'n' roll's most pivotal moments, and Presley was performing "Hound Dog," a Leiber - Stoller composition.

Leiber and Stoller joined forces in 1950 with the idea of writing hit songs. Stoller to provide the music and Leiber the lyrics. They were the granddads of modern rhythm and blues, the composers behind many of Presley's initial hits. Their teamwork proved so lucrative that they were the leading songwriting team in the country.

"Hound Dog," one of Leiber and Stoller's first compositions, was originally recorded by Willie Mae "Big Mama" Thornton in 1953. To date, that song alone has been recorded by at least 50 acts. Almost as many acts have recorded other Leiber - Stoller songs like "Jailhouse Rock," "I (Who Have Nothing)," "Love Me" and "Stand By Me." Their "Kansas City" and "Spanish Harlem" have passed the 100 mark.

Many of Leiber and Stoller's magic moments are now captured in nostalgic text and photographs in *Baby, That Was Rock and Roll: The Legendary Leiber & Stoller*. The introduction by John Lahr and text by Robert Palmer succeed in capturing the pulse of the '50s and early '60s. The book is a Leiber and Stoller scrapbook, with photographs of the acts they wrote for, original lyric sheets, tear sheets from trade publications and two detailed discographies. (All photographs are black and white.) The book is an ideal coffee-table item for the old-time-rock 'n' roll buff.

—Everynight Charley Crespo

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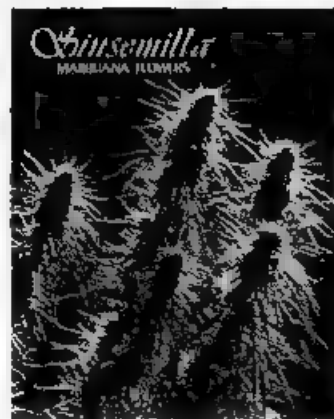
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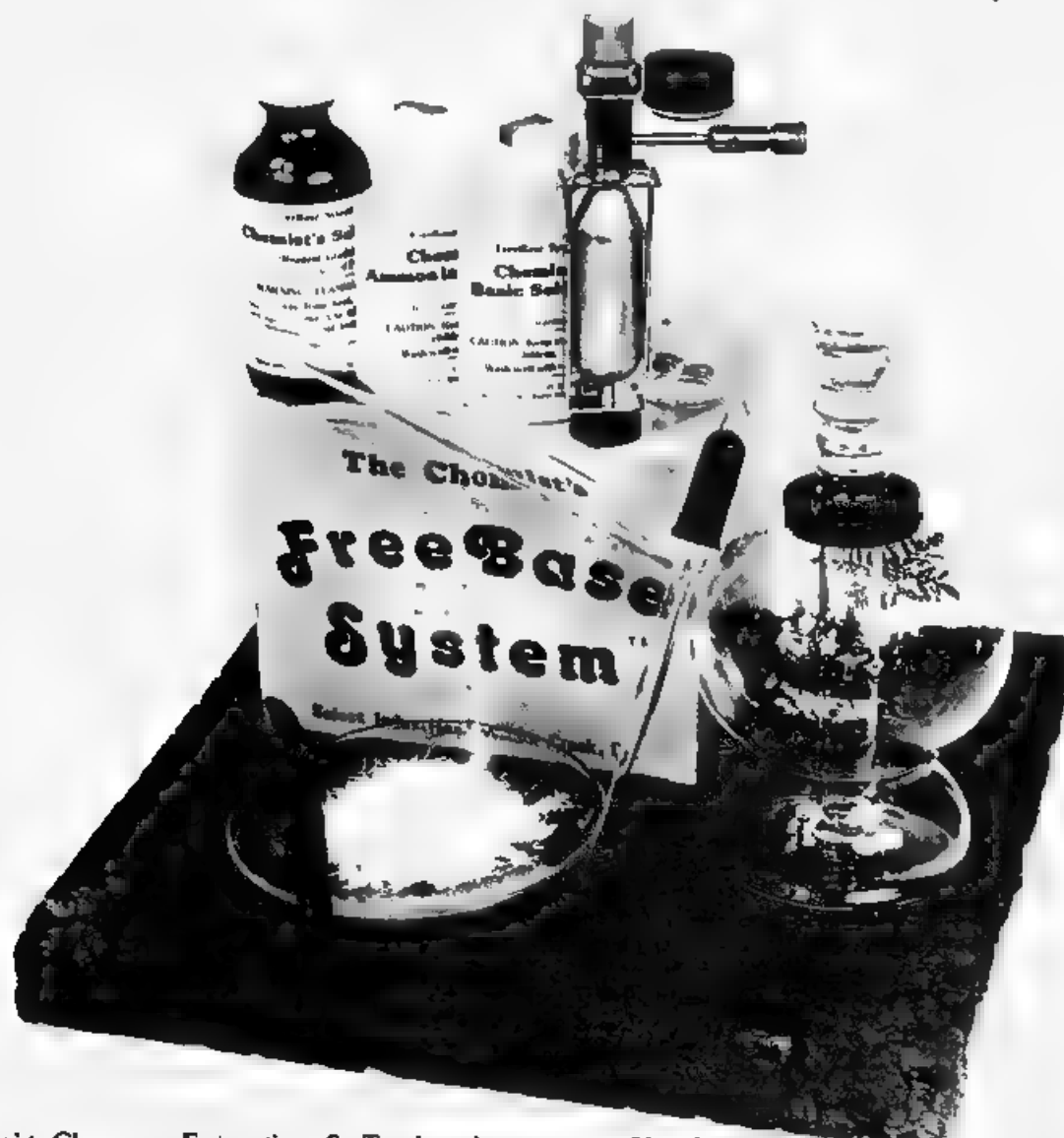
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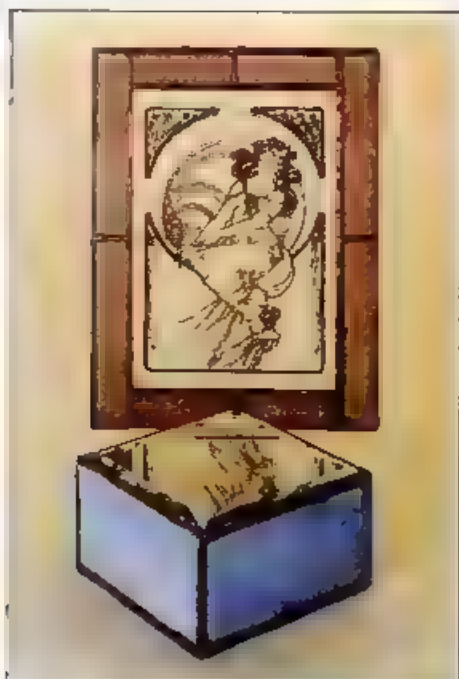
terpipe. You can really blow it out your ass with this one.

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Wee People Pack Big Bong

The Rocky Mountain Highlanders are handmade stoneware bongs that are also signed and numbered works of art. According to designers Judy Morgan and Trudi Fauchier, the wee people of a mythical place called Tokin' Town, located somewhere near Pikes Peak, posed as models for these clever samples of American folk dope art. Each of the seven characters portrayed comes with a booklet explaining who he or she is and what life is like in the highlands of the Rocky Mountains. There's Tobias Herb, Datin' Dave Diggs (illustrated here), Woodpile Willie, Madine Mug, Connie Cornseed, Joseph Jungle and Uncle Paul Randall. Each of the wee people is limited to an edition of 1,000, priced at \$30, and shipped free. Master Charge and Visa are accepted. Order from Trudi's Trunk, 1606 South Tejon, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906.

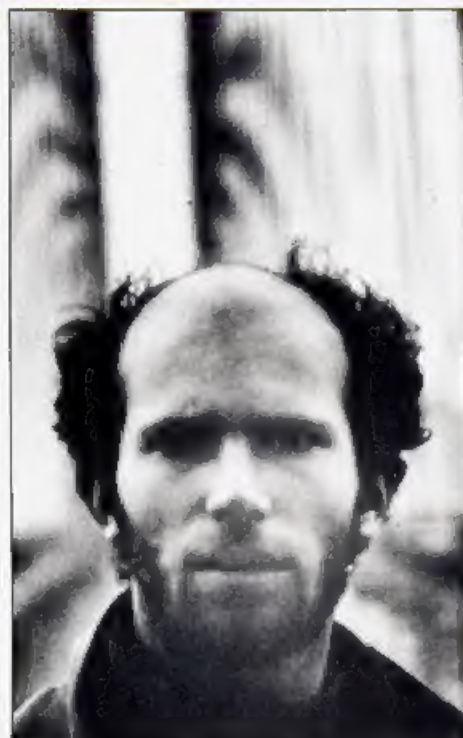
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"Flash" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of any item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the Flash editor.



Star Shooter

Did you drool over the sparkling cocaine centerfold in this issue? Did the clinical monkey that was force-feeding marijuana to a control human for "New Myths from Old Narcs" (June '79) make you think twice about government research programs? Did the "Golden Treasure of the Incas" (January '79) remind you what gold grass should look like? You can thank artist-photographer Steve Cooper for all those wonderful images, only the latest in a body of work that began appearing in *High Times* with our January '77 cover.

At 17, Cooper left his home in Flatbush to carve a six-foot marble statue, "Blind Samson," in Pietra Santa, Italy. He returned to earn his B.F.A., become NCAA Pocket Billiards Champion and president of his chess club. "I started giving birth to myself in 1966," says Cooper. "I am a lens, with three eyes, focusing centuries of karmic momentum in an effort to pierce the human veil." With his covers having appeared on *Ms.*, *Forbes* and *New Times*, Cooper's next project is an original collection of photographs entitled "Birth, Death, Rebirth and Insecurity."

Unwashed Brain

Jeff Goldberg, author of this month's report on mind control, cults and deprogramming, spent the early part of his career running rats through mazes and watching tiny blinking lights in sensory-deprivation boxes before turning to writing. He has written for *Playboy*, *Oui* and *Chic* and published *Traveler's Digest*, a limited-circulation new-wave travel magazine described by *New York Times* critic John Rockwell as a "most interesting example of the artist-rocker crossover." Goldberg is currently experimenting with hypnosis and psi phenomena in preparation for a series of articles in *High Times* on the scientific avant-garde.



Jack Abraham



Yagé Bearer

Dr. Andrew Weil's account of yagé ceremonies among the natives of Colombia is his latest in a series on exotic rituals and psychotropic substances that includes "Throwing Up in Mexico" (*High Times*, December/January '76), "Mangoes" (November '76) and "White Sugar" (March '77). Dr. Weil, 37, designed and conducted the first controlled cannabis experiments on humans while attending Harvard Medical School, and his book *The Natural Mind* (1972) is considered a classic study on altered states of consciousness.



The team of "Front Page" Charlie Frick and Harry "Bucks" Wasserman (left to right) is the Woodward and Bernstein of today's rock 'n' roll industry.

Clash Landing

"There are no drugs in the music business," says "Front Page" Charlie Frick. "That's right, and there's no corruption in the music business, either," agrees Harry "Bucks" Wasserman. No wonder they have been devoted to such a clean and honest industry for over two decades between them, interviewing the likes of Patti Smith, the Ramones, David Peel, Bob Marley, and Willie Nelson for *High Times* as well as *Circus*, *Oui*, the *Yipster Times* and *Rolling Stone*. Our

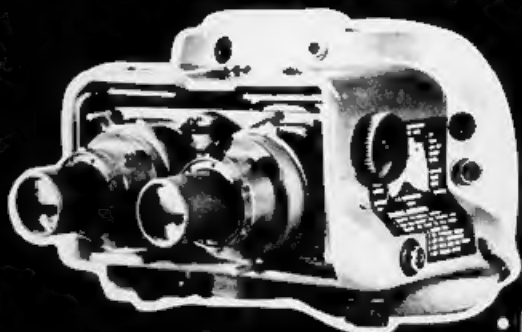
revealing interview with the Clash is their latest journalistic coup, for which they trained for many bleary-eyed nights soaking up the scene (and the beer) at New York's hot new antidisco punkatorium, Studio 10, on Bleecker Street. The lads are also helping to produce the radical rock rag of the '80s, *Overthrow* (\$10 for one thrill-packed year to P.O. Box 392, Canal Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10013). And someday Front Page and Bucks will release their 5,000-page scholarly study entitled *Drugs and Corruption in the Music Business*. ■

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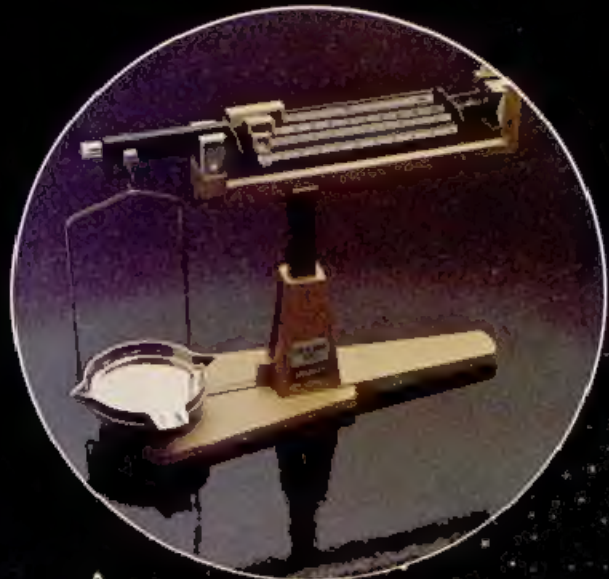
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